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THE

WORKS

OF

LUCIAN,

FROM THE GREEK,

By THOMAS FRANCKLIN, D.D.

Some time Greek Profeſſor in the Univerſity of Cambridge.

VOL. I.

Tantum obtinet in dicendo gratiæ, tantum in inveniendo fælicitatis, tantum in jocando lepôris, in mordendo aceti; ſic titillat alluſionibus, ſic ſeria nugis, nugas ſeriis miſcet, ſic ridens vera dicit, vera dicendo ridet, ſic hominum mores, affectus, ſtudia, quaſi penicillo depingit; neque legenda, ſed planè ſpectanda oculis exponit, ut nulla comædia, nulla ſatyra cum hujus dialogis conferri debeat, ſeu voluptatem ſpectes, ſeu ſpectes utilitatem. ERASMUS.

LONDON,
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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

RICHARD RIGBY, Esq.

PAYMASTER GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY's FORCES,

MEMBER OF THE MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL, &c.

AS A SMALL BUT SINCERE TRIBUTE

OF ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE,

THIS TRANSLATION

IS HUMBLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED,

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

Queen-Street,
May 15th, 1780.

THOMAS FRANCKLIN.

ON THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LUCIAN.

A DIALOGUE, BETWEEN LUCIAN, AND LORD *LYTTELTON, IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

LUCIAN.

BY that ſhambling gait, and length of carcaſe, it muſt be Lord Lyttelton coming this way.

LORD LYTTELTON.

And by that arch look and ſarcaſtic ſmile you are my old friend Lucian, whom I have not ſeen this many a day. *Fontenelle* and I have juſt now been talking of you, and the obligations we both had to our old maſter: I aſſure you, there was not a man in all antiquity, for whom, whilſt on earth, I had a greater regard than yourſelf.

LUCIAN.

Nor is there a modern writer whom I more eſteem and reſpect than the amiable, the elegant, the moral, and virtuous Lord Lyttelton.

LORD LYTTELTON.

In this, though Lucian was never remarkable for panegyric, I would fain think you ſincere: that I am

* *Lord Lyttelton, &c.*] Not the laſt Lord Lyttelton, but his illuſtrious father, author of Dialogues of the Dead, the Perſian Letters, &c. &c.

myſelf ſo in what I have ſaid of *you*, I have given you, I think, in my life-time, ſufficient proof by my *Dialogues of the Dead:* thoſe who flatter a man may deceive, thoſe who court may betray; but thoſe who take pains to imitate, have certainly the higheſt eſteem for him. I endeavoured to come as nearly to you as I could.

LUCIAN.

And were, upon the whole, tolerably ſucceſsful; though, to ſay the truth (and truth you know is always ſpoken in theſe regions), you are rather too grave to be quite *Lucianic*, too polite to be merry, and too wiſe to be very entertaining. I ſpeak with freedom on this head, and the rather, becauſe your Dialogues, however ingenious, are but an inconſiderable part of that large property of literary fame which you acquired, whereas they in reality make up *my* whole eſtate; you can bear therefore better than myſelf a little deduction from it.

LORD LYTTELTON.

In point of humour and irony, I muſt acknowlege, I have followed you,

Haud paſſibus æquis.

There is a vein of eaſe and pleaſantry in your works which I have always thought inimitable, nor do I know any author, ancient or modern, that in this reſpect can enter into competition with you; and yet you are not half ſo much read, at leaſt amongſt *us*, as many much inferior writers: the true value and admiration of *Lucian* will, after all, I am afraid, in every age and nation, be confined to the judicious few, who have a kind of claſſic reverence for ancient ſtory, and an enthuſiaſtic love of the fabulous and poetical: to theſe his delicate ſatire and refined humour will always give inexpreſſible pleaſure.

LUCIAN.

But ſurely, my friend, general ſatire, and true humour (and theſe you are kind enough to grant me), ſtand as fair a chance of general approbation as any other ſpecies of authorial merit can entitle us to.

LORD LYTTELTON.

That, I grant you, is a fair ſuppoſition, and might have its effect, were it equally true that delicate irony, like your's, were univerſally taſted and underſtood; but, as my friend *Triſtram Shandy* ſays, "It is not in the power of every man to taſte humour, however he may wiſh it; it is the gift of God."

LUCIAN.

Humour, I grant you, is the gift of heaven, and ſo, for aught I know, may be a taſte for it; but you will take this along with you, that whatever is poſſeſſed by few is always affected, and pretended to, by many: though not one in a thouſand has a proper and adequate idea of true humour, yet every one puts in a claim to it: few, therefore, would willingly be thought totally unacquainted with, or diſclaim all knowlege of and acquaintance with *me*; eſpecially amongſt you Engliſhmen, of whom humour is ſaid to be characteriſtic.

LORD LYTTELTON.

It may be ſo; but the unlearned have never yet ſeen you in a good Engliſh dreſs, and our literati are too proud or too idle to viſit you in your own: they accuſe you, beſides, of certain faults, which it would ill become me to mention.

LUCIAN.

O pray, my Lord, be not ſcrupulous in that point; I took the liberty but juſt now to cenſure *your* works, and

you have a fair right to retaliate on *mine:* let us hear what your * Alexander's and Peregrinus's have to urge againſt me.

LORD LYTTELTON.

To be plain with you then, my friend, they object that in ſome parts of your works there is ſome degree of obſcurity.

LUCIAN.

Nothing, my Lord, ſo obſcures an object as ſeeing it through a bad medium, that both diſtorts and diſcolours it; place that, I beſeech you, to the blunders of taſteleſs and ignorant tranſcribers, who have frequently adulterated my ſterling coin, and put their own baſe metal in its ſtead; have often taken a great deal of pains to make me ſpeak falſe grammar, bad Greek, and nonſenſe not half ſo agreeable as my own; and yet, my ſenſe and meaning, in ſpite of all their interpolations, may in moſt places, I believe, be fairly made out by the context. But this is by no means the worſt treatment which I have received. Tranſlators, critics, and commentators have united to injure, miſrepreſent, and diſgrace me. I need not point out to your lordſhip the dull, imperfect, and unmeaning things which they have imputed to me, and which I never wrote, though they are to be met with in every edition of my works.

LORD LYTTELTON.

In this, I own, you are to be pitied; but to have more literary crimes to anſwer for than you were ever guilty of is what men of wit and genius muſt always expect; you have only to comfort yourſelf with this reflection, that readers of taſte (and ſuch only you would wiſh to pleaſe), can eaſily diſtinguiſh, by internal and indiſputable marks, what

* *Alexander's, &c.*] The enemies of Lucian, whom he has ſeverely ſatirized. See the Tranſlation, vol. ii. page 1. and vol. ii. p. 431.

is really your's from what is falſely aſcribed to you. Can any man in his ſenſes ſuppoſe that the humorous author of *Timon*, *Toxaris*, and *Hermotimus*, could ever have thrown away his time and talents in ſuch ſchool-boy declamations as the *Tyrant-Killer*, *Harmonides*, and the *Diſinherited Son*; or that the avowed enemy of ſuperſtition and hypocriſy, would ſo contradict himſelf as to enter into a ſerious defence of Judicial Aſtrology?

LUCIAN.

You have forgot the * laſt, though not the leaſt of their impoſitions, the *Ocypus*, which they have been ſo obliging as to compliment me with; this, as I believe I one day hinted to you, was written by a witleſs Sophiſt, who, encouraged by my ſucceſs in the *Trago-Podagra* (one of my beſt performances), took upon him to imitate it in that very dull and unentertaining after-piece.

But this is not all that I have to complain of; the ſame obliging gentlemen, who have attributed to me what I did *not* write, have thought proper alſo to rob me of what I really *did:* ſome of them, on the wings not of love but of hatred, have made no ſcruple of flying away with my † *Halcyon*, becauſe, forſooth, the bird is too grave for me, "Vix credibile fit (ſays one of them), Lucianum de deorum vi et potentiâ tam rectè ſenſiſſe, et tam magnificé locutum;" it is impoſſible that Lucian ſhould think ſo properly, or ſpeak ſo nobly of the power of the gods."

LORD LYTTELTON.

This, indeed, my good friend, was rather hard upon

* *The laſt.*] The Ocypus is the laſt of Lucian's tracts, and follows the Tragopodagra in Hemſterhuſius's, and, I believe, every other edition.

† *Halcyon.*] See p. 53 of the Tranſlation. Dialogum hunc (ſays the commentator), inter apertè nothos numerat Diogenes Laertius.

you;

you; but, as our Engliſh proverb ſays, "give a dog an ill name and hang him." You had ſpoken, however, it muſt be acknowleged, pretty freely of your Pagan deities; ſo freely, indeed, that I have often wondered how you came off with impunity, whilſt you laſhed with ſo much poignant ſatire the eſtabliſhed religion of your country.

LUCIAN.

I will tell you, my Lord, how that happened: at the time when I wrote, three parts of thoſe whom I wrote to and converſed with were of the ſame opinion with myſelf: I had not only the laugh on my ſide, but the majority alſo; add to this, my Lord, that, with regard to matters of this kind, if we ancients had not ſo much zeal as you philoſophers of latter days, you muſt allow that we had more good-nature; and, however we might differ amongſt ourſelves in our religious ſentiments, we did not, like you Chriſtians, cut one another's throats about them.

LORD LYTTELTON.

Well obſerved, my friend, and with your uſual aſperity; but I ſhall ſoon return the compliment with another accuſation againſt you in the court of criticiſm, for repetition and tautology. Some of our learned doctors ſay, you frequently labour under a plethory of wit, a kind of overflowing of the ſatiric gall, which gives an ugly tinge to your complexion; when you get hold of game you run it down till you are out of breath: your branches, to ſay the truth, are ſometimes rather too luxuriant.

LUCIAN.

My faults I fear are but too numerous, and ſo, my Lord, are the images you make uſe of to illuſtrate them; the whole, however, amounts to no more than that I am apt to be too entertaining, and, when I am in the merry mood,

mood, know not where to ſtop. The plethora of wit, and an over-flow of good ſatire, I muſt beg leave to obſerve, are diſorders which you moderns ſeldom labour under: you ſhould, nevertheleſs, have ſome pity on thoſe who do.

LORD LYTTELTON.

This may be wit, but it is not argument. And now, my dear *Lucian*, to be a little more ſerious, I muſt proceed to a heavier charge, and which you will not, I fear, ſo eaſily get over; and that is,

Want of decency,

which, as my friend Pope well obſerves,

is want of ſenſe.

There are certain liberties, which all the wit in the world, or, which is nearly the ſame thing, all the wit and humour of *Lucian*, can never palliate, or excuſe. I could point out ſome paſſages of this kind, but, at preſent——

LUCIAN.

If any ſuch there are, and ſuch, perhaps, there may be, I wiſh, my lord, with all my heart, that they had never been written. I gueſs, indeed, at what you allude to, and muſt fairly confeſs, I have loaded my * Aſs's panniers with a little too much ſalt: but, to ſpeak in the language of the † friend you juſt now quoted, when we get upon our hobby-horſe, (and then, you know, the aſs was mine,) there is no knowing what lengths he may carry us.

LORD LYTTELTON.

But this is not the only ride you have taken: what

* *The Aſs.*] See the tranſlation, vol. ii. p. 125.

† *The friend.*] Triſtram Shandy.

think

think you of the *Ερωτες, which you cannot deny being the author of?

LUCIAN.

There, indeed, I ſtand ſelf-convicted: but the age I lived in, and the manners of thoſe licentious times, muſt mitigate my crime. The ſubject of that little tract was then as common a topic of diſcourſe, and thought as innocent a one as it has ſince been, and, perhaps, to this day is, in modern Italy: but this, your lordſhip will ſay, is a poor plea in my favour.

LORD LYTTELTON.

But an indifferent one, indeed: the groſſneſs and obſcenity, ſo often to be met with, not only in *your* works, but in many other ancient authors, is to me the more extraordinary, as, whenever you chuſe to throw a veil over ideas of the looſer kind, (inſtances of which might be given in the piece I juſt now mentioned,) you do it in a manner more elegant than we generally find amongſt the chaſter writers of modern ages: how it has happened, I know not; but we are certainly much more nice in this point than *you* uſed to be.

LUCIAN.

Which, by the by, my lord, is no irrefragable proof that you are a whit more virtuous; for, as our friend Voltaire has prettily obſerved, "la pudeur s'eſt enfuié des Cœurs, et s'eſt refugiée ſur les levres:" he adds alſo, which, I think, is going too far, in ſtill ſtronger terms, and leſs to your credit, that "plus les Mœurs ſont depravés, plus les expreſſions deviennent meſurées; on croit regagner en langage ce qu'on a perdu en vertu."

* Ερωτες.] Or, the Loves. This curious tract is omitted in the tranſlation.

LORD

LORD LYTTELTON.

You come off pretty well, as you generally do; but, now we are upon this head, let me aſk you one queſtion: did you write what are uſually called the Meretrician Dialogues, or Dialogues of the Harlots, which your enemies have attributed to you? I hope they are the production of ſome other pen.

LUCIAN.

By Hercules, every one of them: they were written, I aſſure you, by one of thoſe pretenders to wiſdom, whom I ſo ſeverely ridiculed; on purpoſe, I ſuppoſe, to bring down my character upon a level with his own.

LORD LYTTELTON.

This, indeed, was always my opinion; for they are as dull as they are lewd, as void of wit and humour as of decency, and juſt as entertaining as, would be a detail of the converſation between abandoned courteſans in a modern brothel.

LUCIAN.

They are ſo. Apollo forbid I ſhould ever have ſtained my papyrus with ſuch ribaldry! Upon the whole, my lord, with all my looſeneſs and immorality, if you will needs judge from what I left behind me, I am not ſo bad as ſome folks think me: ſetting aſide my writings, I could appeal to my *life*, which is the faireſt teſtimony, for my real character.

LORD LYTTELTON

Of that, as well as of your works, we have had various, and even contradictory accounts: never could I ſit down to read the dull hiſtory of it in the balderdaſh Latin of a Dutch biographer. I ſhould be infinitely obliged to you, therefore, if, whilſt we ramble acroſs this pleaſant mea-

dow, you would indulge me with a little ſketch of your life from your own mouth.

LUCIAN.

That I will, with all my heart.

LORD LYTTELTON.

" And brief, good Lucian, for I am in haſte."

LUCIAN.

Know, then, my dear lord, my family, I muſt confeſs, none of the nobleſt, was originally Grecian, and came from Patra in Achaia, from which place, for ſome prudential reaſons, not neceſſary to be here mentioned, they retired to Samoſata, a city of Commagene in Syria, on the Euphrates, which had the honour, for ſo I know your lordſhip will call it, of giving * birth to your friend Lucian.

LORD LYTTELTON.

And an honour it certainly was; for who, but for this fortunate circumſtance to immortalize it, would ever have heard of Samoſata? as I do not remember to have read that it ever produced any man of wit or genius except yourſelf. I have often, indeed, wonder'd to find you, in ſeveral parts of your works, mentioning, as if you were proud of it, the place of your nativity.

LUCIAN.

I will tell you, my lord, why I did ſo: becauſe I knew my enemies, of whom I had always a ſufficient number, would certainly take notice of it, if I did not; would have talked perpetually of Syria, and thrown it in my teeth, that I was not a Grecian, but a Barbarian. I was reſolved,

* *Birth.*] Probably about the year 90.

there-

therefore, to be before-hand with them, and to let them know, that a native of Samoſata could write as well as the beſt of them. But, to reſume my narrative. As my father, who was a poor labouring man, had not an obolus to ſpare, my education in my younger years was, as you may ſuppoſe, but indifferent; and though I had a very early and ſtrong propenſity to literature, could meet with very few opportunities of improving it: I remained, conſequently, for a long time, totally ignorant.

LORD LYTTELTON.

Under diſadvantages like theſe, it is aſtoniſhing how you could ever have attained to a ſtyle ſo pure, elegant, and correct; and, which is ſtill more extraordinary, in a corrupt and degenerate age, when taſte and genius were almoſt extinct, and ſcarce any footſteps remained of true Grecian perfection in the world of ſcience and literature. At ſuch a period to emerge from the darkneſs of ſcholaſtic jargon, and ſhine forth, as you did, in all the luſtre of claſſic purity, was a ſingular phænomenon, and not eaſily to be accounted for.

LUCIAN.

If I have any merit as an author, which you ſeem partial enough to ſuppoſe, I can attribute it to nothing but the early habit which I had contracted in my infancy of having perpetually in my hands the works of ſome of the beſt ancient writers, Homer, Plato, Xenophon, and two or three more; theſe, when I was ſent of errands by my father, I uſed to beg, borrow, or ſteal from ſome of the great men in our neighbourhood: theſe I devoured with the greateſt eagerneſs, and to theſe I frankly own myſelf indebted for all the fame which I afterwards acquired.

The unfortunate adventure at my firſt ſetting out in life, and the deſperate quarrel with my uncle, I need not here

repeat to you, as you are already acquainted with it by the * Dream which, I doubt not, you have often read. I ſhall only, therefore, obſerve to you, that, after the memorable event there recorded, meeting with nothing at home but hard words, and yet harder fare, I took the firſt opportunity to decamp; packed up my little all, (little enough, heaven knows, it was) and made the beſt of my way to Antioch: there, under the tuition of my illuſtrious patroneſs, having gained knowlege, or, at leaſt, impudence enough to become a profeſſor, I ſet up as teacher of Rhetoric, which was the faſhionable accompliſhment of thoſe times, and, univerſally ſought after and admired, as it was the general opinion, that eloquence might be as eaſily taught, and as readily acquired, as dancing, playing on the flute, or any thing elſe which nature might, or might not have any objection to.

LORD LYTTELTON.

That idea, abſurd as it is, was not confined to Antioch, or the age you lived in, but extended to later times: our witty and ſenſible friend, lord † Cheſterfield, entertained the ſame opinion, and has gravely aſſerted that every man may be an orator if he pleaſes, provided he will take the pains to make himſelf one: experience, however, in the perſon of his ſon, convinced him of the contrary. But, pray go on.

LUCIAN.

There, then, I ſoon diſtinguiſhed myſelf, and got many a hard-earned ſeſterce by beating eloquence into the heads of the young nobility: by this, together with the aid of writing exerciſes and declamations, which were much in

* *The Dream.*] See Lucian's firſt tract.

† See the Letters to his Son.

vogue,

vogue, I gained a tolerable livelihood. * Some of them are, perhaps, ſtill extant in my works.

LORD LYTTELTON.

I thought you had alſo, either at Antioch or Macedon, I know not which, another trade, and practiſed as a lawyer.

LUCIAN.

I bluſh to own it, my lord, but this I certainly did: the ſcholaſtic harangues which I had been long uſed to, and a habit of defending both ſides of the queſtion, inſenſibly qualified me for a pleader at the bar. In this crooked path, full of thorns and briars, I wandered for ſome time, and dealt in abuſe, equivocation, and chicanery, with tolerable ſucceſs: a certain unavoidable ſenſe, however, of right and wrong, and ſome qualms of conſcience, which I could never entirely get over, ſoon eſtranged me from a profeſſion which might, perhaps, have turned out in the end very advantageous to me.

LORD LYTTELTON.

Your opinion of the law, my good friend, we are not now to learn; you have given it us pretty freely in many parts of your works: but, pray, what became of you after you left Antioch? for, if I am not miſtaken, in the early part of life, you were a great rambler.

LUCIAN.

I was ſo: the ſucceſs which I met with in my two profeſſions of law and rhetoric, enabled me, in a few years, to gratify the ſtrong paſſion which I always had for travelling, and I accordingly, during the reigns of the Antonines, took my route from Antioch into Ionia and Greece; from thence I roved to Gaul and Italy, and returned, through

* *Some of them.*] Of theſe notice is taken in the courſe of the tranſlation.

Mace-

Macedonia, into my own country: this agreeable peregrination was, as you may ſuppoſe, of infinite ſervice to me; during the courſe of it, I acquired a ſtock of uſeful knowlege, with regard to men and things, that laid the foundation of all the little ſhare of merit and of fame which I could ever pretend to.

Tired, however, at laſt, with repeated wanderings, I fixed my habitation in the ſeat of empire, retired to the groves of Academus, and, as I advanced in years, ſought for eaſe and pleaſure in the boſom of philoſophy.

LORD LYTTELTON.

Who, herſelf, if we are to credit your aſſertions, was not in a very eaſy ſituation; being, at that time, like yourſelf, rather on the decline.

LUCIAN.

I endeavoured, however, to reſtore her to her priſtine rank and dignity, and was, upon the whole, I believe, of ſome ſervice to her. I had not, indeed, rank or fortune enough properly to defend or ſupport her, and was, moreover, having now loſt the practice of both my profeſſions, ſinking apace into poverty and old age, when Providence interfered in my favour, and put it into the head of an honeſt Emperor moſt amply to provide for me: the good Marcus Aurelius took me into his houſe, made me his friend and companion, and gave me the ſuperintendency of Ægypt, an honourable and lucrative employment.

LORD LYTTELTON.

Which, I ſuppoſe, like the great penſioners of my time, you performed the duty of by deputation, and made an agreeable ſinecure of it.

LUCIAN.

I did, and ſpent the remainder of my days in eaſe, pleaſure, and feſtivity.

LORD

LORD LYTTELTON.

Your life, if I have been rightly informed, was a pretty long one: but, pray, what, after all, put an end to it? for of this, as of many other things concerning you, we have had various accounts.

LUCIAN.

I know you have, * Suidas has ſet his dogs at me, and worried me to death: another has charitably conſigned me to hell flames, which, notwithſtanding, I have hitherto, as you ſee, had the good fortune to eſcape, and all this, I believe, on account of a little tract called † Philopatris, which, between friends, I had no hand in; but the real cauſe of my death was, by Hercules, that raſcally diſorder, which had killed ſo many honeſt fellows before me, even that *opprobrium medicorum* the ‡ Gout, whoſe attacks I ſeverely felt for many years, who at laſt ſnatched me away in the prime of my life, and tranſported me, in the ninetieth year of my age, from a wicked world to theſe happy manſions, where I have now the pleaſure of converſing with your Lordſhip.

LORD LYTTELTON.

I thought, by your Tragopodagra, that you ſpoke feelingly, and like one who had experienced the miſeries which you ſo pathetically, as well as ſo humorouſly deſcribe; conſidering, however, the length of your thread, you have little reaſon to complain of Atropos for cutting it too ſoon; though there it was certainly no ſmall degree of

* *Suidas.*] Who calls Lucian an Atheiſt and Blaſphemer, and tells us he was torn in pieces by dogs as he returned from a feaſt.

† *Philopatris.*] See the Tranſlation, vol. ii. p. 544. This tract, together with that on the Death of Peregrinus, were both proſcribed in the Romiſh Index Expurgatorius, during the Pontificate of Alexander VII. as not fit to be read by Chriſtians.

‡ *The gout.*] Podagrâ nonngenarius obiit, ſays Bourdelotius.

ingratitude

ingratitude in the lady, whom you had raiſed to the rank of a divinity, to kill the man who had ſo exalted her.

LUCIAN.

It was a return, indeed, which I little expected, and had I foreſeen her conduct, I am inclined to think I ſhould never have made a goddeſs of her.

LORD LYTTELTON.

In good truth I believe *not*. I thank you, my friend, for your little *hiſtoriette*, and wiſh with all my heart I could * convey it to a friend of mine in the other world, to whom, at this juncture, it would be of particular ſervice: I mean a bold adventurer, who has lately undertaken to give a new and complete tranſlation of all your works. It is a noble deſign, but an arduous one; I own I tremble for him.

LUCIAN.

I heard of it the other day from Goldſmith, who knew the man. I think he may eaſily ſucceed better in it than any of his countrymen, who hitherto have made but miſerable work with me; nor do I make a much better appearance in my French habit, though that I know has been admired. D'Ablancourt has made me ſay a great many things, ſome good, ſome bad, which I never thought of, and, upon the whole, what he has done is more a paraphraſe than a tranſlation.

LORD LYTTELTON.

All the attempts to repreſent you, at leaſt in our language, which I have yet ſeen, have failed, and all from the ſame cauſe, by the tranſlator's departing from the original, and ſubſtituting his own manners, phraſeology, expreſ-

* *Convey.*] How the tranſlator came into poſſeſſion of this Life of Lucian, and the whole Dialogue, my readers may probably be informed at ſome convenient opportunity.

ſion,

ſion, wit and humour, inſtead of your's: nothing, as it has been obſerved by one of our beſt critics, is ſo grave as true humour (and almoſt every line of Lucian is a proof of it); it never laughs itſelf, whilſt it ſets the table in a roar; a circumſtance which theſe gentlemen ſeem all to have forgotten: inſtead of thoſe ſet features, and ſerious aſpect, which you always wear when moſt entertaining, they preſent us for ever with a broad grin, and if you have the leaſt ſmile upon your countenance, make you burſt into a vulgar horſe-laugh: they are generally, indeed, ſuch bad painters, that the daubing would never be taken for you, if they had not written Lucian under the picture. I heartily wiſh the Doctor better luck.

LUCIAN.

And there is ſome reaſon to hope it: for I hear he has taken pains about me, has ſtudied my features well before he ſat down to trace them on the canvas, and done it, CON AMORE: if he brings out a good reſemblance, I ſhall excuſe the want of grace and beauty in his piece. I aſſure you I am not without pleaſing expectation; eſpecially as my friend Sophocles, who, you know, ſat to him ſome time ago, tells me, though he is no Praxiteles, he does not take a bad likeneſs.—But I muſt be gone, for yonder comes Swift and Rabelais, whom I have made a little party with this morning: ſo, my good Lord, fare you well.

LORD LYTTELTON.

And I muſt meet my dear Lucy in the myrtle grove; ſo, honeſt Lucian, good morrow to you.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS a *Complete* Tranſlation of Lucian was promiſed in the Propoſals, ſome Apology may be thought neceſſary for the omiſſion of the few following tracts: viz.

The * Δικη φωνηεντων; or, Judgment of the Vowels.

In this little piece Sigma, or the letter S, complains of the injury done him by Tau, or T's, intruding himſelf into ſeveral words where he had no right to appear; that Thalatta, for inſtance, is uſed inſtead of Thalaſſa, and ſo forth. The ſubject is treated with great humour, in the manner of a judicial proceſs, and in ſome meaſure reſembles Addiſon's petition of Who and Whcih in the Spectator. But as the examples adduced are confined entirely to the Greek language, it was impoſſible to repreſent a proper idea of it in a tranſlation.

† Περι τε εν τη προσαγορευσει πταισματος; or, a Miſtake in Saluting a Friend.

Lucian had met one morning an old acquaintance, and inſtead of ſaying Χαιρε, or, Good morrow, had made uſe of the word ὑγιαινε, or Farewel! This had probably brought on him the cenſure of ſome ſevere critics for want of accuracy and preciſion, which he endeavours in this piece to excuſe, by obſerving that the word Χαιρε was not only uſed by many authors at *meeting* but at *parting* alſo, and the word Ὑγιαινε indifferently on both occaſions. He quotes at the ſame time ſeveral paſſages from poets and hiſtorians in his defence; but as the fact itſelf is, at this diſtant period of time, very unintereſting, and the whole of the tract turns upon two words in the Greek language, the preciſe ſignification of which cannot be well aſcertained in our own, I have entirely omitted it.

* See vol. i. p. 82. of the original in the edition of Hemſterhuſius, four vols. quarto.

† See vol. i. ib. edit. p. 724.

Αξι-

* Λεξιφανης; or, Lexiphanes.

In this Dialogue, which in many parts of the original is very obſcure, Lucian is ſuppoſed to ridicule ſome of his contemporaries, whoſe writings were ſtuffed with quaint and affected phraſes, obſolete words, and pompous unmeaning expreſſions, both in verſe and proſe, examples of which are given from their works. Geſner, one of the moſt learned commentators on Lucian, obſerves with regard to theſe examples, that "Fruſtra fuerit, ſi quis ſperet, ea ſic poſſe quacunque aliâ linguâ reddi, ut quid auctor ſibi voluerit, aliquis Græcè non doctus adſequatur." That, it is impoſſible ſo to tranſlate this dialogue in any other language as to convey the author's meaning to any but thoſe who well underſtand Greek.

This, I hope, may be a ſufficient reaſon for not ſubmitting it to the Engliſh reader.

† Ερωτες; or, the Loves.

My female readers will perhaps conſider it as an injuſtice to them that I ſhould paſs over untranſlated, a tract of Lucian's which bears ſo pretty a name as *the Loves*. They will, however, I doubt not, readily excuſe me, when I inform them that this piece is nothing more than a diſpute between the ſexes concerning ſuperiority; but as this is a point which, at leaſt in this nation, has been long ſince determined in favour of the ladies, it ſtands in need of no farther diſcuſſion: the Dialogue is therefore, for this, as well as ſome other ſtill more material reaſons, which will occur to thoſe who are acquainted with the original, entirely omitted.

‡ Εταιρικοι Διαλογοι; or, the Dialogues of the Harlots.

Theſe Dialogues exhibit to us only ſuch kind of converſation as we may hear in the purlieus of Covent Garden; lewd, dull, and inſipid: beſides, that they were certainly not written by Lucian, and I am glad to find we

* See vol. ii. ib. edit. p. 317.

† See vol. ii. ib. edit. p. 397.

‡ See vol. iii. ib. edit. p. 280.

have

have his * own word for it. I leave them therefore to be tranſlated by the author of the Eſſay on Woman, the Meretriciad, or any other gentleman of that claſs, and in the mean time can aſſure my readers, that they will loſe nothing by the omiſſion of them.

† Ψευδοσοφιςης ε Σολοικιςης; Pſeudoſophiſta, or Solæciſta.

This is a Dialogue between Lucian and a man who makes or repeats ſoleciſms.

It is impoſſible, except by chance, to render a Greek ſoleciſm by an Engliſh one, that ſhall entirely correſpond with it. I have not tranſlated this Dialogue, therefore, for the ſame reaſon that I offered for not tranſlating the Lexiphanes, and which, I hope, may paſs for a good one, viz. that it is *untranſlatable*.

Ωκυπους; or, Ocypus.

This Dialogue, ‡ Lucian has informed us, is none of his, being only a dull and aukward imitation of the Tragopodagra, which wants no foil to ſet it off. I could never, therefore, perſuade myſelf to take the unneceſſary trouble of tranſlating it.

Beſides theſe, two or three indelicate paſſages are omitted, which the reader will find taken notice of in the courſe of the work. The reſt of Lucian is faithfully tranſlated in the following pages, and ſubmitted, with all deference, to the judgment of the public.

* See the Life of Lucian, p. ix.

† See vol. iii. ib. edit. p. 552.

‡ See Life of Lucian, p. v.

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THE

DREAM.

This Dream *is very properly placed, in every edition, at the beginning of* LUCIAN'S *works, as it gives us ſome little inſight into his character and ſituation in life. It was apparently deſigned as a humorous kind of parody on the celebrated* Choice of Hercules, *which we meet with in the Memorabilia of* XENOPHON. *Some of our author's dull commentators have likewiſe thought fit to call it* Βιος Λυκιανυ, *or, the* Life of Lucian, *though it contains but one ſingle circumſtance of it, viz. that of his early preference of learning and the polite arts, to a profeſſion which his father had originally deſigned him for; a circumſtance, however, very intereſting to his readers, as it is to that alone we are, probably, indebted for all the valuable remains of this lively and entertaining writer.*

AT the time when I was leaving ſchool, and riſing towards manhood, my father conſulted with his friends what profeſſion he ſhould bring me up to; moſt of them ſeemed to think that an application to letters would be a work of time, attended beſides with great labour and expence, and, in ſhort, only fit for ſuch as were poſſeſſed of a ſplendid fortune; that my abilities, moreover, were but very moderate, and would ſtand in need of immediate aſſiſtance and ſupport; whereas if I turned mechanic I might get ſomething by my trade, not live idly at home upon my father, but in a little time be able to repay him for the expence of my education. The next queſtion, therefore, was, which trade was the beſt, the moſt cheaply and eaſily learned, the moſt liberal, and that would bring in the ſureſt profit; they all then gave their opinions; one preferring one, another another, according to their judgment or experience: when my father, looking ſtedfaſtly on my uncle, who was then preſent, one of the beſt * ſtatuaries of

* *Statuaries*] Ερμογλυφος, literally tranſlated, is a *carver of Mercuries*. Mercury was ſuch a favourite deity amongſt the ancients, probably becauſe he was both a thief and a pimp (characters always in faſhion), that the principal buſineſs of a ſculptor was to make repreſentations of him; inſomuch that Statuary and Mercury-maker were, according to Lucian, ſynonymous terms: there was a time, we know, when the carvers were very curious in the choice of their materials for him; according to the old adage, Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius,

his time, Whilſt you are here, ſays he, we ought by no means to prefer any art to yours; take him, therefore, along with you, and make a good ſculptor of him; he will do very well, for you know he has a natural turn and genius for it. This my father imagined from having ſeen ſome little things I made out of wax, when, after ſchool-time, I uſed to divert myſelf with modelling horſes, oxen, and ſometimes men, which he ſeemed mightily pleaſed at, and for which, by the bye, I was often whipped by my ſchool-maſter. My father's friends, however, took this opportunity of exciting my ambition; and all conceived, from this natural propenſity to the art, that I ſhould ſoon acquire the perfect knowlege of it; no time, it was determined, could be more proper to enter upon it than the preſent, and I was accordingly delivered over to my uncle, to which I had not then the leaſt objection: I conſidered it as a kind of agreeable amuſement to be able to gain ſome reputation in the world, and at the ſame time to oblige my friends by carrying out images of gods or men, to adorn their houſes, or my own; a cuſtom, I knew, always practiſed by young beginners. My uncle took me home with him, and gave me a piece of marble, bidding me run over it gently with my tool, and repeating at the ſame time the old adage of "* a good beginning is half "the work." I knew little of the matter, and preſſing too hard on the marble, broke it in pieces. My uncle flew into a violent paſſion, and taking up a ſwitch that happened to lay near him, with no great tenderneſs fell upon, and belaboured me pretty handſomely, by way of † initiating me into the art. Thus were tears the firſt fruits of my profeſſion. I ran away home as faſt as I could, crying and bawling, ſhewed the marks of the ſwitch upon my fleſh, repreſented the barbarity of my uncle; and, moreover, took care to inſinuate that he did it merely through envy, and for fear I ſhould excel him in his art. My mother reſented it highly, and railed

* *A good beginning, &c.*] Lucian attributes this ſaying to Heſiod, in whoſe works, however, it is not at preſent, I believe, to be found. We meet with it in Plato, Ariſtotle, Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, and ſome other Greek writers. Horace has adopted it in his

Dimidium facti qui cepit habet.

There is likewiſe a proverb of our own which bears ſome ſimilitude to it: "A good beginning "makes a good ending;" but this is not the exact ſenſe of the Greek, I have therefore not ventured to adopt it. Ovid has nearly the ſame ſentiment,

Fac tantum incipias, ſponte diſertus eris.

† *Initiating me, &c.*] The Greek word is very ſtrong and expreſſive, ſignifying the rites performed at ſacrifices juſt before the victim was ſlain.

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at her brother for his cruel treatment: I went to bed in great affliction, full of gloomy thoughts, and at laſt fell aſleep. What I have already told you is childiſh and ridiculous, but I ſhall now acquaint you with ſomething more worthy of your attention; for, to ſpeak in the language of Homer,

——* As I ſlumber'd in the ſhades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my ſight,

ſo clear and plain, as to have all the appearance of truth. Even at this diſtance of time, what I ſaw is actually before my eyes; and every thing I heard, ſtill ſounding in my ears; ſo powerful was the effect it had upon me. Two women, methought, laid violent hands on me, each dragging me with all her force towards them, as if they would tear me in pieces; they ſtruggled hard; one of them got the better, and held me faſt for a little time, and then the other. They both made a great noiſe, one crying out that ſhe would have her own; the other, that ſhe had no right to that which belonged to her only. One of them had a maſculine air, like ſome working perſon, with hard hands, and dirty hair, covered with duſt, as my uncle uſed to be when he was poliſhing marble; the other had a beautiful face, a modeſt appearance, and was dreſſed in a neat and becoming garb. At length they agreed to ſubmit the affair to my deciſion, and the firſt of them thus addreſſed me; "Know, my dear child, that I am Sculpture, that art which you yeſterday began to learn, no ſtranger to yourſelf, and well known to your family; your grandfather (and named his name) was a ſtatuary, and ſo were both your uncles alſo, whom I rendered illuſtrious; if therefore you will leave that idle trade which ſhe (pointing to the other) would fain teach you, to follow and live with me; by being brought up to toil and labour you will grow ſtrong and robuſt, and will live free from the attacks of malice and envy: you need not leave your country and your friends to go into foreign parts, nor ſhall you gain a reputation by mere words alone. Deſpiſe not my external appearance, or this mean and ſordid habit; thus was the great † Phidias clad, ſo famous for his ſtatue of Jove, and Polycletus, no leſs celebrated for his Juno; Myro and Praxiteles are

* See Homer's Iliad, book ii. ver. 71, Pope's tranſlation.

† *Phidias, &c.*] The ſtatue of Jupiter Olympius, by Phidias, is celebrated by almoſt all the beſt Greek writers as the chef-d'œuvre of antiquity; great encomiums are likewiſe beſtowed on Polycletus's Juno, the famous cow by Myro, and the Venus of Praxiteles.

univerſally admired, and * even adored, together with the deities whom they repreſented; and ſhall not you, when one of them, inherit the ſame praiſe and adoration from all men? You will make your father happy, and immortalize your country." Thus, uncouthly, and with a barbarous accent, did Sculpture addreſs me, adding many other things to the ſame purpoſe, in order to ſeduce me; but I have forgot half what ſhe ſaid: when ſhe had finiſhed the other began, pretty nearly in theſe words, "I, my ſon, am Eloquence, not unknown to, though at preſent not fully poſſeſſed by you; what advantages you will reap by turning ſtatuary ſhe has already told you: to be nothing but a low mechanic, living on the work of your hands, and confining all your hopes and deſires to that alone; getting a mean and ſcanty maintenance in obſcurity, poor and dejected, neither ſerviceable to your friends, nor formidable to your enemies, neither courted nor envied by your fellow-citizens; a low plebeian, always, like the timid hare, in dread of your ſuperiors, and looking up with adoration to the great and eloquent above you, on whom you muſt depend for ſupport: ſhould you even produce the nobleſt works, and become a Phidias or Polycletus, all men will admire your ſkill, but not one, whilſt they are in their ſenſes, will wiſh to change conditions with you; for, after all, you will be conſidered as a vulgar mechanic, ‡ who lives by the labour of his hands. Whilſt, on the other hand, if you follow me, I will ſhew you all the wonderful works of antiquity, illuſtrate and explain to you the maxims of the ſages, and adorn your mind, that beſt and nobleſt part of you, with modeſty, juſtice, piety, gentleneſs, prudence, fortitude, the love of virtue, and a thirſt after every thing that is praiſe-worthy; theſe are the unperiſhable embelliſhments of the human ſoul. Nothing that is paſt ſhall lay hidden from thee, in what is preſent and to be done I will inſtruct thee; every thing divine or human ſhall ſoon be known unto thee: thou who art now poor and unknown, the ſon of an obſcure and indigent father, going to embrace a mean and illiberal profeſſion, ſhalt ſoon be the envy and admiration of all men, crowned with glory and honour, praiſed and careſſed by the rich and great, clothed in ſuch a garment as this, and (ſhewing her own ſplendid veſt) thou ſhalt be

* *Adored, &c.*] See Cicero's firſt book of Tuſculan Queſtions.

‡ *Lives by the labour, &c.*] The word in the original is remarkable, and could not be tranſlated literally, χειρωναξ, dominus ſive rex manuum, one who is maſter of nothing but his hands.

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placed in the firſt ſeat, adorned with, and raiſed to rank and precedency. If thou travelleſt, even in foreign countries thou ſhalt not live unknown or inglorious; for I will render thee ſo illuſtrious, that whoſoever beholds thee ſhall point thee out to his neighbour, and ſay, * "that is he." In aught that is of moment or concern, either to thy friends or country, the eyes of all ſhall be turned on thee; when thou ſpeakeſt they ſhall liſten with eagerneſs and attention, admiring the power of thy eloquence, and envying thy father's felicity in having ſuch a ſon as thou art. Men, thou knoweſt, have been raiſed to gods, and on thee will I confer immortality; for when thou departeſt out of this life, thou ſhalt ſtill converſe only with the great and good. Think on Demoſthenes, whoſe ſon he was, and to what eminence I advanced him. Think on † Æſchines, whoſe mother was a player on the timbrel; by my aſſiſtance how was he courted by the great Philip? ‡ Socrates himſelf, bred up by a ſtatuary, turned his mind to other things; he quitted his profeſſion, and came to me; and is not he the theme of every ſong? Would you then leave ſuch men as theſe; would you leave honour, wealth, fame, and power, ſplendor, rank, and title, all the glory which eloquence ſhall bring, to put on a mean and ſordid garb, to handle tools, ſaws, and hammers, and ſtoop to mean and abject labour; to think on nothing manly, liberal, or great, but merely to ſee that your work is finiſhed, taking no care to keep your perſon neat and clean, but being ever as dirty and contemptible as the ſtones you are carving?"

Scarce had ſhe ſaid this, when not permitting her to go on, I roſe up, and leaving the ugly mechanic, flew with rapture to my fair patroneſs, Eloquence: doubtleſs with the greater joy, from my remembrance of the blows which I had received the day before. She whom I had deſerted ſeemed at firſt enraged at me, doubled her fiſts, and gnaſhed with her teeth, till at length, like Niobe of old, ſhe became ſtiff, and, wonderful to relate, was turned into a block of marble. If this ſhould ſeem incredible, I deſire notwithſtanding that you will believe it, for dreams are always miraculous.

* *That is he,*] Digito monſtrari & dicier: hic eſt. Perſ. ſat. i.

Muneris hoc tui eſt
Quod monſtror digito prætereuntium. Hor. lib. iv. od. 3.

† *Æſchines,*] A great orator, and rival of Demoſthenes, whoſe Philippics ſo ſtung the powerful invader of the liberties of Greece, that he applied to Æſchines to anſwer them. See Ælian.

‡ *Socrates,*] As Diogenes Laertius informs us, was the ſon of Sophroniſcus, a ſtatuary, and Phanarete, a midwife.

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The other, then, fixing her eyes on me, ſaid, "You have determined aright, and I will recompenſe you for it; approach, therefore, and aſcend this chariot, (pointing to one drawn by winged horſes, like Pegaſus), and ſee what you would have loſt if you had not followed me." As ſoon as I got up, ſhe took the reins and drove. I was lifted up on high, and carried from eaſt to weſt, beholding, as I paſſed along, various nations, kingdoms, and people, like * Triptolemus, ſcattering his ſeed over the earth. † What it was I dropped upon them myſelf I cannot remember; I only know, that wherever I went, men looked up to and addreſſed me like a deity with prayers and praiſes. When ſhe had ſhewed me theſe things ſhe brought me back, not clothed as when I ſet out, but in an elegant and ſplendid garb, which ſhe took care to ſhew to my father, who ſtood waiting for my return, not without hinting to him how mean and unworthy a profeſſion he and his friends had condemned me to. Such, I remember, was the dream which I had when a boy, terrified as I was by the blows I had juſt received. But whilſt I am relating it, methinks I hear ſome one crying out, O Hercules, what a tedious judicial dream is this! A winter's one, ſays another, when the nights are longeſt, or rather perhaps as long as ‡ Hercules's three nights together. What does he mean by trifling ſo with us, and talking of his boyiſh dreams; does he think we have nothing to do but to be his interpreter? Such frigid ſpeeches as theſe are always ridiculous. But, ſoft and fair, my good friends; § Xenophon was not of that opinion, when he told you what he dreamed at home and elſewhere; he deſigned it not merely as an idle fiction, to divert you, as you may ſuppoſe by his doing it in the time of war, at a dangerous criſis, and even ſurrounded by enemies, but becauſe he thought the relation

* *Like Triptolemus,*] Triptolemus, king of Eleuſis, is ſaid to have firſt brought into Greece the worſhip of Ceres, who, in return for his civilities, equipped him with a fine chariot drawn by two dragons, in which he drove round the world, and as he flew along ſcattered ſeeds upon the earth. The invention of the plough is likewiſe aſcribed to him. The foundation of this ſtory is probably no more than that Triptolemus was one of the firſt who practiſed huſbandry, and perhaps wrote ſome books concerning it, which were tranſported into foreign countries in a ſhip called the Dragon.

† *What it was, &c.*] Though Lucian modeſtly pretends not to know, his readers, however, can tell what it was he dropped on this occaſion, viz. a large quantity of good ſenſe, wit, and humour, which are ſcattered throughout his works.

‡ *Hercules's, &c.*] Jupiter is ſaid to have ſpent three nights with Alcmena when he begat Hercules. Theſe three nights Lucian humourouſly calls Hercules's dream.

§ *Xenophon, &c.*] In the two dreams of Xenophon, as related in the third and fourth books of his Anabaſis, or Retreat of the Ten Thouſand.

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of it might be uſeful to mankind. And for the * ſame reaſon I have told you my dream, that by it I might perſuade our young men to the ſtudy of literature; more eſpecially if any of them, induced by poverty, ſhould be inclined to throw away good parts and genius, and embrace ſome mean and illiberal profeſſion; whoever they may be, I am ſatisfied they would change their reſolution when they heard this diſcourſe, and would follow my example, when they reflected on what I was, when, turning my mind to better things, I applied to literature, without regard to the narrowneſs of my circumſtances, and conſidering what I am, as I now appear before you, at leaſt preferable, if nothing more, to a ſtatuary.

* *For the ſame reaſon, &c*] That is, Xenophon did not tell his dream to the officers about him merely to entertain and divert them; it was not a FICTION, (which is the beſt ſenſe we can put on the word ὑποκρισις) but a real viſion; he was in earneſt, and ſo am I; his dream was attended with the beſt conſequences, and ſo I hope will mine; his ſaved the army, and mine perhaps may ſave many a young man from throwing away his time and talents on views much beneath him!—This is Lucian's meaning in his alluſion to Xenophon, which does not ſo well appear at firſt reading; the Greek is in this place rather obſcure.

PROMETHEUS.

At the time when this EPISTLE *(for ſuch it appears to be) was written, the Dialogues of* LUCIAN *having, we may ſuppoſe, engaged the general attention, a certain ſupercilious critic, who it ſeems was a lawyer, partly perhaps from reſentment of* LUCIAN'S *having quitted the bar, abuſed, and, amongſt other reflections, had called him* PROMETHEUS, *probably conſidering that ſpecies of dialogue, for which he was ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed, as a kind of* creation *of his own. This anſwer, abounding in agreeable and playful raillery, contains a defence of that manner of writing which* LUCIAN *had adopted, and may ſerve to convince my readers that this univerſal genius, if occaſion had called forth his talents in that way, would have made no inconſiderable figure as a controverſial writer.*

I SHOULD be glad to know, my good friend, why you call me Prometheus. If by this you mean that my works are dirty, I acknowlege the ſimilitude, and have no objection to the title of a modeller in clay, even though my ſtuff ſhould be the worſt I could pick up, the very mud of the highway; but if you really compared them for their excellency with the performances of that moſt learned Titan, I ſhall look upon your praiſe as ironical, and nothing but an Attic ſneer: for what, indeed, have I to boaſt of that is ſo mighty ingenious? What great wiſdom or knowlege is there in my writings? It is ſufficient for me if you eſteem them as not quite earthy and ſordid, nor as ſuch condemn them to Caucaſus. With how much more juſtice might I compare you to Prometheus, you famous gentlemen of the law, who wage eternal war with truth; how full of life and ſpirit are your works! ſo animated that they ſeem all on fire: performances truly Promethean, ſave that your images are made of gold inſtead of clay. We, who work for the vulgar, only make plaiſter ſtatues for a public ſpectacle, and puppets of clay, as other potters do; but they have no motion like yours, no repreſentation of life, a mere ſport, and childiſh diverſion: ſometimes it occurs to me that you call me Prometheus, as the * comic poet did Cleon, "a † perfect Prometheus (ſays he) is Cleon, after the

* *The comic poet,*] Moſt probably Ariſtophanes, whom our author frequently quotes, though the paſſage alluded to is not to be found in any of that author's comedies now extant.

† *A perfect Prometheus,*] That is, Cleon was a mighty clever fellow, as active and ingenious as Prometheus, and who ſhewed great abilities, like him, when there was no occaſion to exert them.

buſineſs

" buſineſs is done." The Athenians themſelves uſed to call every earthen veſſel maker, every builder of ovens, and in ſhort every dealer in clay, by the name of Prometheus, in alluſion to the ſtuff he worked with, and his manner of baking it in the fire: if this be your meaning, you are a good markſman; it is a true bitter Attic ſarcaſm: for my works are as brittle as their earthen ware; throw but the leaſt ſtone, and you daſh them in pieces. But ſomebody, perhaps, to comfort me, will ſay, it is not in this I am ſo much like Prometheus, as becauſe my work is new, and not made after any model; even as he, before the exiſtence of men, formed ſome according to his own invention, and created beings that moved about, and were beauteous to look at: upon the whole he was an excellent architect; but Minerva aſſiſted him, breathed into, and animated his clay. Thus, perhaps, taking it in the moſt favourable ſenſe, it might be interpreted, and ſuch, we will ſuppoſe, was the true meaning and intention of him who ſaid it; but it will not ſatisfy me to have made ſomething new, unleſs it was beautiful alſo; for, be aſſured, if it was not ſo, I ſhould be the firſt to deſpiſe it. If it was ugly, the novelty would never ſave it from deſtruction: and if I did not think ſo, I ſhould deſerve to be preyed upon by ſixteen * vulturs, for not knowing that what is good for nothing is but ſo much the worſe for being new. Ptolemy, the ſon of † Lagus, carried two novelties into Egypt, a Bactrian camel all black, and a man half black and half white; and produced them amongſt other ſpectacles in the public theatre, where the Egyptians were aſſembled, expecting, no doubt, that they would be greatly ſtruck with the ſight; inſtead of which, when they ſaw the camel, they were frighted out of their wits, and ran away as faſt as they could, though he was covered with a cloth of purple and gold, with a bridle of gems and precious ſtones, as if he had belonged to a Darius, Cyrus, or Cambyſes; as to the black and white man, ſome laughed at it as ridiculous, others abhorred it as a monſter. When Ptolemy perceived there was no great honour to be got by them, and that the Egyptians did not ſo much admire things for their novelty, as for their beauty and perfection, he forbad the ſhewing

* *Vulturs,*] Alluding to the vultur appointed by Jupiter to prey on the liver of Prometheus. See Æſchylus, act i. ſcene 1. The whole of this abſurd ſtory is ſeverely ridiculed by Lucian in his Caucaſus.

† *Son of Lagus,*] To diſtinguiſh him from Ptolemy Philadelphus. Both theſe great princes were remarkable for their attention to natural philoſophy.

them any more, and no longer held in eſtimation the perſon who had procured them for him. The deſpiſed camel died, and the two-coloured man was made a preſent of, to one Theſpis, a piper, for ſinging a good ſong after dinner. I wiſh my works may not be like the Egyptian camel, and that they are only admired for their gold and purple. The mixture of dialogue and comedy, though both of them excellent models, will not render them completely elegant, unleſs there is a harmony of compoſition, with a juſt ſymmetry and proportion obſerved in them: from two things, in themſelves beautiful, might otherwiſe ariſe ſomething monſtrous and unnatural, like the well-known * Centaur; a creature not very agreeable, but rather, if we truſt thoſe painters who have repreſented their battles, riots, and intemperance, to the laſt degree odious and diſguſtful. Is it impoſſible then, out of two good things to form one that ſhall be excellent, like that ſweet mixture which we have of wine and honey? by no means: yet would I not venture to ſay this of my own performances, where I rather fear the beauty of both parts may be ſpoiled by the mixture of them. † Dialogue and comedy did never properly accord together from the beginning; one walking alone, or with a few choſen friends, held her private diſputations in ſome obſcure receſs; whilſt the other, a votary of Bacchus, mingled in the public theatre, ſported to the ſound of the pipe, and delighted in gibes, ridicule, and laughter; ſometimes, ſoaring aloft in anapæſtic verſes, would ſhe laugh the followers of dialogue to ſcorn, call them idle diſputants, contemplators, and ſo forth, ſcoffing at them with true Bacchanalian licentiouſneſs; now expoſing them as ‡ air-walkers, and converſing with the clouds, now deſcribing

* *Centaur*,] The centaurs are deſcribed to us as monſters of Theſſaly, half men and half horſes; a fable which probably took its riſe from the Theſſalians being the firſt people who made the proper uſe of horſes; it is natural to ſuppoſe that ſuch an appearance might convey to thoſe who followed them the idea of a monſter, half man and half beaſt: a country 'ſquire always on horſeback is to this day little better.

† *Dialogue and comedy*,] This obſervation ſeems very ſtrange and abſurd to us, who have always conſidered dialogue as indiſpenſably neceſſary to, and inſeparable from comedy, which, notwithſtanding, if we look back to the riſe of the ancient ſongs, we ſhall find, was no more than a ſong to Bacchus, or afterwards, the ſingle ſpeech, or declamation, of one drunken actor, beſmeared with lees of wine; whilſt philoſophy-dialogue was confined to the grave philoſophers, who diſputed about very ſerious matters. Lucian's Dialogues, which he is here defending, have certainly a dramatic caſt, and his application of the vis comica to philoſophic matters, is that which, above all things, has ſecured him the univerſal approbation of latter ages.

‡ *Air-walkers*,] This alludes to Ariſtophanes's comedy of the Clouds, where philoſophy is ſeverely ridiculed, as building caſtles in the air, diſputing about trifles, &c.

them

them as meaſuring the * leaps of fleas, to ridicule their ſubtle reaſonings about things far above them; whilſt Dialogue, on the other hand, employed herſelf in grave diſputations concerning the nature of things, and the virtues of philoſophy; running, like the muſician, through all the chords, from the loweſt to the higheſt note: theſe oppoſites, which will never blend or aſſociate together, have I raſhly endeavoured to reconcile and unite, and therefore, I fear, ſhall but too nearly reſemble your Prometheus, who blended male and † female, and, like him, ſhall be condemned for it; or rather, perhaps, for covering the ‡ bones with fat, and deceiving my readers, by mixing comic mirth with philoſophical gravity. As to theft, (for there is a § god of theft, you know,) I am ſure you will acquit me of it, for whence ſhould I ſteal? unleſs there be one in the world, which I do not believe, who makes as ſtrange monſters as myſelf; but what, after all, muſt I do, but perſiſt in the way I began? it was ‖ Epimetheus, and not Prometheus, that was given to change.

* *Leaps of fleas,*] See the Clouds of Ariſtophanes, act i. ſcene 2. where the great Socrates is ridiculouſly repreſented as calculating how far a flea can go at a leap.

† Lucian tells us, in another place, that the principal crime attributed to Prometheus was (an obſervation not very favourable to the fair ſex) his making of women.

‡ *The bones with fat,*] Prometheus, according to the fabulous hiſtory, once upon a time played Jupiter a ſlippery trick; he killed two large oxen, in the ſkin of one of them he incloſed all the fat and fleſh of them both, and in the other put nothing but the bones. Jupiter, who was to have his choice, took the latter, and Prometheus, who was a wag, laughed at the jeſt; which he afterwards paid dearly for, when the vultur gnawed his liver on mount Caucaſus.

§ *God of theft,*] Mercury.

‖ *Epimetheus,*] Epimetheus, we are told, was the ſon of Japetus and Clymene, and huſband to the famous Pandora; he is likewiſe ſuppoſed to have been an excellent ſtatuary, and changed into an ape, probably becauſe his figures approached nearly to real life. Lucian, who is now and then fond of a pun, ſeems only to have mentioned him here from a ſimilarity of ſound between the words Pro-metheus, and Epi-metheus.

NIGRINUS*,

OR THE

PHILOSOPHERS.

NIGRINUS, *a Roman, or Greek philoſopher (for the commentators are divided about that matter), had moſt probably given ſome lectures, which* LUCIAN, *in the courſe of his travels, attended, and, in gratitude for the inſtructions received from him, wrote this dialogue, which he ſent, as we may ſuppoſe, before publication, with the ſhort epiſtle prefixed, to* NIGRINUS *himſelf. The philoſopher is here deſcribed as a perfect maſter of the ſcience which he profeſſed, inſtructing his ſcholars in every thing that was good and great, living up to his doctrine, and reproving the faſhionable follies of his time, with a ſpirit and freedom becoming the advocate of truth and virtue. In his ridicule of the reigning vices of his age,* LUCIAN *has put into the mouth of* NIGRINUS *no inconſiderable ſhare of his own wit and humour. This dialogue is admirably written, in a fine flowing agreeable ſtyle, and, perhaps, one of his beſt ſerious pieces.*

EPISTLE to NIGRINUS.

LUCIAN to Nigrinus, ſendeth greeting. Who ſends † owls to Athens? ſays the proverb; as if it were ridiculous to carry them there, where there are already ſo many: as abſurd would it be in me to write a book, to ſhew my oratory, and ſend it to Nigrinus. But as I only mean to declare my preſent ſentiments, and to ſhew my high opinion of your eloquence, I flatter myſelf I ſhall not incur the cenſure of Thucydides, who tells us, that ignorance makes men bold, but knowlege keeps them humble;

* The commentators have given us another title to this piece, and call it, "Concerning the Manners of Philoſophers;" but as no philoſopher is mentioned except Nigrinus himſelf, who differed greatly from the generality of them, the title is both abſurd and unneceſſary.

† *Owls to Athens,*] The owl, though degraded by modern times into an emblem of folly, was conſidered by the ancients as a type of wiſdom, and the favourite bird of Minerva, the patroneſs of Athens, where, no doubt, ſhe formerly was treated with great reſpect. Owls were conſequently very numerous: hence aroſe the proverb which is quoted by Eraſmus and other writers. The ſaying is analogous to our own, of "carrying coals to Newcaſtle."

for

for here, it is evident, I hope, my freedom muſt be attributed more to my love of ſcience than the want of it. Farewel.

NIGRINUS.

A DIALOGUE between LUCIAN and a FRIEND.

LUCIAN.

How ſolemn and ſublime you are, ſince your return! So far from converſing familiarly as you uſed to do, you will ſcarce condeſcend to look down upon one. A mighty ſudden change! I am afraid you are grown proud, and ſhould be glad to know the reaſon of it.

FRIEND.

What can be the reaſon, but my good fortune?

LUCIAN.

How's that?

FRIEND.

I tell you, I'm grown a great man; and, what's more, quite by chance, and when I little thought of it. In ſhort, I am the happieſt of men, or, as the tragic poet ſays, Thrice happy.

LUCIAN.

By Hercules that's ſtrange; and in ſo ſhort a time too!

FRIEND.

'Tis very true.

LUCIAN.

And what is the cauſe of all this ſupercilious behaviour? I beg I may know every particular, that I may congratulate you properly upon it.

FRIEND.

Is it not ſufficient matter of admiration, that from a ſlave I am become free; from a beggar, rich; from a blind and fooliſh fellow, temperate and ſober?

LUCIAN.

Moſt indiſputably. But I don't rightly underſtand how this happened.

FRIEND.

Know, then, I was going into the city in ſearch of an oculiſt; for the diſorder in my eyes was growing worſe every day.

LUCIAN.

I know it was; and have often wiſhed you might light on ſome ſkilful hand to relieve you.

FRIEND.

Having, therefore, for ſome time intended to call on Nigrinus, the Platonic philoſopher, I got up early, and knocked at his door; his boy announced me, and I was admitted. On coming into his room, I found him with a book in his hand, and ſurrounded by a number of buſts of all the learned men of antiquity. In the middle were placed tablets, with geometrical figures on them, and a ſphere made of reeds, to repreſent the univerſe. He embraced me very cordially, and aſked me how I went on; and, when I had ſatisfied him, I took the liberty in my turn to enquire what he was about, and whether he had reſolved at laſt to travel into Greece. But no ſooner did he begin to communicate his ſentiments to me, than there poured forth from his lips ſuch a profuſion of ambroſial eloquence, as called to my remembrance the ſweet * Syrens (if ever ſuch there were), and the nightingales, and the † lotus of old Homer: ſo divine were the words he uttered. He talked in praiſe of philoſophy, and that freedom which is ever attendant on her; deriding at the ſame time thoſe things which are prized by the vulgar, riches, honour, glory, gold, and purple, which appear ſo

* *Syrens,*] Theſe muſical ladies, half women, and half birds, according to the fabulous hiſtory of them, were the daughters of the river Achelous, and the muſe Calliope. Ovid tells us, that they prayed to the gods for wings, that they might fly round the world in ſearch of Proſerpine; they ſtopped, however, and took up their abode on ſome rocks between the iſland of Caprea and the coaſts of Italy; where, being excellent ſingers, they allured voyagers to ſtop and liſten to them, the conſequence of which was, that the poor men forgot, ſo enchanted were they with the ſongs, either to eat or drink, and conſequently periſhed. The ſhores were whitened, Homer tells us, with the bones of theſe unhappy victims to the power of harmony. See the twelfth book of Homer's Odyſſey. Lucian doubts, as well he might, whether ſuch beings ever exiſted. The allegorizers of heathen fable have changed them into harlots; which, indeed, eaſily accounts for all this wonderful faſcination.

† *Lotus,*] from the fruit of this plant, or tree, was extracted, according to Homer, a liquor, of ſuch attractive qualities, as to make Ulyſſes's followers very unwilling to quit the place where it grew, in the land of the Lotophagi: he deſcribes it as a

—— Divine nutricious juice,
——————— which whoſo taſtes,
Inſatiate riots in the ſweet repaſts;
Nor other home, nor other care intends;
But quits his houſe, his country, and his friends.

See Pope's Homer's Odyſ. ix. l. 106.

This was probably the Burgundy of the ancients.

valuable

valuable in the eyes of the multitude, and which once indeed attracted my eſteem alſo. I was ſo ſtruck with every thing he ſaid, that I knew not what to compare my feelings to on the occaſion; but was tranſported as it were a thouſand ways. I grieved, methought, to ſee the things which I had ſo long held dear contemned, and could ſcarce refrain from tears at the loſs of them: but now, thoſe very riches, glories, and honours, which I ſo eſteemed, appear trifling and ridiculous; I rejoiced to find myſelf freed from the dark and heavy atmoſphere of my former life, and breathing a purer air, in ſerenity and ſun-ſhine. The weakneſs in my eyes, to my great aſtoniſhment, was ſoon forgotten, and in a very ſhort time my mind became more enlightened; for hitherto I knew not that it was blind. It was not long before I felt myſelf even juſt as you ſeemed to think me. I was elated by his diſcourſe, and lifted up as it were to the ſkies, nor can I think more of any thing low or mean. I am intoxicated with philoſophy, as the Indians were with wine, when they firſt taſted of it; warm by nature, and drinking largely of ſuch potent liquor, they ſoon turned Bacchanals, grew mad, and ſaw double; and juſt in the ſame manner do I run about, drunk and mad with his eloquence; though mine is not properly drunkenneſs, but temperance and ſobriety.

LUCIAN.

Happy ſhould I be to hear, if poſſible, the ſpeech you talk of, nor will you deem it right, I hope, to refuſe a friend's requeſt, whoſe taſte and ſtudies are ſo ſimilar to your own.

FRIEND.

Be of good chear, my friend; for, as Homer ſays,

* Why urge a ſoul already fill'd with fire?

If you had not aſked me, I ſhould have deſired you to hear it, for I want to bring you in as an evidence in my favour, that I may not run mad without a reaſon; beſides, that I always take a pleaſure in recollecting it: it is my conſtant employment, and, when I am by myſelf, I repeat it three or four times in a day; juſt as lovers, when their miſtreſſes are abſent, call to mind every word and every action, and converſe with the dear object, as if it were before their eyes; and thus, by dwelling perpetually upon it, ſoften the diſeaſe; talking with them, and making kind anſwers for them, which

* See Homer's Il. book viii. l. 293.

delight

delight as much as if they were real: thus do I, in the abſence of my dear philoſophy, call to mind the words which I heard, and joy in the recollection of them; toſſed, as it were, on the ocean, in a dark and tempeſtuous night, I look ſtill towards this light, to guide and direct me in every thing I do or ſay; imagine this great man preſent, and think I hear him talking to me; his face is ever before my eyes, and his voice ſtill ſounding in my ear; for, as the * comic poet ſays, he left a ſting in the minds of his hearers.

LUCIAN.

Pray, my worthy friend, have done with your proluſions, and tell me the whole from beginning to end, for I am ſick of your preambles.

FRIEND.

You are certainly right, and it ſhall be ſo; but did you never ſee a bad actor hiſſed off the ſtage, for ſpoiling a very excellent performance?

LUCIAN.

Aye, many a one; but what of that?

FRIEND.

I am afraid I ſhall be like them, ſometimes putting things together aukwardly; and at others, by my own ignorance marring the ſentiment itſelf, till the whole piece by degrees becomes ridiculous. With regard to myſelf, indeed, I ſhall not be much concerned; but if my dear philoſophy ſhould appear mean and contemptible, from my bad repreſentation of it, I own it would affect me deeply: I muſt beg you, therefore, to remember throughout the whole, that the poet is innocent, ſits a great way off from the ſcene, and never troubles himſelf about what is going forward on the ſtage. I will try my talent, however, as an actor, and ſhew you at leaſt how good a memory I have, though, with regard to every thing elſe, I may be little better than a tragedy meſſenger. If at any time, therefore, I ſeem to fail, you are to ſuppoſe the thing itſelf much better, and that, when the poet made it, it was quite another affair: if you ſhould hiſs me, I aſſure you, I ſhall not be angry.

* *Comic poet*,] Alluding probably to that paſſage of Eupolis, quoted by Diodorus Siculus, where, ſpeaking of Pericles, the famous orator, he ſays, of all the great ſpeakers

—— he could leave behind,
The ſting, deep-pointed, in the hearer's mind.

LUCIAN.

By Mercury, your proœmium is excellent, and according to the rules of rhetoric; but you ſhould have added, that * you converſed but a very little time with him, that you came unprepared to ſpeak, that it would have been much more agreeable to have heard it from his own mouth, but that you had brought away as much as you could commit to memory: would not ſomething of this kind have been of ſervice to you? but, with me, there is no occaſion for it; for I am ready to clap and halloo for you; though if you grow tedious I ſhall certainly be angry with, and hiſs you dreadfully.

FRIEND.

It is what I ſhould expect; but remember, I ſhall not give it you in the ſame order, nor in the ſame words, which he made uſe of; for this I cannot poſſibly do, leſt I ſhould reſemble thoſe actors, who often put on the maſk of Creon, Agamemnon, or perhaps Hercules himſelf, and then ſtrut about in their golden veſts, and from their fierce viſages, and wide-gaping mouths, ſend forth a weak womaniſh ſound, as feeble as a Hecuba, or Polyxena. To avoid putting on a † maſk, therefore, too big for my head, and diſgracing my part, I ſhall ſpeak to you in my own proper perſon, that my hero and I may not ſink together.

* *That you converſed, &c.*] Lucian is laughing at the formal and ſtated rules laid down, we may ſuppoſe, by the teachers of rhetoric in thoſe days, and which, like all other rules, never made an orator. We meet with many, notwithſtanding, ſimilar to theſe, in Tully, and ſeveral other writers on this ſubject. No leſs a man, however, than lord Cheſterfield maintains the poſſibility of making an orator by mere dint of art and induſtry invitâ Minervâ: he tried the noſtrum on his ſon, but it did not ſucceed. See Lord Cheſterfield's Letters to his Son.

† *A maſk,*] The maſk, uſed in the Greek theatre, was a kind of caſque, or helmet, which covered the whole head, repreſenting not only the face, but the beard, hair, ears, and even, in the women's maſks, all the ornaments of the coif, or cap; the moſt perfect and durable were of wood, which were generally copied by the moſt eminent artiſts, from the buſts or ſtatues of the principal perſons repreſented, and conſequently conveyed the moſt exact reſemblance of them. This gave the actor an opportunity of playing ſeveral different parts in the ſame piece, without being diſcovered; in ſo extenſive an area as the Greek theatre, it might be neceſſary, by theſe large and frightful maſks, to exaggerate the features; but at the ſame time we muſt remember, that by all theſe exaggerations the natural expreſſion of the eyes and countenance muſt be entirely loſt. After all, indeed, that can be ſaid in favour of the ancient maſks, it is ſcarce defenſible. The face is certainly the beſt index of the mind, and the paſſions as forcibly expreſſed by the features as by the words and geſture of the performer; for my own part, I prefer the Engliſh to the Athenian ſtage, in this as well as in many other particulars; though I will promiſe to join the προσωποφιλοι, and vote for the reſtoration of the ancient maſk, whenever they can ſhew me one that can repreſent the happy features of Quin, in Falſtaff; or give us an idea of a frantic Lear, like the look and face of the inimitable Garrick. See the Diſſertation on Tragedy, prefixed to my tranſlation of Sophocles.

LUCIAN.

Will the man never have done with his ſtage, and his tragedy?

FRIEND.

I will, and return to my ſubject. He began with an eulogium on Greece, and thoſe who dwell at Athens, preferring philoſophical indigence to every thing beſide; never rejoicing in the company of either citizens or ſtrangers, who would lead them aſide into the paths of pleaſure; but if they met with any ſuch, would ſoon transform them, teaching them how to change their ancient manners, and walk in purity of life. He then mentioned one of thoſe fine gentlemen, who came to Athens, dreſſed out in gold and ſilver, with a large attendance, and who thought himſelf the admiration of all men, and that he was the happieſt of human beings; but to them the creature appeared miſerable: they tried however to reform him, not by open and ſharp reproaches, as if a man in a free city might not live as he thought proper; but when at any time he grew troubleſome, either at the baths, or wreſtling places of public exerciſe, crouding in with a heap of ſervants, and preſſing people to death, would put ſomebody in his way, that, in an humble voice, and unwilling to offend him, ſhould whiſper, "This man ſure is afraid of being murthered in the bath, though, as it is the ſeat of perpetual peace, there is no occaſion for an army there." He hears what is ſaid of him, and is the better for it; they perſuaded him, withal, to lay aſide his fine purple robe, and all his gaudy apparel, by ſneering at the tawdrineſs of it: the ſpring is approaching, they cried, whence comes this peacock? Perhaps the gown is his mother's, and ſo forth. In like manner they reproved the reſt of his follies, ſometimes laughing at the quantity of rings on his fingers, ſometimes his extraordinary nicety in the dreſſing of his hair, and ſometimes his extravagant manner of living; thus, by degrees, was he reformed, and went away apparently a much better man than he came. To ſhew that philoſophers were never aſhamed of their poverty, he told me a ſtory, which was current at the public games, of a man, who appearing there in a * coloured robe, was ſeized on, and carried before the preſident of the games; many of the people took compaſſion on, and interceded for him: but, when the crier pronounced him guilty of acting

* *Coloured robe,*] The privilege of putting on a fine coloured robe was one of the rewards with which the conquerors at the Olympics were honoured; it was conſequently conſidered as a crime to appear in them before the combat.

againſt

againſt the laws, by his appearance in ſuch a habit on that occaſion, they unanimouſly acquitted him, becauſe it was the only garment which he had. He took occaſion at the ſame time to extol the liberty which they enjoyed in their retreat, their manner of living, free from envy and ambition; their ſafety, eaſe, and happineſs, with all the virtues that accompanied it, proved how conſonant it was with true philoſophy, that ſuch a life alone could preſerve pure and untainted morality, and highly became the good and virtuous, who knew how to deſpiſe riches, and live according to the dictates of nature. * For thoſe, indeed, who are in ſearch of wealth, who meaſure happineſs by power and ſplendour, who have never taſted of liberty, enjoyed the open freedom of ſpeech, or beheld the face of truth; but have been brought up to, and for ever converſant with ſervitude and flattery: for thoſe who are given up to pleaſure, fond of luxurious tables, wine, and women; full of fraud, treachery, and lying; who attend to the ſound of the harp, and liſten with delight to laſcivious ſonnets; for ſuch men the city alone is the proper habitation; where every ſtreet and market-place is full of enjoyments; there pleaſure enters in at every gate: through the eye, the ear, the taſte, the ſmell; through every part and every ſenſe ſhe gains admittance, and not a path remains that is not widened by this rapid and ever-flowing torrent. There meet together, adultery, avarice, perjury, and every other vice; the ſoul is overwhelmed beneath them, and juſtice, modeſty, and virtue are no more: bereft of theſe, the mind becomes dry and barren, or only teems with ſavage and brutal extravagance. Such, according to his deſcription, is this great city, and ſuch the leſſons of inſtruction to be learned from her. "When firſt, ſaid he, I came out of Greece, before I entered into this place, I ſtopped ſhort, and reaſoned thus with myſelf; why, cried I, ſhould I, as † Homer ſays,

Leave the fair ſun, the light of chearful day,

Leave Greece, the ſeat of happineſs and freedom, for a place where there is nothing but noiſe and tumult, ceremonious viſits, ſycophants, feaſts, mur-

* *For thoſe, indeed, &c.*] Theſe obſervations, though originally calculated for the meridian of Rome or Athens, would ſerve, with very little alteration, for our own corrupted capital. Compare this with the tenth ſatire of Juvenal, and Dr. Samuel Johnſon's excellent imitation of it, in his poem called London.

† *Homer ſays,*] See the Odyſ. A. v. 92.

thers, legacy-hunting, and pretended friendſhips? What can you do when you can no longer have it in your power to leave it, nor at the ſame time can ever bring yourſelf to comply with the modes and cuſtoms of it? When I had thus conſulted my own heart, and withdrawn myſelf, as Jupiter, they tell us, withdrew * Hector from the battle,

Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he ſtood,
Amidſt alarms, and death, and duſt, and blood.

Like him, I determined to remain at home, and choſe this inactive, and what ſome would call effeminate way of life, that I may converſe with Plato, philoſophy, and truth. Here, placing myſelf, as it were on a high ſeat in a crouded theatre, I look down on what is paſſing below, a ſcene ſometimes of mirth and entertainment, and ſometimes of ſuch hazard and danger, as puts virtue to the proof. If even the worſt of things, as it may ſometimes happen, deſerve praiſe for the good they may produce, I know no better ſchool of virtue, no better place of trial for the mind of man, than this very city, and the modes and habits of it. It is not an eaſy taſk to reſiſt the attacks of ſo many diverſions, pleaſures, and amuſements, the variety of temptations, which on every ſide, and from every ſenſe attract and betray us. But we ſhould follow the example of Ulyſſes, and ſail by them, not like his followers, bound hand and foot, that, indeed, would be frightful; nor waxing up our ears, but free, open, and determined, with a mind riſing ſuperior to them: how low does ſuch folly ſink, when put in competition with that philoſophy which contemns the gifts of fortune, which beholds, as on a ſtage, a multiplicity of characters in perpetual change; ſees the ſervant made a lord, the poor turned to rich, and the rich to poor, friends one moment, and enemies the next; but what we ſhould moſt lament is, that though fortune is for ever ſporting with human affairs, and convincing us that there is nothing ſtable, nothing to be depended on, thoſe, notwithſtanding, who are every day ſpectators of them, ſtill fall in love with riches and power, ſtill intoxicate themſelves with vain and idle hopes of what can never be poſſeſſed.

But I will now proceed to what, as I obſerved to you, will delight and entertain us, the objects of mirth and ridicule. What can be more contemptible than thoſe rich fools, who are always ſhewing their purple garments,

* *Hector,*] See the eleventh book of Homer's Iliad, l. 164.

ſtretching

ſtretching out their fingers that you may ſee the rings upon them, and practiſing a thouſand follies: but what is ſtill more ridiculous, if they meet, they will ſpeak to you only by proxy, as thinking it honour ſufficient if they permit you but to look at them; ſome are ſo proud as even to expect adoration, not at a diſtance, or after the Perſian mode, but coming cloſe up, with your eyes fixed on the ground, and ſhewing the ſubmiſſion of your ſoul by the humble poſture of your body, kiſſing the breaſt or hand: and even this is looked upon as a high and mighty favour, by thoſe who are not ſo happy as to arrive at it: and thus the idol ſhall ſtand for a long time, and ſuffer himſelf to be made a fool of. At the ſame time, I muſt own, we are obliged to the cruel creatures for refuſing us the honour of their lips. Thoſe, after all, are more to be deſpiſed, who run after and cringe to them, who will riſe up in the middle of the night, and run about the city; a ſet of fawning curs, whom the very ſervants turn out of doors, who will yet preſs in to flatter them; the reward of all their trouble is only a ſupper, that is a burthen to them, and brings on a thouſand ill conſequences; for after eating and drinking more than they like, and ſaying perhaps more than they ought to ſay, they return home ſick and ſorry, find fault with the ſupper, the company, the houſe, and the maſter of it; ſome are found ſick in the lanes and alleys, others quarrelling in the ſtews, whilſt three parts of them lie in bed till noon, and give the phyſicians an opportunity of taking their rounds to viſit them; though ſome, indeed, which you will ſay is moſt ridiculous of all, cannot even find leiſure to be ſick. The flatterers are, in my opinion, worſe than thoſe they flatter, as they are generally the ſupporters of their pride and inſolence; when ſuch men throng to their levees, admire their riches, and, when they meet, ſalute them as their lords and maſters, what muſt they think? Whereas, on the other hand, if they would agree to ſhake off this voluntary ſervitude, * would not the rich, think you, come themſelves to the doors of the poor, and beg them not to let their happineſs paſs unnoticed? the magnificence of their houſes, and the ſumptuouſneſs of their tables, uſeleſs and unobſerved? for it is not their riches that gives them ſo much pleaſure, as the ſatisfaction of being thought happy in the poſſeſſion of them. Fine palaces, gold, and ivory, are of no

* *Would not the rich*, &c.] This is a moſt ſenſible and judicious obſervation, founded on truth and reaſon. Nigrinus abounds, indeed, throughout with reflections of this kind, equally applicable at all times, and in all places.

ſervice

ſervice to the maſter, unleſs others admire them. The only means, therefore, to render the gifts of fortune of no eſteem, is to guard againſt power and ſplendour, by this contempt of them; whereas, on the other hand, by paying them reſpect, the poſſeſſors are led into madneſs and folly. In the low and illiterate, who openly confeſs their ignorance, ſuch conduct might be forgiven; but, for thoſe who pretend to philoſophy, to act ſtill more fooliſhly and ridiculouſly, even than they do, is to the laſt degree unpardonable. What do I feel when I behold any of theſe, eſpecially ſuch as are advanced in life, mixing with the croud of flatterers, attending, like humble followers, on one of theſe great men, talking familiarly with the common ſervants, in all their ſuperb dreſs and finery: I am provoked that, whilſt in every other reſpect they act the part of ſlaves, they do not wear the habit alſo. What are theſe better than profeſſed paraſites? Do they not feed more luxurioufly, get in liquor ſooner, riſe later from table, and carry more away with them; nay, and do not thoſe amongſt them, who are moſt polite, * ſing as often?" Theſe were the things which he thought truly ridiculous: he took particular notice, likewiſe, of thoſe who turn philoſophers for hire, and ſell virtue, as it were, at the public market: the ſchools of ſuch, therefore, he called ſhops and taverns; as he thought thoſe, who pretended to teach others the contempt of riches, ſhould above all men be themſelves free from venality. What he dictated he practiſed: not only converſing freely, without fee or reward, with all thoſe who deſired it; but ſupplying the poor with neceſſaries, and ſhewing the utmoſt contempt of every thing ſuperfluous. So far was he from ſeeking that which did not belong to him, that he took very little care even of his own eſtate, which was falling to ruin; and though he had a farm not far from the city, never took the pains for many years ſo much as to viſit it; he even ſaid, it was really none of his: arguing, I ſuppoſe, that in things of this kind, we cannot properly be called the maſters of it, ſeeing that law, or heritage, only gives us a temporary poſſeſſion of it for a ſhort and uncertain time: that time expired, another occupies, and enjoys it by the ſame tenure. Thus did he enforce his precepts, to all thoſe who were willing to learn, by his

* *Sing as often,*] In Greece the people of faſhion never ſung themſelves, but hired ſlaves for that purpoſe. Theſe always made an indiſpenſible part in feaſts, both public and private: Lucian, therefore, conſiders the practice of ſinging, to entertain company, as degrading, and beneath the character of a gentleman.

own example; by the frugality of his table, proper exercise, the modesty of his appearance, and decency of his attire; but above all, by the composure of his mind, and the sweetness of his manners. He counselled his followers never to put off, or defer the time of acting aright, as too many do, who allot some particular season, a public festival perhaps, or solemn meeting, when they will begin to leave off their vices, and study to be good. The bent of the soul towards virtue, he thought, was by no means to be turned aside for a moment; and blamed those philosophers exceedingly, who harrassed their pupils with perpetual toil and labour, compelling some of them to bind themselves with cords, others to endure * stripes, others, of a more delicate frame, to raise their skin with swords: the firmness, strength, and solidity of their minds, in his opinion, ought much rather to be attended to, and, in the education of youth, a proper regard paid to the soul, as well as the body, their age, and former manner of life, at the same time duly considered, that they might not be hurt, by attempting any thing beyond their strength and abilities; as by this irrational method of straining themselves, many, he observed, had perished. I knew, indeed, one myself, who, after suffering a great deal from such preceptors as these, came to him, embraced true learning, and returned with a mind highly improved.

This subject dismissed, he turned to the consideration of many others, talked of our civil broils and tumults, the stage, the circus, the statues of the charioteers, the names of the horses, and the conversations about them in every street; for no disorder is so universal as the † hippomany. Many of those who pass for grave and sober men, did he reprove: then, as if entering on a new act of his play, began upon funerals, and attacked the last will and testament men; remarking, that the Romans, young or old, speak truth once in their lives, meaning in their last wills, which they durst not do before, for fear of bad consequences. I could not refrain from laughter when he added on this occasion, that they all would have their follies buried

* *To endure stripes,*] See the Anacharsis of Lucian, where this severe discipline is finely ridiculed.

† *The hippomany.*] The hippomany, or horse-madness, as Lucian here humourously styles it, is a disease to the full as equally prevalent and epidemical in modern as in ancient times: few nations have been more severely afflicted with it than our own. We have of late, it seems, bit our next neighbours also, and the French course on the Sablon already vies with the races at Newmarket.

with

with them, and yet acknowlege them under their own hands at the laſt hour; ſome ordering their cloaths, or any thing elſe, which they moſt delighted in, to be burned with them on the funeral pile; others commanding ſervants to watch at their ſepulchres; others deſiring to have their tombs hung with garlands: perſevering thus in error and abſurdity, even beyond the grave. One might eaſily conjecture, he thought, what kind of lives they muſt have led, who could order ſuch things to be done after their deaths. Theſe are the men that purchaſe the moſt coſtly dainties, and mix * ſaffron and ſpices with their wine; ſuch as are crowned with † roſes in the midſt of winter, which they are fond of then, only becauſe they are rare and out of ſeaſon; and yet, at the proper time, when produced by nature alone, utterly reject and deſpiſe them; ſuch as uſe ointments and perfumes; men, who did not even know, for which he moſt condemned them, how to enjoy thoſe pleaſures which they were perpetually in ſearch of, but miſſed their aim, and deſtroyed their own end and purpoſe, by leaving their minds a prey to continual diſſipation; coming in, as upon the ſtage, ‡ any way rather than by the ſtreet-door; this he called a ſoleciſm in pleaſure. As § Momus found fault with nature, for not placing the ox's horns before his eyes; in like manner did he laugh at theſe fools, for placing their perfumed crowns on their heads, for, as he obſerved, if they are ſo fond of roſes and violets, they ſhould

* *Saffron and ſpices,*] Plutarch, in his Sympoſia, mentions the mixing ſaffron with wine, as an article of faſhionable luxury; this is a ſpecies, however, of ancient Epicuriſm which the moderns have not hitherto adopted.

† *Roſes,*] This cuſtom is at this day as faſhionable in England as it ever could have been in Greece or Rome, no lady of the Ton appearing without winter-roſes; it even deſcends to the lower orders, and a genteel footman never hires himſelf to a woman of quality, without firſt knowing how much ſhe allows a week for noſegays.

‡ *Any way rather, &c.*] The commentators on the original of this paſſage are much perplexed, and have written two or three quarto pages about and about it, without ſeeming to have diſcovered the true meaning, which, after all, appears to be no more than an alluſion to the entrance of the perſons of the drama, at back-doors, windows, &c. Lucian's argument, therefore, runs thus; why will not the ſons of luxury and pleaſure follow the plain road and dictates of nature, inſtead of thus turning out of her path, and coming in, like actors on the ſtage, at any entrance rather than the right?

§ *As Momus, &c.*] Momus found fault with the gods, or nature, for not placing the horns of an ox rather under than above the eye, as imagining, perhaps, that in ſuch a poſition they would have acted with more force, and, conſequently, been more ſerviceable to the animal. Lucian tells us, in his True Hiſtory, that he met with ſome of this kind, made according to Momus's plan, but he does not tell us they were a whit the better for it. See Ariſtotle de Part. Animal. lib. iii. c. 2.

rather

rather put them under their noſes, that the ſmell might be ſtronger, and more agreeable; thoſe, above all, did he turn into ridicule, who are ſo wonderfully expert in grand entertainments, and perpetually employed in the ſearch of dainties and delicacies of every kind. They went through a deal of trouble and fatigue, he ſaid, to procure a ſhort and momentary pleaſure, as ſcarce any man's throat was above four fingers long; for neither before, nor after, they had taſted this coſtly food, would it give them more ſatisfaction than the plaineſt and cheapeſt diet; purchaſing, thus, a fleeting and tranſitory pleaſure, at a price the moſt extravagant; and all becauſe they wanted true taſte, to enjoy that real and ſolid ſatisfaction, which philoſophy alone can afford, to thoſe who induſtriouſly ſearch after her.

The next thing which he took notice of, was what paſſed in the baths; where the rich and great, with a large train of attendants, are carried on the ſhoulders of their ſlaves, as if laid out for their funeral. One abſurdity, in particular, frequently practiſed in theſe places, raiſed his indignation: ſervants walking before their maſters, and crying out to them to * look to their feet, and give them warning of every hillock, or puddle, in their way, that they might know (which was to the laſt degree ridiculous) how to walk ſafely. It was intolerable, he thought, to ſee people, who never made uſe of other's hands or mouths, to eat, or of other's ears to hear, ſhould, notwithſtanding, when they were in full health and vigour, borrow other men's eyes to ſee with, and ſuffer themſelves to be bawled to like the poor and blind; and yet the greateſt men, and thoſe to whom the care of the ſtate was committed, even in the middle of the day, and in the public market-place, would ſubmit to this indignity. With theſe, and many other obſervations of the like nature, he finiſhed his diſcourſe. I was loſt in aſtoniſhment; and liſtening ſtill with attention, dreaded his ſilence, when I perceived he had quite done. The ſame thing happened to me, as did to the † Phæacians of old; I ſtood a long time with my eyes fixed on him: my head turned round, the ſweat dropped from me, I almoſt

* *Look to their feet,*] This is a proof, amongſt many others, that the Romans, in the decline of the empire, were ſunk into the loweſt ſtate of ſloth and effeminacy, and had adopted almoſt all the modes of Eaſtern luxury.

† *The Phæacians*]

He ceas'd, but left, ſo charming on their ear,
His voice, that liſt'ning ſtill they ſeem'd to hear. Homer's Odyſſ. b. xi.

fainted; I endeavoured to ſpeak, but could not; my tongue faltered, my voice was gone, and, at laſt, I burſt into tears. His diſcourſe had not ſlightly affected me, or grazed the ſkin alone, but left a deep and mortal wound, and pierced, as it were, to my inmoſt ſoul. The mind, in my opinion, of every well-diſpoſed man, is like a ſoft mark, or butt; many are the archers in this life, with their quivers full of ſpeeches of every kind; but few amongſt them aim aright: ſome ſtretch the cord too tight, and the arrow, ſent forth with more force than is neceſſary, doth not ſtick in, but paſſing through, leaves the mind ſore with its gaping wound; whilſt others, from a looſer bow, and want of ſtrength to carry them on, fall ſhort of the mark, and, with languid motion, drop down in the middle of their courſe; or, if they reach the butt, lightly touch the ſurface of it, and go no farther. But the ſkilful markſman, like our philoſopher, examines firſt the mark he is to ſhoot at, with all poſſible diligence and care, to ſee whether it be ſoft or hard, for ſome are impenetrable; then dipping his arrow, not in poiſon, like the * Scythians, nor in opium, like the Curetes, but in a kind of ſharp, yet pleaſing liquid, take a ſure and certain aim: the † dart thrown out with that degree of force which is neceſſary, and fixed in the center, diffuſes its medicinal virtues over every part of the ſoul. Hence it ariſes, that the hearer is raviſhed with the ſound; and, as he liſtens, diſſolves in tears: as I myſelf experienced. I could have ſaid to him in the words of ‡ Homer,

Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd:

for, as not all who hear the Phrygian pipe are ſeized with madneſs, but only thoſe whom § Rhea herſelf ſelects; ſo thoſe alone are affected by

* *The Scythians, &c.*]

——tinxere ſagittas
Errantes Scythiæ populi—— Lucan, lib. iii. v. 356.

and Virgil,

Non ſecus ac nervo per nubem impulſa ſagitta
Armatam ſævi Parthus quam felle veneni
Parthus, ſive Cydon telum immedicabile torſit. Æneid xii. v. 856.

† *The dart, &c.*] When Lucian lays hold of a favourite image, to illuſtrate his ſubject, he is too apt, like Ovid, to dwell too long upon it; till his reader is tired with a conſtant repetition of the ſame idea. This is the caſe with regard to the paſſage before us.

‡ *Homer,*] See Pope's tranſlation of the Iliad, book viii. v. 340.

§ *Whom Rhea herſelf, &c.*] The prieſts of Rhea; who alone are worked up into a religious phrenzy by the ſound of the Phrygian pipe, which is ſuppoſed to have no effect on common hearers: nec aliter concitantur, (ſays Seneca, ſee Ep. 119.) quam Phrygii ſolent tibicinis ſono ſemiviri & ex imperio furentes.

true

true philoſophy, whoſe genius and diſpoſition are by nature turned towards it.

LUCIAN.

What noble, wonderful, and divine things, my dear friend, have you communicated to me! You have treated me, as it were, with lotus and ambroſia: when you ſpoke, I was in raptures; when you left off, I was in deſpair. To uſe your own words, I am deeply wounded; nor is it to be wondered at; for thoſe, you know, who are bitten by mad dogs, are not only themſelves ſeized with the diſorder, but if in their madneſs they bite others, make them delirious alſo. By the bite the malady is communicated from one to the other, and the infection ſpreads on every ſide.

FRIEND.

You own then, you have caught the diſtemper?

LUCIAN.

Moſt certainly: and I intreat you, moreover, to provide a proper remedy for us both.

FRIEND.

We muſt even do then as * Telephus did.

LUCIAN.

How is that?

FRIEND.

Go to him from whom we received the wound, and deſire him to heal it.

* *Telephus*] Achilles (ſays the commentator) alterâ plagâ Telepho illatâ priorem, ut fama eſt, ſanavit.

TIMON;

OR, THE

MAN-HATER.

The Timon *of* LUCIAN *is deſervedly eſteemed one of his beſt pieces. A fund of good ſenſe and reflection, enlivened by frequent ſallies of wit and humour, runs through the whole. Our great* SHAKSPEARE *has filled up* LUCIAN's *outline, drawn forth the characters into action, and formed, from him and* PLUTARCH *together, no unpleaſing drama.*

TIMON, JUPITER, PLUTUS, MERCURY, POVERTY, &c.

TIMON.

O Jupiter! the friendly, the hoſpitable, the ſocial, the domeſtic, the oath-binder, the thunderer, the cloud-compelling, the far-reſounding, or by whatever name thou art called by frantic poets, eſpecially when the verſe halts (for then they have a thouſand names to prop the falling metre, and fill up the hiatus), where is now your crackling lightning, and your deep-toned thunder? Where are all your white, blazing, and terrific bolts? All dwindled into nothing; a mere poetical ſmoke; a heap of idle names. Thoſe unerring, far-ſhooting darts, ſo celebrated and beverſed, have, I know not how, loſt all their fire; they are grown quite cold, and preſerve not the leaſt ſpark of wrath for the puniſhment of the guilty. The wretch who had forſworn himſelf, would be more afraid of the ſnuff of a lamp, than the flame of your all-ſubduing thunder. The firebrands which you throw, are quenched in ſuch a manner, that nobody fears being burned by them; and all the hurt they can receive from it, is to be covered

vered with ſmoke. For this reaſon * Salmoneus dared to thunder againſt you; and well he might. Man will boldly attempt every wickedneſs, whilſt Jove is thus cold and inactive. What ſhould hinder him, indeed, when you, as if ſtupified by † mandragora, are faſt aſleep: you, who neither hear the perjured, nor obſerve the wicked; blind to every thing about you, and with your ears ſtopped, like an old dotard. When you were young, lively, and prone to reſentment, you never ſpared the guilty and oppreſſive; never made peace or league with them: the lightning was always employed, and the ægis ſhaken over them. The thunder was for ever rolling, and the ſhafts perpetually darting down upon them. Then we had earthquakes in abundance, ſnow in heaps, hail like ſtones, and, to ſpeak plainly to you, moſt violent and rapid ſhowers, and rivers overflowing every day. Witneſs the great deluge in the time of Deucalion, when every thing was ſunk under water, and only one little boat preſerved, which landed on Mount ‡ Lycoris, with the ſmall remnant of mankind, ſaved only to propagate a ſtill more impious generation. And now you are well rewarded for your indolence; for nobody ſacrifices to you, or offers you garlands, except, per-

* *Salmoneus*] Salmoneus was the ſon of Æolus, and brother to the famous Siſyphus. He conquered all Elis; and growing, like other conquerors, intoxicated with ſucceſs, took it into his head, as Alexander did long after him, that he muſt be king of the gods. To prove his divinity, he built a large bridge of braſs, over an immenſe plain, and rolled upon it chariots of braſs, by way of imitating Jupiter's thunder; and that he might alſo have a little good lightning with it, threw down firebrands from it on a few devoted victims below. Jupiter, not approving the humour of ſo poor a mimic, ſent him to Tartarus. Virgil has immortaliſed him in the following lines, in his deſcription of the Pagan Hell:

Vidi crudeles dantem Salmonea pœnas
Dum flammas Jovis & ſonitus imitatur Olympi.

† *Mandragora*,] Mandragora, or the mandrake, is an herb, or plant, of a cold and narcotic quality, eſpecially the root, which is large, and ſhaped like thoſe of parſnip, carrot, white briony, &c. its roots are ſometimes forked, which, perhaps, made the ſuperſtitious imagine they reſembled the legs or thighs of men; Columella therefore calls it ſemihomo. The idea of its ſoporific quality is adopted by the modern as well as ancient naturaliſts.

——— not poppy nor mandragora
Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the Eaſt,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep
Which thou owed'ſt yeſterday. Shakſpeare's Othello.

‡ *Lycoris*,] A mountain, on which Deucalion and Pyrrha were ſuppoſed to land after the univerſal deluge. For a better account of this great event, ſee our author's Treatiſe on the Goddeſs of Syria.

haps,

haps, ſome perſon at the * Olympic games; who does it not, becauſe he thinks it a duty, but merely becauſe it is an old cuſtom. In a little time, moſt generous of deities as you are, you will let them dethrone you, as they did Saturn. I forbear mentioning their ſacrilegious attacks of your temple, or their laying hands even upon yourſelf at Olympia, when you, the great thunderer, never ſo much as ſet on the dogs, nor called in your neighbours to help you take the thieves, when they ran away. The noble giant-queller, and conqueror of the † Titans, ſat quietly, with his thunderbolt of ten cubits length in his hand, and let them pull the hair off his head. When, O thou great deity! wilt thou ceaſe to paſs over theſe things, or when wilt thou repay this wickedneſs? How many ‡ Phaetons, how many Deucalions will ſuffice, to expiate ſuch iniquity? But to leave this general cauſe, and come to my own: I, who have raiſed ſo many Athenians from poverty and miſery to riches and power, aſſiſted the indigent, and laviſhed away all my ſubſtance to make my friends happy, am now myſelf left poor and deſtitute. I am not ſo much as known by them; thoſe will not condeſcend to look upon me, who formerly revered, adored me, and hung upon my nod. If by chance, as I go along, I meet with any of them, they paſs by me as they would by the grave-ſtone of a perſon long ſince dead, that was worn out, and fallen to decay, as if they had never ſeen me; others turn away from me as from a loathſome and abhorred ſpectacle, though not long ſince they extolled me as their benefactor and preſerver. Reduced, at length, to the utmoſt diſtreſs, and clothed in a garment made of ſkins, I dig this little ſpot of earth,

* *Olympic games*;] The Olympic games were celebrated in honour of Jupiter, at, or near, the city Olympia, otherwiſe called Piſa, upon the river Alpheus, in Peloponneſus. For a full account of them, I refer my readers to Mr. Gilbert Weſt's excellent diſſertation on them, in the third volume of his works, printed for Dodſley, 1776.

† *Titans*,] Titan, according to the ancient theogony, was the eldeſt ſon of Cœlus and Veſta, or heaven and earth; but getting, it ſeems, under petticoat government, was perſuaded by his mother to give up his birth-right, no leſs than the empire of the univerſe, to his younger brother, Saturn, on condition that, in proceſs of time, he would cut off the entail, by putting to death all his male heirs, that ſo the kingdom might revert to the elder branch; but diſcovering, ſome time after, that, by the artifice of Rhea, three of Saturn's ſons had been ſecretly preſerved and educated, he waged war againſt his brother, ſubdued, and took him and his wife and children priſoners. Jupiter, however, as ſoon as he arrived at years of maturity, ſet all his family free again, conquered the Titans, and ſent them all to Tartarus.

‡ *Phaetons*,] How many conflagrations, and how many deluges muſt happen, how often muſt this wicked world be burned, or drowned, before it will be thoroughly reformed!

which

which I bought for four * oboli. Here do I philoſophiſe, in the deſart, with my mattock and ſpade. All the happineſs which I enjoy is, that I no longer behold the proſperity of the wicked; for that would be the worſt of evils. At length, therefore, O thou ſon of Saturn and Rhea! ſhake off thy profound and heavy ſlumbers (for thou haſt ſlept longer than † Epimenides), light thy bolt at Mount Ætna, and ſend it forth; let it flame out once more; ſhew the power and indignation of the once ſtrong and youthful Jove; unleſs what the ‡ Cretans fable, concerning thee and thy ſepulture, be a real fact.

JUPITER.

Mercury, who is this Athenian that bellows thus to us from the bottom of Hymettus? a horrid dirty wretch, and clothed in ſkins; he lays all

* *Oboli*;] As Lucian frequently refers to the Attic monies, the following table will explain the whole to my readers.

A Table of Sums in Attic Money, with their ſeveral Proportions to our Own.

OBOLI.	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*	*q.*
1	0	0	1	1⅛
2	0	0	2	1⅛
3	0	0	3	3⅜
4	0	0	5	0⅔
5	0	0	6	1⅝
6 equal to a drachma	0	0	7	3
DRACHMÆ.				
1	0	0	7	3
10	0	6	5	2
100 equal to a mina	3	4	7	0
MINÆ.				
1	3	4	7	0
10	32	5	10	0
20	64	11	8	0
60 equal to a talent	193	15	0	0
TALENTA.				
1	193	15	0	0
5	968	15	0	0
10	1937	10	0	0
15	2906	5	0	0
20	3875	0	0	0
100	19375	0	0	0

In the Adelphi of Terence, mention is made of a half mina, which in proportion muſt have been, - - - - - 1 12 3 2

The obolus was braſs, the reſt were ſilver.

† *Epimenides*] Epimenides, of Crete, lived in the time of Solon. Diogenes Laertius, who tells a great many ſtrange tales, informs us that this very extraordinary man was ſent, when very young, to take care of ſome cattle; and wandering into a cave, fell into a ſound ſleep, in which he continued for no leſs than ſeven and forty years. He then awoke, and came home, where he was, with ſome difficulty, recogniſed by a younger brother, now grown an old man. The ſtory of his long nap, being circulated, ſoon procured him reſpect and admiration. He ſet up for a propher, and lived, according to Cretan tradition, to the age of 289. Credat Judæus.

‡ *Cretans fable*] The idea of the ſupreme father of gods and men being buried in a tomb, is too abſurd even for Pagan philology; and of itſelf ſufficiently proves the truth of the proverb quoted by St. Paul, of

Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται
The Cretans are always liars.

along

along upon the earth, and ſeems to he digging; ſome bold, prating fellow; a philoſopher, I ſuppoſe, or he would not have uttered ſuch profane ſpeeches againſt me.

MERCURY.

Don't you know Timon, the Colyttian, the ſon of Echecratides; he who uſed ſo often to treat us with the choiceſt victims; that grew ſo rich on a ſudden, and ſacrificed whole hecatombs; the man that celebrated the feaſts of Jupiter with ſo much ſplendor?

JUPITER.

Alas! Alas! What a change is here! Is this our honeſt Timon, the rich man, that had ſo many friends about him; how happens it that he appears thus dirty and miſerable; digging the earth, for hire, I imagine, by the heavineſs of his ſpade?

MERCURY.

To ſpeak the truth, his probity, humanity, and charity to the poor, have been the ruin of him; or rather, in fact, his own folly, eaſineſs of diſpoſition, and want of judgement in his choice of friends: he never diſcovered that he was giving away his all to wolves and ravens. Whilſt theſe vulturs were preying upon his liver, he thought them his beſt friends, and that they fed upon him out of pure love and affection. After they had gnawed him all round, ate his bones bare, and, if there was any marrow in them, ſucked it carefully out, they left him, cut down to the roots and withered; and ſo far from relieving or aſſiſting him in their turns, would not ſo much as know or look upon him. This has made him turn digger; and here, in his ſkin garment, he tills the earth for hire; aſhamed to ſhew himſelf in the city, and venting his rage againſt the ingratitude of thoſe, who, enriched as they had been by him, now proudly paſs along, and know not whether his name is Timon.

JUPITER.

He is not to be deſpiſed or neglected, and has but too much reaſon to complain. Conſidering his condition, I ſhould be as bad as thoſe execrable flatterers, were I to forget a man who has offered up ſo many fat bullocks and goats on my altars; the ſweet ſavour of which ſtill ſmelleth in my noſtrils. But I have had ſo much buſineſs of late, what with falſe ſwearers, thieves, and plunderers; and, above all, thoſe who commit ſacrilege, who are very numerous, and keep me always on the watch, that I have

I have not, for a long time, turned my eyes towards Athens; never, indeed, ſince philoſophy and diſpute became ſo rife among them; inſomuch that their fighting and ſquabbling made ſuch a noiſe and clamour, that I could not hear the prayers of mortals, ſo that I was forced either to ſhut my ears, or to be torn in pieces by thoſe who bellow out about virtue, incorporeal natures, and I know not what. Hence it happened that this man eſcaped me, though he ought by no means to be neglected. Go, therefore, Mercury, to him immediately; take Plutus along with you, and let him carry a large treaſure: let both remain with Timon, and not leave him ſo eaſily as they did before, though, from his generoſity, he ſhould again endeavour to turn them out of doors. As to thoſe ungrateful paraſites, I ſhall think about them hereafter, and reward them according to their merit, as ſoon as I have repaired my lightning; for two of my beſt rays were blunted the other day, which I launched with a little too much vehemence againſt the ſophiſt * Anaxagoras, who was perſuading his followers that there were no gods. I miſſed him, indeed, for Pericles held out his hand to protect him; the thunder-bolt fell upon the temple of Caſtor and Pollux, ſet it on fire, and ſplit it all in pieces. Their puniſhment, however, in the mean time, will be ſufficient in ſeeing Timon made rich again.

MERCURY.

How neceſſary it is to be impudent, clamorous, and importunate; not to lawyers only, but to every one that has any thing to aſk! Behold this Timon, from a beggar becomes a rich man; he has got Jupiter over to his ſide, merely by dint of clamour and abuſe; whereas, if he had continued digging, and ſaid nothing, he might have dug on for life without being taken any notice of.

PLUTUS.

Jupiter, I'll not go near him.

* *Anaxagoras*,] This philoſopher, who, in an age of ignorance, had ſome imperfect idea of the true God, held, in oppoſition to the received opinion, that the world was governed by an eternal and omnipotent Spirit. For this he was accuſed, by the ſophiſts of his time, of atheiſm and idolatry. Pericles, the famous orator, ſtrenuouſly defended him. Lucian's image of Jupiter's ſtriking at him, and, on Pericles' turning off the blow, ſetting the temple of Caſtor and Pollux on fire, is, to the laſt degree, humorous and ſevere.

JUPITER.

* Not when I command you? Why ſo? Plutus?

PLUTUS.

Becauſe he has uſed me very ill, caſt me away from him, and ſplit me into a thouſand pieces; nay, though I was like a father to him, beat me, as I may ſay, out of doors; threw me out of his hand, as a man would ſerve a hot burning coal: and ſhall I go again to him to be ſquandered away upon whores and paraſites? No: ſend me to thoſe who wiſh for, who will embrace me, and know my value; not ſuch ſtupid animals as theſe, who make a league with Poverty, whom they prefer to me; get a garment of ſkins and a ſpade from her, and are glad to earn four farthings by digging, though once they could give away ten talents without reluctance.

JUPITER.

Timon will never ſerve you ſo again; his ſpade has taught him, by this time (unleſs his belly is famine-proof), that you are much more deſirable than Poverty. But the truth is, you are a querulous malecontent, finding fault with Timon for opening his doors, and letting you go where you will, inſtead of being jealous of, and ſhutting you up at home; and yet, ſometimes, you uſed to be angry with the rich, for confining you with bars, bolts, and ſeals, in ſuch a manner that you could never ſee the light. This you lamented to me, and complained that you were buried in utter darkneſs. I have met you pale and full of care, with your fingers contracted, and threatening to run away from them the firſt opportunity. Such a horrible thing did you count it to be locked up, like Danae, in a brazen or iron cheſt, or let out by a ſet of wretches on vile uſury. They acted abſurdly, you ſaid, in loving you beyond meaſure; and though they poſſeſſed, not enjoying the object of their affection, but always watching and fixing their eyes on the locks and the bolts that contained it, thinking it happineſs ſufficient to gaze upon it; not becauſe they made uſe of

* *Not when I command you, &c.*] Shakſpeare, in his Timon, ſays,

——— Plutus, the god of riches,
Was but his ſteward.

I would adviſe my learned readers to turn to the Plutus of Ariſtophanes, and compare it with Lucian's Timon.

it

it themſelves, but that they could prevent others from making any of it; like the dog in the manger, who would neither eat the corn himſelf, nor ſuffer the hungry horſe to feed upon it. How you uſed to laugh at thoſe that carked and ſpared; and, what was moſt ridiculous, were jealous even of themſelves! little thinking that a wicked ſervant, a ſteward, or their children's tutor, might come privately, rob them of their all, and then laugh at the poor miſerable maſter, who, perhaps, was ſitting by his dingy lamp, brooding over his imaginary treaſure. How abſurd is it in you, who uſed to talk in this manner, now to rail at Timon!

PLUTUS.

If you would take the pains, notwithſtanding, to enquire into the truth, you would find I was right in both: for Timon's extravagance, with regard to me, was not benevolence, but folly; and as to thoſe who lock me up in darkneſs, and take ſo much pains to make me fatter and bigger, and ſwell me to an immenſe ſize, and, at the ſame time, never touch me themſelves, nor bring me to the light, for fear I ſhould be ſeen by others, I look upon them as madmen; and think they treat me very ill, who never did them any harm, when they let me grow mouldy in priſon, without conſidering how ſoon I may leave them, and go away to ſome other of Fortune's favourites. Wherefore I neither commend them, nor ſuch as part from me too eaſily; but thoſe only, who, obſerving the true medium, neither totally abſtain from, nor entirely devour me. For I would aſk you, Jupiter, whether if a man were to marry a young and beautiful wife, and afterwards ſhould never watch or be jealous of her, but give her leave to go wherever ſhe would, night and day, and keep company with whom ſhe pleaſed, nay, ſhould open his doors, invite every body in, and expoſe her to proſtitution, would you believe this man loved her? You, who know what love is, could never think it: or if a man takes a fine blooming girl home, in order to have children by her, and then never touches her, nor permits any body elſe ſo much as to look at her; himſelf, at the ſame time, a poor emaciated wretch, with his eyes ſunk in his head, and yet pretending to be fond of her; would not you call ſuch a fellow mad, who, inſtead of enjoying the pleaſures of matrimony, ſhould let a ſweet and beautiful creature pine away her whole life in virginity, like a prieſteſs of Ceres? And have not I the ſame reaſon to complain, who am kicked and

cuffed, and torn to pieces by ſome, and treated by others like a run-away thief, and laid by the heels?

JUPITER.

And yet, after all, you have no reaſon to be ſo angry; for they are all of them ſufficiently puniſhed. The one, like Tantalus, neither eat nor drink, but ſtand, with their mouths open, catching at their beloved treaſure. Whilſt the other, like * Phineus, ſee it ſnatched out of their jaws by harpies. But get away now to Timon: you will find him, by this time, quite another man.

PLUTUS.

I ſhall only run through his wicker baſket; he will pour me out faſter than I can flow in, as if he was afraid I ſhould overwhelm him. I may as well get into the Danaid's tub, as into a veſſel that will hold no liquor; ſo wide are his gaps, and his doors ſo open.

JUPITER.

But if he does not fill up theſe gaps, and ſtop the current, when it is all run out, he may chance to find his blanket and ſpade at the bottom of the caſk. But, away with you, and make him rich once more. Do you, Mercury, remember to call on the Cyclops at Mount Ætna, and bring him here to ſharpen the points of my lightning, for I ſhall want to make uſe of it.

MERCURY.

Come, Plutus, let us be gone. How is this? limping: I did not know you were lame as well as blind.

PLUTUS.

I am not always ſo, Mercury; but whenever Jupiter ſends me to any body, I do not know how it is, but I am generally tardy, and hop a little; ſo that ſometimes the perſon that expects me, grows old before I get to him. Whereas, when I take my leave, I have wings ſwifter than a bird; no ſooner are the doors unbarred, than, like a conqueror in the race, I fly over the whole courſe at a leap, and am ſcarce ſeen by the ſpectators.

* *Phineus,*] Phineus was a king of Thrace; he married Cleopatra, daughter of Boreas, by whom he had two ſons, Plinippus and Pandion; growing tired of his firſt wife, he repudiated her to make way for another, who perſuaded him to put out the eyes of his two ſons. The gods puniſhed him for this crime with blindneſs, and moreover gave him up to the harpies to be tormented by them.

MER-

MERCURY.

That is falſe; for I could mention ſeveral who had not a farthing over night to buy a halter with, and next day lived in riches and ſplendor; were drawn in their chariots by white horſes, though a little before they were not worth a jack-aſs: ſome I have ſeen clothed in purple, and rolling in money, who could hardly believe it themſelves, and thought it came to them in a dream.

PLUTUS.

That is quite another affair, Mercury: I did not walk on my own feet then, but was carried; not Jupiter, but * Pluto, the god of riches, as his name imports, ſent me to them; theſe people, when I am to paſs from one to the other, put me into their wills, ſeal me up carefully, and carry me about in a bag. When the poſſeſſor dies, he is thrown into ſome dark corner of the houſe, and covered with a rag of old linen, where the cats fight for him. Mean time, the wiſhful heir gapes after me, like young ſwallows after the old bird that is flying round them; at length, when the ſeal is taken off, the ribbon untied, and the will opened, my new maſter's name appears; perhaps ſome relation, perhaps a paraſite, or dirty ſlave, who had curried favour by ſervile adulation, ſome pander to his pleaſures, who now enjoys the rewards of his infamous ſervice, who immediately ſeizes on me and the will together, and runs off; changes his name, and, inſtead of Byrria, † Dromo, or Tibius, now takes the name of Megacles, or Megabyzus, or Protarchus: leaving the reſt of the expectants gaping and looking at one another in ſilent ſorrow; grieving with great ſincerity, that ſo fine and fat a fiſh ſhould eſcape out of their net. He ſeizes immediately upon me, and, though the wretch has hardly forgot the terrors of a whip and goal, falls upon every body he meets, and beats his fellow-ſervants moſt unmercifully, by way of retaliation; till, at length, falling into the hands of ſome rapacious harlot, turning horſe-racer, or becoming a prey to flatterers, who ſwear he is handſomer

* *Pluto,*] Pluto, the god of hell, was called Πλουτοδοτης, the giver of riches; probably becauſe the ſearchers after gold and ſilver penetrate into the bowels of the earth, and even to the center of it, his dominions, for hidden treaſure. Lucian therefore means, that thoſe who grow rich ſo very ſuddenly, are indebted for it not to him, but to the god of mines, the infernal deity, for their riches.

† *Dromo, &c.*] Names generally given to ſlaves.

than

than * Ninus, better born than † Codrus or Cecrops, wiſer than Ulyſſes, and richer than fifteen Crœſuſes; in a very ſhort ſpace of time, he laviſhes away all that treaſure which he had been ſcraping up for ſo many years by rapine, perjury, and extortion.

MERCURY.

It is often, indeed, as you ſay: but when you go of your own accord, blind as you are, how do you do to find your way; or, when Jupiter ſends you to any body, how do you diſtinguiſh ſo as to know whether they are deſerving of his bounty, and the perſons he means to oblige?

PLUTUS.

Do you think I can always find that out?

MERCURY.

By Jove, very ſeldom, or you would not paſs by Ariſtides, and go to Hipponicus, Callias, and many others, who do not deſerve a ſingle farthing. But how do you do when you are ſent abroad?

PLUTUS.

I run up and down, from place to place, till I light on ſomebody by mere chance; and whoever he is that comes firſt in my way, has me, takes me home with him, and pays his adorations to you for his unexpected good fortune.

MERCURY.

Jupiter then is deceived all the while in imagining that you beſtow riches on thoſe only whom he thinks deſerving of them!

PLUTUS.

And deceived he ought to be, when he knows I am ſtone blind, to ſend me out in ſearch of a thing that is no longer to be found upon earth;

* *Than Ninus,*] Ninus, the ſon of Charopus and Aglae, brought three ſhips to the ſiege of Troy, and is celebrated by Homer for his extraordinary beauty.

Three ſhips, with Ninus, fought the Trojan ſhore,
Ninus, whom Aglae to Charopus bore,
Ninus, in faultleſs ſhape and blooming grace,
The loveliеſt youth of all the Grecian race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms,
But few his troops, and ſmall his ſtrength in arms.
Pope's Iliad. b. ii. l. 815.

† *Codrus, &c.*] Cecrops was the founder of Athens, and Codrus the laſt king of it.

or

or at leaſt ſo ſcarce and ſo ſmall, that a * Lynceus could not eaſily diſcover it. When the good are ſo rarely to be met with, and the bad ſo numerous and ſo fortunate, it is no wonder I ſhould fall ſo perpetually in the way of, and be caught by them.

MERCURY.

But how happens it, that when you leave them, you get off ſo expeditiouſly, though you cannot poſſibly know the way?

PLUTUS.

Then have I the uſe both of my eyes and feet, whenever I find an opportunity of flying away from them.

MERCURY.

One thing more I would aſk you: how comes it about that, with that pale viſage, without eyes (for blind you are), and ſo weak in the ancles, you have ſo many admirers? All the world ſeems in love with you; happy are thoſe who enjoy you, and to thoſe who cannot, life is burthenſome: many have I known ſo deeply ſmitten with you, as to caſt themſelves from a high rock down into the wide ocean, only becauſe you ſeemed to ſlight and take no notice of them. Though, at the ſame time, I believe you will confeſs, if you know any thing of yourſelf, that they are little better than madmen in entertaining ſo ridiculous a paſſion.

PLUTUS.

Do you think I appear to them ſuch as I really am, blind and lame, and with all thoſe imperfections about me?

MERCURY.

Why not, unleſs they are as blind as yourſelf?

PLUTUS.

They are not blind, my friend; but that ignorance and folly, which is now become univerſal, darkens their underſtanding: add to this, that to hide as much as poſſible my deformity, I put on a beautiful maſk, covered with gold and jewels, and appear to them in a robe of various colours; they, imagining that they are beholding true and native beauty, fall moſt miſerably in love with, and die if they do not poſſeſs me;

* *A Lynceus*] Lynceus was the ſon of Aphaneus, king of Meſſenia, and one of the Argonauts. This hero, according to Pindar, had ſuch piercing eyes, that he ſaw Caſtor, from an immenſe diſtance, in the trunk of a tree. Other authors carry the matter ſtill farther, and affirm that he could ſee into the bowels of the earth.

though,

though, if I was fairly ſtripped naked before them, they would condemn their own blindneſs in loving any thing ſo unlovely and diſguſtful.

MERCURY.

But when they are grown rich, and, by virtue of this ſame maſk, you have happened to deceive them; how happens it, that, rather than part with the maſk, they would ſooner looſe their head? When they look on the inſide, it is impoſſible but they muſt ſee it is nothing but the deception of the gold.

PLUTUS.

In that caſe, Mercury, there are many things in my favour.

MERCURY.

What are they?

PLUTUS.

No ſooner you muſt know, does the happy man open his doors to me, but with me ruſh in unſeen, Pride, Folly, Madneſs, Fraud, Inſolence, and a thouſand more; theſe take immediate poſſeſſion of his ſoul: he admires every thing that ſhould not be admired, and purſues every thing that he ought to avoid: dotes on me who brought all the evil upon him; and would ſuffer any thing rather than be forced to part from me.

MERCURY.

But you are ſo ſmooth and ſlippery, that when you are upon the wing, there is no ſuch thing as laying hold of you; you ſlip away, ſome how, through the fingers, like an eel; whilſt Poverty, on the other hand, is glutinous, and ſticks cloſe; and has ſo many crooked hooks all over her body, that if once you touch, you cannot eaſily get rid of her. But whilſt we are prating here, we have forgot the main point.

PLUTUS.

What's that?

MERCURY.

The treaſure we were to have brought along with us, which is moſt eſſentially neceſſary.

PLUTUS.

Make yourſelf eaſy about that: when I come up to you, I always leave that behind me ſafe under ground, ſhut the door, and command the earth to open to none, without my orders.

MERCURY.

Let us away then for Attica; and do you hold faſt by my coat, till we come to our journey's end.

PLU-

PLUTUS.

You are in the right to keep me close by you; for, if you should set me free, perhaps I might go astray, and blunder upon Cleon or Hyperbolus. But what is this noise, like the clinking of iron upon a stone?

MERCURY.

It is Timon, digging up a piece of rocky land hard by us; and see along with him is Poverty, and Labour, and Strength, and Fortitude, and Wisdom, all driven thither by Hunger; a body-guard stronger, I am afraid, than your's.

PLUTUS.

Mercury, let us be gone immediately: we can do no good to a man that is surrounded with such an army.

MERCURY.

Jove thinks otherwise: therefore come along, and fear nothing.

POVERTY.

Whither, Mercury, are you leading this friend of yours?

MERCURY.

To Timon: we are sent by Jupiter.

POVERTY.

Shall Plutus then come to Timon at last, after I have taken him under my protection, corrupted as he was with Sloth and Luxury; consigned him over to the wholesome instruction of Labour, and Wisdom, and rendered him a man of worth and character? Will you thus despise and affront me, as to rob me of my only possession, the man whom, with so much care, I had formed to virtue; to throw him into the hands of Plutus, who will soon make him as idle and wicked as ever he was; and, when he is good for nothing, will give him me back again.

MERCURY.

Such, O Poverty, is the will of Jove.

POVERTY.

Then, I take my leave. Do you, Labour, Wisdom, and the rest of you, follow me: soon shall he know the value of her whom he has lost, his best friend and instructor, with whom, while he dwelt with me, he enjoyed a sound mind and healthful body, lived as a man ought to live, and had an eye upon his own conduct, looking on every thing else, as they really are, as superfluous and unnecessary.

MERCURY.

They are gone; let us approach him.

TIMON.

Who are you, raſcals? and what do you want here? to diſturb a poor labouring man in his buſineſs: but you ſhall not return unrewarded, a parcel of ſcoundrels as you are, for I ſhall pelt you handſomely with theſe ſtones.

MERCURY.

Softly, good Timon, we are no mortals: this is Plutus, and I am Mercury. Jupiter heard your prayers, and ſent us to you: accept therefore of his bounties, ceaſe from your labour, and be happy.

TIMON.

If ye are gods, as ye ſay, you will fare never the better; for, know, I hate both gods and men: and as for this blind wretch, whoever he is, I will certainly knock him on the head with my ſpade.

PLUTUS.

For heaven's ſake, Mercury, let us be gone for fear of accidents; this fellow appears to me to be ſtark mad.

MERCURY.

Timon, lay aſide this ſavage diſpoſition; embrace your good fortune, be once more rich, the prince of Athens, and deſpiſe the ungrateful wretches who deſerted you.

TIMON.

Diſturb me not: I have no need of you: my ſpade is all the riches I deſire, and I ſhall eſteem myſelf the moſt happy of men if none will come near me.

MERCURY.

And art thou thus diveſted of all humanity? and muſt I

* Bear this fierce anſwer to the king of gods?

Men, indeed, from whom thou haſt received ſo many injuries, might be hateful; but not the gods, who have been ſo indulgent to thee.

TIMON.

To you, Mercury, and to Jupiter, for your care of me, I acknowlege my obligations; but as for this Plutus, I will by no means accept of him.

MERCURY.

Why ſo?

* *Bear this, &c.*] From Homer, ſee Pope's tranſlation, b. xv. l. 205.

TIMON.

Becauſe he was the author of all my paſt misfortunes, gave me up to flatterers, and evil counſellors, corrupted me with perpetual temptations, and rendered me the object of hatred and of envy; but, above all, becauſe he baſely and perfidiouſly deſerted me. Poverty, on the other hand, my beſt and trueſt friend, exerciſed me with wholeſome labours, ſupplied me with what was neceſſary, and taught me to contemn every thing ſuperfluous, and to rely upon myſelf alone; ſhewed me what true riches were, thoſe treaſures, which neither the fawning ſycophant, nor the angry multitude, the time-ſerving orator, nor the enſnaring tyrant, can ever wreſt from me. Thus whilſt with pleaſure I till this little field, a ſtranger to all the vices of public life, my ſpade moſt abundantly ſupplies me with every thing that is really neceſſary. Return therefore, good Mercury, the way you came, and carry Plutus back with you to Jupiter. I ſhall be ſatisfied if he makes fools of all mankind, as he has of me.

MERCURY.

It is not every one, Timon, that can bear the trial ſo well as you have: but leave off, I beg you, this fooliſh, childiſh reſentment, and receive him: the gifts of Jove are not to be rejected.

PLUTUS.

Will you, without flying in a paſſion, give me leave to plead my own cauſe?

TIMON.

Plead away; but let us have none of your long prefaces in the oratorial ſtyle: I will liſten to you a little, for the ſake of my friend Mercury here.

PLUTUS.

You ought to hear a great deal from me, for you have abuſed me pretty handſomely. I cannot conceive how I could ever, though you ſay it, have done you any injury; I, who heaped honours, titles, crowns, every thing that was good and deſirable upon you; through me you became conſpicuous and reſpectable. If you ſuffered from flatterers, it was not my fault. I have more reaſon to be angry with you, for throwing me away in ſo ſhameful a manner, on wretches who fawned upon, and betrayed you, and laid ſo many ſnares to entrap me. As to your laſt accuſation, of my deſerting you, I may retort it with juſtice on yourſelf; as you very well know that you abſolutely drove me away, and turned me headlong out of doors; when

your dear friend, Poverty, inſtead of the fine ſoft garment you uſed to wear, wrapped you up in this blanket. Mercury here is my witneſs, how earneſtly I entreated Jupiter, not to ſend me to a man who had thus treated me as his enemy.

TIMON.

Mercury, I will obey, and be rich again, ſince the gods will have it ſo; but take care what you compel me to: hitherto I have been happy and innocent: ſo much riches, on a ſudden, and ſo much care, I fear, will make me miſerable.

MERCURY.

For my ſake, Timon, accept the burthen; if it be only to make thoſe raſcally flatterers of your's burſt with envy. I ſhall immediately to Ætna, and from thence to heaven. [*Mercury flies off.*

PLUTUS.

Mercury, I imagine, by the fluttering of his wings, is off: do you work on, and I will ſend you the money; but dig away now. Treaſure, I command thee, liſten to Timon, and put yourſelf in his way: Timon, go on, work as hard as you can. I ſhall take my leave.

TIMON.

Now, ſpade, exert thyſelf, nor give out till thou haſt called forth this treaſure into light. O Jupiter, thou great worker of miracles, you, ye friendly * corybantes, and thou, wealth-diſpenſing † Mercury, whence all this gold? Is this a dream? When I awake I fear I ſhall find nothing but coals: it is, it muſt be gold, fine, yellow, noble gold, heavy, ſweet to behold.

Richeſt offſpring of the mine,
Gold, like fire, whoſe flaſhing rays
From afar conſpicuous gleam,
Through night's involving cloud.
See Pindar's firſt Olympic Ode.

Burning, like fire, thou ſhineſt day and night: come to me, thou dear delightful treaſure: now do I believe that ‡ Jove himſelf was once turned into gold:

* *Corybantes,*] The corybantes were prieſts of Cybele. Many reaſons are aſſigned by the commentators, but no ſatisfactory one, why Timon ſhould call upon them.

† *Mercury,*] Mercury was always reckoned the god of gain.

‡ *That Jove, &c.*] Alluding to the ſtory of Jupiter and Danae. When Timon finds the gold, Shakſpear makes him ſay,

— What's

gold: what virgin would not ſpread forth her boſom to receive ſo beautiful a lover? O Midas, Crœſus, and all ye Delphic offerings, how little are ye, when compared to Timon, and his riches? The Perſian king cannot boaſt of equal affluence. You, my ſpade and blanket, ſhall be hung up as my votive acknowlegements to the great deity. I will purchaſe ſome retired ſpot, there build a tower to keep my gold in, and live for myſelf alone: this ſhall be my habitation; and, when I am dead, my ſepulchre alſo: from this time forth, it is my fixed reſolution, to have no commerce or connection with mankind, but to deſpiſe and avoid it: I will pay no regard to acquaintance, friendſhip, pity, or compaſſion: to pity the diſtreſſed, or to relieve the indigent, I ſhall conſider as a weakneſs, nay, as a crime: my life, like the beaſts of the field, ſhall be ſpent in ſolitude, and Timon alone ſhall be Timon's friend. I will treat all beſide as enemies and betrayers; to converſe with them were profanation, to herd with them impiety: accurſed be the day that brings them to my ſight: I will look upon men, in ſhort, as no more than ſo many ſtatues of braſs or ſtone; will make no truce, have no connection with them: my retreat ſhall be the boundary to ſeparate us for ever. Relations, friends, and country, are empty names, reſpected by fools alone. Let Timon only be rich, and deſpiſe all the world beſide; abhorring idle praiſe, and odious flattery, he ſhall be delighted with himſelf alone: alone ſhall he ſacrifice to the gods, feaſt alone, be his own neighbour, and his own companion. I am determined to be alone for life, and, when I die, to place the crown on my own head; the faireſt name I would wiſh to be diſtinguiſhed by, is that of miſanthrope. I would be known and marked out by my aſperity of manners, by moroſeneſs, cruelty, anger, and inhumanity. Were I to ſee a man periſhing in the flames, and imploring me to extinguiſh them, I would throw pitch or oil into the fire to encreaſe it: or, if the winter flood ſhould overwhelm another, who, with outſtretched hands ſhould beg me to aſſiſt him, I would plunge him ſtill deeper in the ſtream, that he might never riſe again; thus ſhall I be revenged of mankind,

— What's here?
Gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold? Why this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides;
Will knit and break religions, bleſs the accurs'd,
Make the hoar leproſy adored, place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench. Shakſpear's Timon, act iv. ſcene iii.

this

this is Timon's law, and this hath Timon ratified; thus it is determined, and this I will abide by. I ſhould be glad, however, that all might know how I abound in riches, becauſe that, I know, will make them miſerable. But huſh! whence all this noiſe and hurry? What crowds are here, all covered with duſt, and out of breath; ſome how or other they have ſmelt out the gold. Shall I get upon this hill, and pelt them from it with ſtones, or ſhall I, for once, break my reſolution, and have ſome conference with them? It will make them more unhappy, when they find how I deſpiſe them; this will be the beſt method; I will ſtay, therefore, and receive them. Ha! who is that, the firſt of them? O, it is * Gnathonides, who, but the other day, when I aſked him for a ſupper, held out a rope; though he had emptied many a caſk with me. I am glad he is come, for he ſhall firſt feel my reſentment.

GNATHONIDES.

Said I not, the gods would not long forget ſo good a man as Timon? hail, Timon! hail, thou faireſt, ſweeteſt, moſt convivial of men!

TIMON.

Hail to thee, Gnathonides, thou moſt rapacious of all vulturs, thou moſt deteſtable of all human beings!

GNATHONIDES.

Thou wert always a lover of raillery and ſarcaſm; but where is the feaſt? for I have brought you a new ſong out of the † Dithyrambics, which I lately learned.

TIMON.

I ſhall teach you ſoon, by the help of this ſpade, to ſing ſome mournful elegies, I believe. [*Beats him.*

GNATHONIDES.

What now! Timon, do you ſtrike me? Bear witneſs, Hercules! O me! O me! but I will call you into the Areopagus for this.

* *Gnathonides,*] It is obſervable, that Terence, in the Eunuch, calls his paraſite Gnatho, and, as if it were a new name, makes him ſay, after the converſation between him and the inferior flatterer,

I bade him follow me,
And, as the ſchools of the philoſophers
Have ta'en from the philoſophers their names,
So, in like manner, let all paraſites
Be call'd from me, Gnathonics. Colman's Terence, p. 130.

† *Dithyrambics,*] Hymns in honour of Bacchus, who was called Dithyrambus, for a reaſon too ridiculous to deſerve an explanation to the Engliſh reader.

T I M O N.

Stay a little only, and you may bring me in guilty of murther.

[*Beats him again.*

G N A T H O N I D E S.

By no means; you need only heal my wounds, by ſprinkling a little gold upon them; it is the beſt thing in the world for ſtopping the blood.

T I M O N.

So you will ſtay here yet?

G N A T H O N I D E S.

I am gone, and a curſe on you for changing from an honeſt fellow to ſuch a ſavage!

T I M O N.

Who is this coming to us with his bald pate? O, it is that moſt villainous of all flatterers, Philiades; he whom I gave a large piece of ground to, and two talents for his daughter's portion, for praiſing my ſinging, when no body elſe would, and ſwearing that I was more muſical than a ſwan: and yet, afterwards, when I was ſick the other day, and implored his aſſiſtance, the wretch fell upon and beat me.

P H I L I A D E S.

O impudence! now ye will know Timon again, now Gnathonides will be his friend and companion: but he is rightly ſerved for his ingratitude. We, who are his old friends, countrymen, and playfellows, ſhall behave a little more modeſtly, and not ruſh upon him with ſo much rudeneſs and incivility. Hail, my noble maſter! take proper notice, I beſeech you, of theſe vile flatterers, who never come near but to devour you, like ſo many ravens; but in this age there is no truſting to any body; they are all baſe and ungrateful. I was coming here to bring you a talent, to ſupply you with neceſſaries, but was informed by the way that you have got riches in abundance of your own: I came on, however, to caution you againſt theſe people; though you want, indeed, no ſuch monitor as I am; you, who are able to give advice to Neſtor himſelf.

T I M O N.

May be ſo: but pray come a little nigher, that I may compliment you with my ſpade.

P H I L I A D E S.

Friends, neighbours, help here! this ungrateful man has broke my head, only for giving him good advice.

TIMON.

So: here comes a third; Demeas, the orator, with a decree in his hand: he pretends to be one of my neareſt relations. He was bound to the ſtate for ſeventeen talents, and, unable to pay it, was condemned, when I took pity on, and redeemed him; and yet, when he was employed to diſtribute the public money to our tribe, and I aſked him for my ſhare of it, he declared he did not know I was a citizen.

DEMEAS.

Hail, Timon! the chief ſupport of thy noble family, the defence of Athens, and the bulwark of all Greece. The ſenate and people aſſembled await thy preſence; but firſt hear the decree which I have drawn up concerning thee:

"Whereas Timon, the Colyttenſian, ſon of Echechratides, not only the beſt, and worthieſt, but the wiſeſt, and moſt learned man in Greece, hath, during his whole life, ſtudied to deſerve well of the commonwealth; and hath, moreover, in one day, gained the prize in boxing, wreſtling, and the foot-race; a victor at the Olympic games, both on foot, on horſeback, and in the chariot ——."

TIMON.

I never ſo much as ſaw the Olympic games in all my life.

DEMEAS.

No matter for that, you may ſee them ſome time or other; theſe things muſt be inſerted: "Moreover, whereas laſt year he fought valiantly for the republic, againſt the Acharnenſians, and cut off two Peloponneſian battalions."

TIMON.

How is that? when I never bore arms, or entered my name as a ſoldier?

DEMEAS.

Your modeſty is pleaſed to ſay ſo, but we ſhould be very ungrateful to forget your ſervices. "He hath, moreover, been of no ſmall advantage to the ſtate in drawing up decrees, in councils, and in the adminiſtration of military affairs: wherefore, it hath ſeemed meet to the ſenate, magiſtracy, and people here aſſembled, to all and every one of them, that a golden ſtatue of Timon ſhould be placed in the Acropolis, next to Minerva, with rays over his head, and a thunder-bolt in his hand; that he be crowned with ſeven golden crowns: that this ſhall be proclaimed at the theatre, by new tragedians,

tragedians, appointed for that purpoſe, this very day in the * Dionyſia, for they ſhall be celebrated this day on his account. Demeas the orator propoſed this decree, a near relation and follower of the ſaid Timon, who is, moreover, himſelf an excellent orator, and indeed every thing elſe, which he hath a mind to be." This is the decree. I wiſh I had brought my ſon with me, whom I have called Timon after your name.

TIMON.

How can that be, Demeas, when to my knowlege you were never married?

DEMEAS.

True: but I intend to be next year, and get a boy, (for a boy it ſhall be), and I will call him Timon.

TIMON.

In the mean time I ſhall ſo bruiſe you that I do not know whether you will be able to marry or not. [*Beats him.*

DEMEAS.

What do you mean, Timon? To fall upon a free man and a citizen in this manner, you who are neither one nor the other? But you ſhall ſuffer for this; aye, and for ſetting the Acropolis on fire too.

TIMON.

It is not on fire, you villain; you are a liar and a calumniator.

DEMEAS.

You may well be rich; you have broke open the † treaſury.

TIMON.

It is no ſuch thing, raſcal! it is your own invention.

DEMEAS.

If it is not broke open, it may be hereafter; in the mean time you have got all the riches belonging to it.

* *Dionyſia*,] Solemnities in honour of Bacchus, or Dionyſus, obſerved with great ſplendour in all parts of Greece, and particularly at Athens, celebrated with ſongs, dances, and games of every kind.

† *The treaſury*,] In Greek οπισθοδομον, ſo called from its ſituation, being placed at the back of Minerva's temple: here, beſides other public money, a thouſand talents were always laid up in ſtore, in caſe of any preſſing exigency; and if any man embezzled, or expended the leaſt part of it, on any trivial account, he was immediately put to death: this was the SINKING FUND of antiquity.

TIMON.

And in the mean time do you take that. [*Beats him again.*

DEMEAS.

O my poor ſhoulders!

TIMON.

No bawling, or I will give you another. It would be a comical jeſt indeed, if I, who unarmed as I am, have cut off two battalions, as you told me juſt now, could not make an end of one poltroon like you. I ſhould have been conqueror in the Olympic games to very little purpoſe indeed. But, who is this, is it not Thraſycles the philoſopher? moſt aſſuredly it is he, with his long beard, and arched eye-brows, muttering ſomething to himſelf, his hair curled over his forehead, a Titanic aſpect, and looking like another * Boreas, or Triton, painted by Zeuxis. This fellow, if you meet him of a morning, ſhall be decently cloathed, modeſt and humble in his manner and behaviour, and will talk to you by the hour about piety and virtue, condemn luxury and intemperance, and praiſe frugality; and yet when he comes to ſupper in the evening, and the waiter brings him his large cup, (for he loves a bumper), then will he, as if he was drinking the water of Lethe, forget every thing he had ſaid in the morning, and act in direct oppoſition to it; devour every thing before him, like a hungry kite, croud his neighbour with his ſtretched-out elbows, and lean upon the diſhes, as if he expected to find the virtue he talked ſo much of, at the bottom of them: picks out all the dainties, and ſeldom leaves a morſel of the † oglio behind him; always complaining of his bad ſupper, though the beſt part of it generally falls to his ſhare: after which he gets drunk, the natural conſequence of his gluttony, dances, ſings, and ſcolds, and abuſes every body: always talkative in his cups, and even when he is ſo intoxicated as to be laughed at by the whole company, will harangue to them about temperance and ſobriety: This, perhaps, is ſucceeded by a puke; then is he carried away from table with both arms clinging round one of the fidlers. Even whilſt he is ſober the moſt ſordid, impudent, and lying fellow upon earth; the mean-

* *Boreas,*] Timon compares Thraſycles to Boreas, or Triton, probably from his conſequential appearance, puffing and blowing, ſo as to reſemble the god Boreas when he blows, or a Triton when he ſounds his trumpet.

† *Oglio,*] In Greek μυττωτον, a kind of ſtrong ſauce, according to the ſcholiaſt, made of garlick, leeks, cheeſe, oil, and vinegar.

eſt

eſt of all flatterers, and famous for oaths, inſolence, and impoſture: on the whole a moſt perfect character; we ſhall ſee preſently, with all his modeſty, what a bawling he will make. Ha! how is this? Thraſycles here at laſt?

THRASYCLES.

I come not hither, Timon, as others do, with the hopes of ſharing your riches, or partaking of your feaſts; to fawn upon, and flatter an honeſt and generous man, as I know you are: you very well know, a little pulſe ſatisfies me, that the beſt ſupper I deſire is an onion and a few creſſes, or, when I chooſe to indulge, a little ſalt for luxury; my drink, water from the public fountain. This old tattered cloak to me is better than a purple robe, and, as to gold, I value it no more than the ſand on the ſea-ſhore. I came hither only to ſerve you; to prevent, if poſſible, your being corrupted by that worſt and moſt dangerous of all human poſſeſſions, money, which has been the fatal cauſe of ſo much miſery to thouſands. If you will take my advice, I would have you throw all your riches into the ſea, as things unneceſſary to an honeſt man, and one who knows the treaſures of philoſophy; not that I would have you caſt them into the main ocean, but rather walk in up to your middle, and throw them a little beyond the ſhore, where no body could ſee you but myſelf; or, if you do not chooſe this, you may go another way to work, throw your gold immediately out of the window, give one five drachmas, another a mina, another a talent, and not leave yourſelf a ſingle farthing. If there ſhould chance to be a philoſopher in your way, it is proper you ſhould give him twice or thrice as much as the reſt; for my own part, not that I mind it myſelf, but that I may give it away to ſome of my poor friends, I ſhall be ſatisfied if you will only fill this little pouch, which holds ſcarce two buſhels: philoſophers ſhould be content with a little, and wiſh for nothing beyond their ſcrip.

TIMON.

I entirely approve of what you ſay; before I fill your bag therefore I ſhall give you a few thumps on the head, and my ſpade ſhall make up the reſt to you.

THRASYCLES.

Now, laws and commonwealth aſſiſt me! Here am I beaten and bruiſed in a free city by a villain.

TIMON.

What doſt thou grumble at, my good friend; have I wronged thee? But I will give thee four meaſures over and above to make thee amends.

[*Beats him again.*

What is all this? more of them? Laches, and Blepſias, and Gniphon, and a whole heap of ſcoundrels: they ſhall all meet with the ſame fate; but I will let my ſpade reſt a little, climb up this rock, and hail down a ſhower of ſtones upon them.

BLEPSIAS.

No more, Timon, I beſeech you, we are going.

TIMON.

But you ſhall not go without wounds and bloodſhed.

HALCYON.

The ſtrange ſtory of the Halycon, *which the reader will find in the body of the dialogue, is here finely ridiculed by* LUCIAN; *the reflections of* SOCRATES *are ſenſible, but ſhort: this dialogue ends rather abruptly, and ſeems to have been only a fragment.*

A DIALOGUE between CHÆREPHON and SOCRATES.

CHÆREPHON.

WHAT voice is that, Socrates, a good way off from the ſhore? How ſweet it is to the ear! I wonder what creature it can be, for the inhabitants of the deep are all mute.

SOCRATES.

It is a ſea-fowl, Chærephon, called the Halcyon, always crying and lamenting. They tell an old tale concerning it: that it was formerly a woman, the daughter of Æolus, a Grecian, who married Ceyx, of Trachis, the ſon of Lucifer, beautiful as his father; that when he died ſhe * mourned his loſs inceſſantly, and, by divine permiſſion, was changed into a bird, and, after wandering in vain over all the earth in ſearch of him, is now perpetually hovering over the ſea.

CHÆREPHON.

Halcyon, do you call it? It is a voice I never heard before, and has ſomething in it wonderous plaintive: how big is it?

SOCRATES.

Very ſmall; but the gods, they ſay, beſtowed on her a great reward for her ſingular affection to her huſband: whilſt ſhe makes her neſt, the world is bleſt with Halcyon days, ſuch as this is, placid and ſerene, even in the midſt of winter. Obſerve how clear the ſky is, and the whole ocean tranquil, ſmooth as a glaſs, without a curl upon it.

CHÆREPHON.

This, indeed, is, as you ſay, a Halcyon day, and ſo was yeſterday; but

* *Mourned his loſs,*] According to the generally received fable, on hearing that her huſband was drowned ſhe threw herſelf into the ſea; by the interceſſion of Lucifer and Thetis they were afterwards both changed into Halcyons: the ſtory is beautifully told by Ovid, in the eleventh book of the Metamorphoſes, and alluded to by Virgil, Theocritus, Ariſtophanes, Plautus, and other writers.

how,

how, Socrates, can we believe the tales you ſpoke of, that women can be turned into birds, and birds into women? nothing ſeems to me more improbable.

SOCRATES.

Short-ſighted mortals, my dear Chærephon, are but poor judges of what may or may not be: we cannot go farther than human abilities will permit us, and which are ſeldom able to ſee, know, or determine aright. The eaſieſt things appear difficult to us, and the plaineſt incomprehenſible; partly from the want of knowlege and experience, partly from the weak and infantine ſtate of our minds: all men in reality * are but children, be they ever ſo far advanced in years; for brief as childhood, is, the utmoſt extent of life: how then can thoſe, who know not the power of gods and demons, ſay what is poſſible or impoſſible? You ſaw, my friend, how dreadful the ſtorm was but three days ago; the thunder, lightning, and fury of the winds; we ſhudder even at the thoughts of it; one would have imagined the whole earth was torn to pieces, and ſinking into ruin; and yet in a ſhort time after all was placid and ſerene, and has continued ſo to this moment. Was it not, think you, as difficult to ſtill the rage of that tempeſt, to change the face of heaven, and adorn it with this tranquil beauty, as to transform a † woman into a bird? Children, who know how to model in wax or earth, will imitate various forms from the ſame materials; and ſhall not the divine power, ſo wonderful, and ſuperior to our own, command and perform all things with eaſe and pleaſure? Canſt thou tell how much greater the heavens are than thyſelf?

CHÆREPHON.

What man, O Socrates, can conceive or declare it? It is infinitely more than words can expreſs.

SOCRATES.

How much do men, when compared one with another, differ in ſtrength and power! How much from themſelves, at different periods of their lives!

* *Are but children &c.*] Non bis pueri ſumus, ut vulgo dicitur, ſed ſemper, verum hoc intereſt quod majora nos ludimus. Seneca apud Lactantium.

As Dryden ſays,

Men are but children of a larger growth.

† *Woman into a bird?*] The reflection is ſenſible and juſt, highly agreeable to the ſentiments and character of the great Socrates. We are ſurrounded, indeed, as a modern philoſopher obſerves, with miracles on every ſide, and yet ſcarce believe in or acknowlege the divine Author of them.

What

What changes, both of mind and body, happen in the ſpace of a few years! How ſuperior are men to children! Inſomuch that one may with eaſe deſtroy a thouſand: infancy is, by the law of nature, weak and deſtitute of all things. If man thus differs from man, what muſt be the infinite diſtance between us and heaven! Doubtleſs as much as the whole world is greater than Socrates or Chærephon, ſo much muſt the divine Power and Intellect exceed our weak and limited capacities.

Things, moreover, which you and I, and many more like ourſelves, think impracticable, others will perform with eaſe: playing on the flute, to thoſe who have never learned; writing, or reading, to the ignorant and illiterate; is, perhaps, as difficult as to make women out of birds, or birds out of women. Nature finds a creature dropped in the hive, without feet or wings, ſhe adds both, adorns it with a variety of beautiful colours, and produces the wiſe and provident bee, the artificer of divine honey: from the dumb and lifeleſs egg ſhe brings forth a thouſand different ſpecies of birds, aquatic and terreſtrial, by the aſſiſtance, and under the direction of the ſupreme Will.

Since, therefore, ſo great is the power of the gods, and we weak mortals are neither able to dive into deep myſteries, nor even to judge as we ought of the little things around us, let us not pretend to determine any thing concerning Halcyons or * nightingales. For my own part, as I received the tradition from my forefathers, I will deliver it to my children: thy hymns, melodious mourner, will I ever remember, and celebrate thy pious conjugal affection, telling thy tale to my wives † Myrto and Xantippe, not forgetting the honour which thou haſt received from the gods: thou, Chærephon, I hope, wilt do the ſame.

CHÆREPHON.

That you may be aſſured I will: for what you have remarked may be profitable both to huſbands and wives.

SOCRATES.

Salute Halcyone, then, and let us away to the city.

CHÆREPHON.

I attend you.

* *Nightingales,*] Alluding to the ſtory of Philomela.

† *Myrto and Xantip e,*] Lucian here informs us that Socrates had two wives, and Plutarch (ſee his life of Ariſtides), is of the ſame opinion. Plato and Xenophon, however, give him but one, Xantippe; who. according to all accounts, was full enough, if not rather too much for him. This queſtion is diſcuſſed by Bentley, in his Diſſertation on the Epiſtles of Phalaris, to which I refer the curious reader.

CAUCASUS*;

OR,

PROMETHEUS,

A DIALOGUE.

In this little tract, which is replete with wit and humour, LUCIAN *apparently conſiders the whole ſtory of* PROMETHEUS *as an abſurd and ridiculous fable, and treats it accordingly, not without ſome ſevere ſtrictures on the whole ſyſtem of Pagan divinity. There ſeems to be likewiſe ſome concealed ſatire on the lawyers, and their manner of handling cauſes: the defence made by* PROMETHEUS *is probably a parody of a ſpeech made by ſome famous orator of that time, whoſe works are not handed down to us: For, as the ingenious † Dr. Beattie obſerves, "in the ludicrous "writing of the ancients, there muſt have been, as there are in our own, many "nice alluſions, which none but perſons living at the time could properly compre-"hend."*

MERCURY, VULCAN, PROMETHEUS.

MERCURY.

THIS, my friend Vulcan, is Caucaſus, where we are to nail up this miſerable Titan: let us look about for ſome convenient rock, free from ſnow, that we may faſten him the better, and where, while he hangs, he will make the moſt conſpicuous figure.

VULCAN.

Right, brother Mercury; let us look ſharp; for we muſt not nail him low, leaſt ſome of the mortals whom he has created ſhould come to his reſcue; nor muſt we place him quite at the top of the mountain, for then he will not be ſeen by thoſe who are below. We had better fix him here, I believe, about the middle, juſt above this precipice, with his arms extended.

MERCURY.

Good; for the rocks here are broken, and inacceſſible, inclining to the precipice, and ſo narrow, that you can hardly ſtand upright on it; the

* This is generally called Prometheus, or Caucaſus; I have choſen the latter name, becauſe the former has already been made uſe of.

† See Dr. Beattie's Eſſay on Laughter and Ludicrous Compoſition, 4to. p. 616.

fineſt

fineſt place that can be for a croſs: come, get up, Prometheus, and let us fix you to the mountain.

PROMETHEUS.

Have pity, good Mercury and Vulcan, on a poor wretch, thus doomed to ſuffer moſt undeſervedly.

MERCURY.

And ſo you would really have us two nailed up for diſobedience of orders, inſtead of yourſelf: we are infinitely obliged to you. But come, give us your hand: take it in your's, Vulcan, and nail it down as faſt you can; now the other, faſten that alſo; now it will do: the eagle will be here preſently to pick your liver, and you will enjoy the full reward of your ingenuity.

PROMETHEUS.

* O Saturn, O Japetus, O mother Earth! what do I ſuffer, and all for nothing!

MERCURY.

For nothing, ſay you? Call you it nothing to defraud Jupiter in the manner you did, when, on the diſtribution of the meats entruſted to you, you covered the bones with white fat, and got all the beſt parts for yourſelf; for ſo, if I am not miſtaken, † Heſiod tells the ſtory. Moreover, did not you make men, thoſe miſchievous creatures, and, what is worſe, women alſo? Laſtly, and above all, who ſtole the ſacred fire, that beſt and nobleſt poſſeſſion of the gods, and gave it to mortals? and yet, after doing all this, you complain of ſuffering for nothing.

PROMETHEUS.

In truth, Mercury, you ſeem, as the poet ſays, "to blame the blameleſs," and accuſe me of that as a crime, for which, had I been properly rewarded, I deſerved to have been kept in the ‡ Prytaneum at the public coſt. But, if you have leiſure now, I will this moment plead my own cauſe

* *O Saturn, &c.*] Prometheus, according to Heſiod, was the ſon of Japetus, who was deſcended from Ouranus, heaven, and Gaia, or mother earth; Saturn alſo was the ſon of Cœlus and Terra; the perſecuted deity calls therefore, we ſee, with propriety on his neareſt relations.

† *Heſiod,*] See the Weeks and Days.

‡ *Prytaneum,*] A common hall at Athens, where the ſenators met and dined together: ſuch as had done eminent ſervice to the ſtate were here feaſted at the public coſt. Lucian is ſuppoſed to glance at Socrates, who, when thrown into priſon, is ſaid to have made the ſame obſervation that is here put into the mouth of Prometheus.

before you, and plainly convince you that Jupiter has paſſed a moſt unjuſt ſentence againſt me. You may, yourſelf, if you pleaſe, for you are n orator, I know, and famous for chicanery; take his ſide of the queſtion, defend his decree, and prove he was in the right, to hang me up, a miſerable ſpectacle to the Scythians, on this ſame dreary Caucaſus.

MERCURY.

The diſpute will be idle enough, friend Prometheus, and, I believe, to very little purpoſe: begin, however, if you like it, for we muſt ſtay here a little, till the eagle comes down to take care of your liver; in the mean while, therefore, we may as well ſpend our leiſure time in liſtening to your ſophiſtry, in which we know you are a great proficient.

PROMETHEUS.

Do you begin then; accuſe me as violently as you can, and leave no argument untried that can be of the leaſt ſervice to your good father. You, Vulcan, ſhall be the umpire between us.

VULCAN.

Not I, indeed. Inſtead of judge, I ought to be the accuſer, of one who ſtole all the fire, and left my furnace cold.

PROMETHEUS.

Divide your action for theft, then, into two parts, and let Mercury take for his the creation of man, and the diſtribution of the fleſh: you are both, I know, deeply ſkilled in the art of rhetoric.

VULCAN.

No: let Mercury ſpeak for me, I beſeech you; judicial caſes are quite out of my way, I am too buſy about my own fire-ſide; but he is an orator, and has deeply conſidered theſe matters.

PROMETHEUS.

I ſhould never have thought of Mercury's harranguing againſt * theft, and accuſing me for ſkill in his own profeſſion: however, if you chuſe to enter upon it, my good ſon of Mars, now is your time.

* *Theft,*] As Mercury is always called the god of thieves.

MER-

MERCURY.

What you have been guilty of, Prometheus, calls, doubtleſs, for a long and well ſtudied ſpeech; but, for the preſent, it may ſuffice, briefly to recapitulate the heads of our accuſation againſt you. And, firſt, you ſtand indicted for defrauding Jupiter, and ſo dividing the fleſh as to keep the beſt parts for yourſelf: ſecondly, for making men; a thing which you ſhou'd by no means have attempted: and thirdly, for ſtealing fire, and carrying it to them: and, after committing all theſe crimes, you ſeem not to know, or acknowlege, how kind and merciful Jove has been to you. If you deny the charge, you muſt enter on your defence, and a long oration will be neceſſary for the ſupport of it; in that caſe, I muſt endeavour to prove the truth of my allegations: but if you fairly confeſs that you did ſo divide the meats; that you did find out a new method of creating man; and that you did ſteal the fire, my accuſation is ſufficient, and to ſay any more about it would be trifling and unneceſſary.

PROMETHEUS.

Whether what you have ſaid already be trifling, or not, we ſhall ſee hereafter; but as you ſay you have finiſhed your accuſation, I ſhall now endeavour to defend myſelf. And firſt then, with regard to the diſtribution of the meats: I bluſh, ſo heaven help me, for this fame Jupiter, who could be ſo mean and narrow-ſoul'd, ſo peeviſh and brutal, as, becauſe he found a little bone on his plate, to ſend an old deity, like me, to this place of torment; forgetting all the aſſiſtance I had given him, not conſidering how little cauſe he had to be angry, nor how childiſh it was in him to be in ſuch a paſſion, merely becauſe he had not the greateſt ſhare of the dainties; ſuch little convivial tricks ſurely it ill became him to * remember: he ſhould have paſſed over, and laughed at what was done at a banquet, and left his anger behind: to bear ſo long in his mind, and reſent an affront of this nature, was neither kingly, nor god-like. If you take away theſe jeſts and ſports from a feaſt, you will have nothing but drunkenneſs, ſilence, and ſatiety, things mighty unpleaſant, and little ſuited to a merry-making. Never

* *Remember*,] Alluding to the old Greek proverb, Μισω μνημονα συμποτην, I hate a pot-companion with a good memory. Our countryman, Ben Jonſon, therefore, amongſt his club-rules, now to be ſeen at the Devil Tavern, Temple-Bar, did not forget the caution of

Dicta qui foris eliminat eliminator.

Which may be tranſlated, if any one tells tales without doors, out with him.

did I imagine Jupiter would have thought of it the next day, or deemed it ſo grievous an injury, that the diſtributor ſhould play this little trick, and give himſelf the better portion. But even ſuppoſe I had not given him the ſmaller part, but taken away the whole, where would have been the great crime; for this, is heaven and earth, as the proverb ſays, to be moved? Are chains, croſſes, and lancets to be called in, eagles to be ſent down, and my liver to be devoured? Is not this only to expoſe his own levity and meanneſs? If he was ſo angry at being deprived of a few bits of fleſh, what would he have ſaid if he had loſt the whole ox? How much more reaſonable are men in things of this kind, who yet, we may ſuppoſe, muſt be much more prone to anger than the gods! None of them would hang up a cook for dipping his fingers in, and taſting the broth, or touching a bit of roaſt-meat, but would undoubtedly forgive him; they might, perhaps, be angry with the man, give him a ſlap on the face, or threſh him; they would not, however, for ſuch a crime ſend him to the gallows. But on this point I have ſaid enough: I bluſh even for the defence, on ſuch a ſubject, much more ſhould you for the accuſation.

And now for the crime alleged of, making men: which, as it ſeems to divide itſelf into two heads, I am at a loſs which I am to be moſt blamed for; whether I ought not to have made them at all, and, in that caſe, the earth had remained totally rude and uncultivated; or whether I ſhould have made them in a different manner. I ſhall ſpeak to both points; and firſt, therefore, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, that the gods could ſuffer no injury from the formation of man; and next, that ſo far from it, it was much better, and more profitable for them, that the earth ſhould not be without men.

In the beginning, then, (for by this it will beſt appear whether I was to blame for creating man) there were nothing but gods: the earth was rude, and without form, full of woods, briars, and thorns: there were no altars or temples, (how indeed ſhould there be?) nor images, nor ſtatues of the gods, made with care and elegance, as they now are, nor any thing of that kind: when I, who am always thinking of ſomething for the common good, began to conſider with myſelf what I could do to promore the honour of the gods, and concluded that the beſt method was to take a ſmall portion of clay, and make ſome creatures like ourſelves: as thinking that the divine nature wanted ſomething, not having its oppoſite, by a compariſon with which it would appear more perfect, and more happy. Mortal, therefore,

therefore, I wiſhed it to be, but rational, intelligent, and endowed with a ſenſe of good and evil; I began then, as the * poet ſays,

To temper well the clay with water, then
To add the vigour and the voice of men.

Moreover, I called in Minerva to aſſiſt me in the work. This, after all, is the great injury which I have done to the gods; by making creatures out of clay, and giving motion to that which was before immoveable; and yet from that time it ſeems the gods are leſs gods, becauſe certain creatures called mortals now exiſt: for Jupiter is very angry, as if the gods were ſo much the worſe from the creation of men; he is afraid, perhaps, that they ſhould rebel againſt him, and wage war with the gods, as the giants did of old: but neither from me, or from my works, Mercury, moſt inconteſtible it is, hath any harm ariſen. Shew me the leaſt inconvenience, and I will fairly confeſs that you have but done juſtice in thus puniſhing me.

But I can farther prove, that all this is for the benefit and advantage of the gods: which you will acknowlege, when you come to conſider that the earth is no longer void of form and beauty, but adorned with plants and cultivated fields, the ſea navigated, the iſlands inhabited, altars, temples, ſacrifices, and temples on every ſide, the public ways all full of men, and † full of Jove. If indeed I had created men for myſelf alone, I might ſeem to have conſulted my own private benefit; but I have brought it all into the whole community; and yet Jupiter, Apollo, and you, Mercury, have temples; but there are none to Prometheus; you ſee then how watchful I am of my own intereſts, and how careleſs of yours.

But attend to this, I beſeech you, above all; can that be called a ‡ good, which has no witneſſes to its goodneſs; is that poſſeſſion, which none can ſee or praiſe equal to that which all value and eſteem? Without men the beauty of the univerſe could have no admirers. We ſhould but abound in riches, which were neither envied by others, nor dear to ourſelves. There

* *The poet*,] Heſiod, in his Weeks and Days. See Cooke's tranſlation, book i. l. 91.

† *Full of Jove*,] Jovis omnia plena.

‡ *Good*,] Agreeable to this idea is that of our great poet,

Nor think, tho' men were none, heav'n wou'd want praiſe,
Millions of ſpiritual creatures, &c.

would

would be nothing to compare them with; nor ſhould we ſo well know our own happineſs, without reflecting that there were ſome beings not poſſeſſed of it. The great can only be known by contraſting it to the little: and yet, for my ingenious device and good counſel, you have thought fit thus to reward me. But you will ſay, perhaps, theſe ſame mortals are wicked creatures; that they go to war, commit adultery, marry their ſiſters, and aſſaſſinate their parents; as if we had not vices enough of the ſame kind amongſt ourſelves; and yet heaven and earth are not condemned for producing us. You may add alſo, that we have buſineſs enough upon our own hands, to take care of them; and, for the ſame reaſon, the ſhepherd might be angry that he had a flock to look after; it might be laborious, but at the ſame time it would be pleaſing to him: ſuch ſolitude is no diſagreeable employment. If we had no buſineſs, what ſhould we do with our time; nothing, but intoxicate ourſelves with nectar and ambroſia?

But what hurts me moſt is, that you blame me for making women; and yet you all love them yourſelves, are perpetually going down to earth, turning yourſelves into bulls, ſwans, and ſatyrs for them, and even not diſdaining to beget gods out of them. But I might have made men, you will ſay, in a different manner, and not ſo like ourſelves; yet what better model could I go by, than that which I knew to be the moſt beautiful? Should I have made a rough unpoliſhed animal, without ſenſe or reaſon? How could ſuch have ſacrificed to the gods, or paid due honours to you? And do you not, when they ſend up their hecatombs, run away to the utmoſt limits of the world, to meet Pan, and the blameleſs * Ethiopians; and yet I, who am the cauſe of all your honours and victims, muſt be fixed on a croſs for it.

So much for the men: and now paſs we on to the fire and theft, which I am accuſed of: anſwer me, for heaven's ſake, this queſtion; is there leſs fire amongſt us ſince I imparted it to men? You will confeſs there is not; for ſuch is its nature, that it never diminiſhes by participation, nor is extinguiſhed by another's receiving light and heat from it: what is it then but envy, to forbid the uſe of it, which can do you no injury? Gods ſhould be gracious and beneficent, the diſpenſers of good to all, without grudging or diſcontent. Neither, had I carried it all away, would you have ſuffered any

* *Ethiopians*,] Alluding to Jupiter's viſit to them, mentioned by Homer, and ſo often laughed at by our author.

inconve-

inconvenience; you want it not; you are not cold, neither do you cook your ambroſia, or ſtand in need of artificial light. Whereas, to men, fire is abſolutely neceſſary, as well for many other things, as particularly for ſacrifices, to burn their incenſe, and roaſt their offerings: the ſmoke, I know, of them you are highly delighted with, and think that the nobleſt feaſt, where the odour riſes up to heaven, and columns of ſmoke are wafted to the ſkies. This accuſation, therefore, is abſurd, and contrary to your own mighty will and pleaſure. I wonder, for my part, you permit the ſun to ſhine, whoſe flames are ſo much fiercer than mine, and that you do not accuſe him alſo for diſſipating your treaſure.

And now, Mercury and Vulcan, you have heard my defence; if you think I have advanced any thing wrong or improper, correct and diſprove it; I am ready to reply.

MERCURY.

Prometheus, it is no eaſy matter to contend with ſo ſubtle a diſputant as you are; you may be happy, however, that Jupiter did not hear your ſpeech; for, depend on it, if he had, he would have ſent a hundred vulturs to prey upon your liver, inſtead of one: ſo ſevere have you been upon him. But what I moſt wonder at is, that you, who are ſo great a prophet, ſhould not have foreſeen that this puniſhment muſt fall upon you.

PROMETHEUS.

Mercury, I knew it well; and I know alſo, that I ſhall hereafter be delivered from it; a friend of your's ſhall ſoon come from * Thebes, and with his arrows pierce the eagle that is now flying down upon me.

MERCURY.

I heartily wiſh it may be ſo: that I may once ſee you free and carouſing with us, on condition, though, that you are not the carver.

PROMETHEUS.

O, never fear: Jupiter will looſe me ſoon, and for a very good reaſon.

MERCURY.

What is that pray? Do not conceal it from us, I intreat you.

* *Thebes,*] Hercules.

PROME-

PROMETHEUS.

You know † Thetis, don't you? But I ſhall ſay no more; I muſt ‡ keep the ſecret now, that I may get my freedom by divulging it hereafter.

MERCURY.

Keep it, my good Titan, if it will be of any ſervice to you. But come, Vulcan, let us be gone, for yonder is the eagle, and will be here immediately; Prometheus, bear it with fortitude, and may the Theban archer, whom you talk of, come ſoon, and deliver you!

† *Thetis,*] The daughter of Oceanus, whom Jupiter was in love with, and wanted to marry; but the Fates had decreed that ſhe ſhould have a ſon greater than his father. Prometheus alone, as a prophet, knew this, but would not reveal the ſecret till he was releaſed. Hercules freed him, and he then diſcloſed it. Thetis was married to Peleus, and the prophecy accompliſhed in the renowned Achilles.

‡ *Keep the ſecret,*] Agreeable to what Æſchylus makes him ſay at the end of his tragedy.

Not all his tortures, all his arts ſhall move me
T'unlock my lips, till this curs'd chain be loos'd.

See Potter's Æſchylus, 8vo. p. 77.

DIALOGUES OF THE GODS.

In the DIALOGUES OF THE GODS *we meet with no inconſiderable ſhare of true wit and humour. The Heathen Deities are here called in, by turns, by our ſprightly ſatyriſt, merely to laugh at, and expoſe one another; and the whole abſurd ſyſtem of pagan theology, which, about the time when theſe Dialogues were written, was on the decline, was perhaps totally deſtroyed, and may be ſaid to have received its* coup de grace *from the raillery of* LUCIAN.

DIALOGUE I.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

JUPITER.

MERCURY, you know the beautiful daughter of Inachus?

MERCURY.

Yes; Io, you mean.

JUPITER.

She is turned into a cow.

MERCURY.

Surpriſing! How happened it?

JUPITER.

Juno*, in a fit of jealouſy, thought proper to metamorphoſe her; and withal, to make the poor creature more unhappy, has ſet one Argos, a herdſman, with a hundred eyes, to guard her, who watches over her night and day, and never ſleeps.

MERCURY.

What can I do to ſerve you in this affair?

JUPITER.

Fly to the Nemæan wood, for there Argus feeds his cattle: kill him, and carry her off to Ægypt: there let her be called Iſis, and worſhipped as a goddeſs, raiſe the Nile, ſend proſperous gales, and preſerve mariners.

* *Juno in a fit, &c.*] Lucian attributes the transformation of Io to Juno herſelf. Ovid tells the ſtory differently, and informs us, that Jupiter turned her into a cow, to ſave her from the reſentment of that vindictive lady.

DIALOGUE II.

VULCAN AND APOLLO.

VULCAN.

APOLLO, have you ſeen this new-born ſon of Maia? the infant is exceſſively pretty, ſmiles at every body, and ſeems to promiſe ſomething very great hereafter.

APOLLO.

Very great, to be ſure, Vulcan, and a pretty infant, who is older in miſchief than * Japetus himſelf.

VULCAN.

Why, what mighty miſchief can a child do that is juſt born?

APOLLO.

Aſk Neptune, whoſe trident he ſtole; or Mars, whoſe ſword he drew privately out of his ſcabbard; not to mention myſelf, whom he diſarmed of my bow and arrows.

VULCAN.

What! an infant, that is carried about in his ſwaddling-cloaths, do this!

APOLLO.

You'll ſee, if he comes near you.

VULCAN.

He has been with me already.

APOLLO.

And have you got all your tools ſafe? is nothing miſſing?

VULCAN.

Nothing.

APOLLO.

But look narrowly.

VULCAN.

By Jove, I don't ſee my tongs.

APOLLO.

You'll find them in the child's ſwaddling-cloaths.

* *Japetus, &c.*] Japetus was the ſon of Ouranus, and brother to Saturn. According to Heſiod, he married Clymene, daughter of Oceanus, by whom he had four illuſtrious ſons, Atlas, Menetius, Prometheus, and Epimetheus. He was conſidered by the Grecians as the great father and founder of their whole race. Hiſtory and tradition could not reach beyond him. A very old man in his dotage was uſually called Japetus. Etymologiſts ſay, he was the ſame as Japhet; and the ſimilitude of ſound ſeems to favour this conjecture.

VULCAN.

Is he ſo nimble-fingered as to have learned the art of ſtealing in his mother's womb?

APOLLO.

If you were to hear him talk, you would be aſtoniſhed at his humour and volubility. He wants to be my deputy. Yeſterday he challenged Cupid; and, ſome how or other, tripped up his heels, and got the better of him. A little after this, whilſt Venus was embracing and praiſing him for his victory, he ſtole her ceſtus; and, as Jupiter was laughing at him, ran away with his ſcepter, and if his thunder and lightning had not been rather too heavy, and had too much fire, would have taken them into the bargain.

VULCAN.

A lively boy, indeed!

APOLLO.

And, what is more, he is a muſician too.

VULCAN.

Why do you imagine ſo?

APOLLO.

He found a dead * tortoiſe ſomewhere, and made a muſical inſtrument of it; and fitting pins to it, with a neck, and keys, and bow, and ſeven ſtrings, played upon it ſomething ſo ſweet and harmonious, as to raiſe envy even in me, who, you know, in former times, was counted a tolerable harper. Maia ſays, he never ſtays a night in heaven; but, out of his ſuperabundant induſtry, wanders down to hell, and ſteals ſomething from thence. He has wings withal, and a † wand of moſt miraculous power, by virtue of

* *Tortoiſe.*] Mercury, as all the old poets tell us, firſt diſcovered the teſtudo, or lyre, with ſeven ſtrings. The old tale is, that after ſtealing ſome bulls from Apollo, he retired to a ſecret grotto. Juſt as he was going in, he found a tortoiſe, which he killed, and, perhaps, eat the fleſh of it. As he was afterwards diverting himſelf with the ſhell, he was mightily pleaſed with the noiſe it gave from its concave figure; and, poſſibly, had been cunning enough to find out, that a ſtring pulled ſtrait, and faſtened at each end, when ſtruck by the finger, made a ſort of muſical ſound. He went immediately to work, and cut ſeveral ſtrings out of the hides he had ſtolen, and faſtened them as tight as he could, to the ſhell of the tortoiſe; and in playing with them, made a new kind of muſic, to divert himſelf in his retreat. This was the origin of the lyre. See Spencer's Polymetis, Dial. 8. See alſo Dr. Burney's Deſcription of the teſtudo, in his excellent Hiſtory of Muſic, vol. I. p. 268.

† *A wand.*] This wand, according to ſome writers, was given to Mercury by Apollo, in exchange for a lyre. Its wonderful perfections are mentioned by Virgil,

Tum virgam capit, hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia tartara mittit.

which, he calls forth the dead to life, and conducts the living to the ſhades below.

VULCAN.

Aye; I gave him that for a play-thing.

APOLLO.

And he returned the favour, by ſtealing your tongs.

VULCAN.

Well remembered: I'll go and ſee if I can find them where you ſay they are, in his ſwaddling-cloaths.

DIALOGUE III.

VULCAN AND JUPITER.

VULCAN.

JUPITER, I have brought the hatchet, as you ordered me; it is ſharp enough to pierce through a ſtone at one blow; what muſt I do with it?

JUPITER.

Cut my head in two.

VULCAN.

Do you take me for a madman? Tell me in earneſt what I muſt do.

JUPITER.

Divide this pericranium of mine; if you do not, you know I can be angry; ſo take care: Be ſure you do it with a good will, and immediately too. I am half dead with pain. My head is diſtracted with it.

VULCAN.

I wiſh we may not do ſome miſchief; for the ax is very ſharp. I ſhall draw blood: I ſhall not lay you ſo eaſily as Lucina would.

JUPITER.

Strike boldly, I tell you; I know the conſequence.

VULCAN.

I'll do it, though it is ſorely againſt my will; but what muſt not be done if you command it?—Ha! what's this? An armed virgin! a dreadful thing, indeed, you had in your head; well might you be angry with a live virgin in your brain, and in armour too; your's was * not a head, but the

* *Not a head, &c.*] Στρατοπεδον, ſays the original, ʋ κεφαλην εχων, caſtra, non caput, habuiſti. The tranſlation is not literal; but had Lucian wrote in Engliſh, he might perhaps have thus expreſſed himſelf.

head-

head-quarters —She * dances the Pyrrhic dance too, ſhakes her ſpear, and ſeems inſpired; but, which is moſt extraordinary, ſhe is exceſſively handſome, and ſeems already at years of maturity. She has blue eyes, and the helmet ſets her off to advantage. I intreat you, therefore, Jupiter, that you will reward your midwife, by giving me her hand.

JUPITER.

Vulcan, that cannot be, for ſhe is reſolved to live a virgin; however, you have my conſent.

VULCAN.

That is all I want; leave the reſt to me; I'll raviſh her immediately.

JUPITER.

If you think you can do it ſo eaſily, ſo you may; but I know beforehand, you have ſet your heart on what you will never enjoy.

DIALOGUE IV.

VENUS AND CUPID.

VENUS.

SEE, ſon Cupid, what work you make: I do not mean what mortals, by your inſtigation, do one among another upon earth; but, by your pranks in heaven, turning Jupiter into ſo many ſhapes, juſt as occaſion ſerves, calling down the moon from her orb; making Phœbus forget his journey to ſtop with Clymene; with your bold and impudent attacks on your own mother; but, which is ſtill more inſolent, you have made even old † Rhea, that antiquated matron, the mother of ſo many Gods, fall in love with a Phrygian boy. You have driven her into madneſs. She harneſſes her lions; and, taking with her Corybantes, who are as mad as herſelf, runs up and down mount Ida, crying after Atys, whilſt ſome of her prieſts cut their arms with ſwords, others ramble with diſhevelled hair over the mountains, others ſound their horns, others beat their drums and cymbals; all, in ſhort, is riot, noiſe,

* *She dances,*] Πυῤῥιχίζει, ſays Lucian; dances the Pyrrhic dance, a martial dance, ſaid to be invented by Pyrrhus, the ſon of Achilles, at the funeral of his father: in this the dancers were armed from top to toe.

† *Rhea,*] or Cybele, the wife of Saturn, and commonly called, the Mother of the Gods. The poets tell us, ſhe fell in love with Atys, a young Phrygian ſhepherd, who, like other young men, not being fond of old women, ſlighted her. She reſented the injury on his miſtreſs; or, as ſome writers ſay, on Atys himſelf, in the ſevereſt manner, as the reader may ſee, if he turns to Catullus. Her prieſts are repreſented as lamenting his death. See Sophocles.

and

and madneſs. I am quite terrified at it: You are ſo miſchievous a creature, that, I am afraid, Rhea, in one of her mad fits, or rather if ſhe comes to herſelf again, will order her prieſts to tear you in pieces, or give you to the lions: you are in imminent danger, I aſſure you.

CUPID.

Never fear, mother; the lions are my particular acquaintance: I frequently get upon their backs, lay hold of their manes, and drive them about like ſo many horſes; they wag their tails at me, take my hand in their mouths, lick it, and give it me back unhurt; and as to Rhea herſelf, how can ſhe find time to be revenged on me, whilſt ſhe thinks of nothing but Atys? beſides, after all, what harm do I do, by only pointing out what is beautiful? What is ugly none of you deſire; therefore blame not me: Would you wiſh that Mars ſhould no longer love you, nor you him?

VENUS.

Subtle rogue! you were born to conquer: but one day or other you will remember my words.

DIALOGUE V.

JUPITER, HERCULES, AND ÆSCULAPIUS.

JUPITER.

Hercules and Æſculapius, for ſhame! leave off quarrelling thus with one another like mortals; it but ill becomes the table of the gods.

HERCULES.

And would you, Jupiter, permit that quack to ſit down before me?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Moſt certainly; I am your ſuperior.

HERCULES.

In what, madman? becauſe Jupiter ſtruck you with his thunder-bolt, for doing what you ought not to have done; and now, out of compaſſion, has made you an immortal?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

When you reproach me, Hercules, for periſhing by the fire of Jove's lightning, you forget that you were burnt yourſelf on mount Æta.

HERCULES.

Whilſt you and I lived, we were by no means on a level. I, who am the

ſon

ſon of Jove, by inceſſant toil and labour, purged the world of crimes, ſubdued monſters, and took revenge on proud and impious men; whilſt you were nothing but a ſimpler and a mountebank: your medicines might, perhaps, be ſerviceable to a few ſick mortals; but you never performed any thing great or manly.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

True; for I cured your burns when you came to me half roaſted, with a body which the ſhirt and flames together had almoſt conſumed. If I did nothing elſe, however, I was not a ſlave, neither did I put on a purple garment and turn ſpinſter in Lydia; nor was I beaten by Omphale with a golden diſtaff; neither did I run mad, and kill my wife and children.

HERCULES.

Hold your abuſive tongue, or you ſhall find your immortality of little ſervice, for I will throw you down headlong out of heaven, and crack your pate in ſuch a manner, that Pæon himſelf ſhall not be able to heal it.

JUPITER.

I will not have the aſſembly diſturbed; therefore leave off, or I ſhall baniſh you both from the banquet. Hercules, Æſculapius muſt ſit down before you, for he * died firſt.

DIALOGUE VI.

MERCURY AND APOLLO.

MERCURY.

APOLLO, what makes you ſo melancholy.

APOLLO.

Misfortunes in love.

MERCURY.

That, indeed, is enough to make you ſo: but how are you unhappy, does Daphne's fate afflict you ſtill?

APOLLO.

No; but I lament the lovely ſon of Oebalus.

MERCURY.

Is Hyacinthus dead?

* *Died firſt,*] This is an odd title to ſuperiority. Amongſt the heathen demi-gods, precedency, it ſeems, went not by birth, as with men, but by death: according to our adage, firſt come firſt ſerved.

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

He is.

MERCURY.

How happened it? What foe to love could deſtroy that beauteous youth?

APOLLO.

It was my own doing.

MERCURY.

Sure, Apollo, you were mad.

APOLLO.

No: it was by an accident I little thought of.

MERCURY.

How was it? For I long to know.

APOLLO.

Zephyrus, that moſt hateful of all the winds, was in love with him as well as myſelf; but, uneaſy at the ſcorn and contempt he met with from him, reſolved to be revenged. We played at quoits, which he was learning of me; I, as uſual, threw the quoit up into the air, when Zephyrus, blowing from Taygetus, brought it down directly on the boy's head; a quantity of blood flowed from the wound, and he died. I purſued the murtherer with my arrows, and drove him before me into the mountains, then raiſed a tomb to my beloved boy at Amycla, where he periſhed, and from his blood cauſed a * flower to ſpring up, moſt beautiful and fragrant, with letters on it lamenting his death. Have I not reaſon to be unhappy?

MERCURY.

You have: but you knew you had fixed your affections on a mortal; therefore, ſince he is dead, grieve no more.

DIALOGUE VII.

JUNO and LATONA.

JUNO.

A beautiful race of children, Latona, you and Jupiter have produced!

LATONA.

It is not every one, Juno, can bring forth ſuch a ſon as Vulcan.

* *A flower,*] See this ſtory charmingly told by Ovid, in the tenth book of his Metamorphoſes.

JUNO.

JUNO.

To be ſure he is a little lame: but he is uſeful, an excellent artiſt, and has made heaven very fine: he married Venus too, and is highly eſteemed on her account. Then, for your other children, * one of them is extremely maſculine, a perfect mountaineer; ſhe runs about killing and eating ſtrangers like the Scythians, thoſe devourers of human fleſh. As to Apollo, he pretends to know every thing; to ſhoot, to play upon the harp, to cure all diſtempers, and to prophecy; ſets up his divination ſhops at Delphos, Claros, and Didymæ, and draws in the fools that conſult him, giving them ſuch ambiguous anſwers as may be interpreted either way, and ſo ſave the credit of his falſhoods: this makes him ſo rich; for there are thouſands mad enough to be deceived by his tricks; but thoſe who know better ſee through the impoſture. This prophet could not foreſee that he ſhould deſtroy his beloved Hyacinthus; nor could he foretell that Daphne would deſpiſe him, with all his beauty, and his fine locks. I ſee no reaſon, therefore, why you ſhould think your children ſo much handſomer than Niobe's.

LATONA.

I know why this murtherer of ſtrangers, and this falſe prophet you talk of, gives you ſo much uneaſineſs; becauſe you cannot bear to ſee them amongſt the gods: eſpecially when one is ſo much admired for her beauty, and the other plays on the harp at the banquet with univerſal applauſe.

JUNO.

Now, indeed, Latona, I muſt laugh; when Marſyas, you know, was ſo ſuperior to him in the art, that if the Muſes had not paſſed an unjuſt ſentence, Marſyas would have flayed him, and not he Marſyas; but the poor wretch was condemned to periſh in his ſtead. As to your handſome daughter, ſhe was ſo beautiful, that after being ſeen by Actæon, ſhe had him worried to death by the dogs, for fear he ſhould diſcover her uglineſs; not to mention, that ſhe would hardly act as a midwife, if ſhe were herſelf a virgin.

LATONA.

You are proud of being the wife of Jupiter, and reigning with him, and that makes you give yourſelf ſuch airs; but I ſhall ſee you ſoon whimpering and crying, when he leaves you here, and rambles down to earth, in the ſhape of a bull, or a ſwan.

* *One of them.*] Diana.

DIALOGUE VIII.

JUNO AND JUPITER.

JUNO.

I SHOULD be aſhamed, Jupiter, to have ſuch a * ſon as your's; ſo effeminate, ſo drunken; his hair tied up with a bonnet; always amongſt a parcel of mad women; himſelf more delicate than any of them; dancing to tabors, pipes, and cymbals; and, in ſhort, more like any body elſe than his father.

JUPITER.

And yet this delicate, woman-like creature, with his hair tied up, has not only ſubdued Lydia, Thrace, and the inhabitants of Tmolus, but, with his female army, marched againſt the Indians, ſeized their elephants, took poſſeſſion of their country; and, after a weak reſiſtance, led their ſovereign captive: and this he did, dancing and ſinging all the time, with ſpears made of ivy; and ſometimes, as you ſay, a little drunk and mad; and if any one affronted him, by ridiculing his ſacred rites, would bind him with vine-twigs, or have him torn to pieces, as kids are by their dams. Theſe actions, you ſee, are manly, and not unworthy of his father: if, at the ſame time, he eats, drinks, ſports, and plays, I ſee no harm in it; eſpecially when you conſider what he muſt be when he is ſober, who can do ſuch things when he is drunk.

JUNO.

I ſuppoſe you will praiſe him, too, for his invention of the grape; though you ſee how thoſe who uſe it tumble about, and how abuſive they are, drinking even till they run mad with it. Icarius, the very firſt who taſted the juice of the vine, was beat to death with clubs, by his own pot-companions.

JUPITER.

All this is ſaying nothing to the purpoſe: it was not the wine, nor Bacchus, that was in fault; it was the exceſs, drinking more than they ought; but he that drinks with moderation, is only the merrier, and the better tempered: Icarius did not uſe his companions as they did him. But I ſee plainly, this is nothing but jealouſy; you find fault with Bacchus, only becauſe you remember Semele.

* *Such a ſon,*] Bacchus the ſon of Jupiter, by Semele.

DIA-

DIALOGUE IX.

VENUS AND CUPID.

VENUS.

HOW comes it to paſs, Cupid, that whilſt you attack Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Apollo, nay, and even me, your own mother, and all the gods and goddeſſes, Minerva alone eſcapes you? againſt her your torch has no fire; your quiver no arrows: you have neither bow, nor ſkill to uſe one.

CUPID.

In truth, mother, I am afraid of her; ſhe is ſo maſculine, ſo formidable, and looks ſo fiercely. Whenever I ſtretch my bow againſt her, ſhe ſhakes her creſted helmet, and ſo terrifies me, that I tremble all over, and my arrows drop out of my hand.

VENUS.

Was not Mars much more formidable, and yet, though armed, you conquered him?

CUPID.

But he voluntarily yields, and even invites me; whilſt Minerva always looks ſternly on me. Once I flew raſhly up, and held my torch cloſe to her, when immediately ſhe cried out, "By my father, if you approach a ſtep nigher to me, I will run you through with this lance, take you by the foot, and hurl you headlong down to Tartarus, or tear you into a thouſand pieces." Thus did ſhe threaten me: then ſhe looks ſo ſour, and carries on her breaſt a frightful Gorgon's head, with ſnakes round it, which I ſhudder at, and run away whenever I ſee her.

VENUS.

So you are afraid of Minerva and her Gorgon, more than of Jove's thunder: but how happens it that the Muſes alſo are invulnerable by you, and ſafe from the power of your darts? Do they ſhake their creſted helmets and Gorgons too?

CUPID.

Them I revere: they are always grave, and wrapped in meditation, and intent on ſacred ſong: I often ſtand by and liſten to them, delighted with their melody.

VENUS.

Well, ſince they are ſo reverend, let them alone; but why do not you attack Diana?

CUPID.

To ſay the truth, in one word, ſhe flies into the mountains, and I cannot overtake her; beſides, ſhe is entirely taken up with a paſſion of her own.

VENUS.

What paſſion, child?

CUPID.

Oh! hunting ſtags and hinds, which ſhe purſues, and kills with her arrows; this employment takes up all her time: but as for her brother, ſo famous for his bow, that far-ſhooting god—

VENUS.

Aye, him, I know, you have wounded often enough.

DIALOGUE X.

MARS AND MERCURY.

MARS.

DID you hear, Mercury, how Jupiter threatened us? Such boaſting, and ſo ridiculous too! "I will hang * a chain," ſays he, "down from heaven, and you ſhall all of you get at one end of it, and pull againſt me, to no purpoſe, for you will never draw me down; whereas, if I have a mind to lift it up, I can not only draw you, but the earth, and ſea, together with you, into heaven." Thus he went on with a good deal more ſtuff of the ſame kind. Now, though I think him ſtronger than e'er a one of us; yet, that he alone is ſo powerful as to weigh us all down, even if we took the earth and ſeas to our aſſiſtance, is what I will never believe.

MERCURY.

Softly, good Mars; it is not ſafe to talk thus, leſt we ſuffer for our prating.

* *I will hang a chain, &c.*] Alluding to that paſſage in the eighth book of Homer's Iliad, where Jupiter threatens all the deities with the pains of Tartarus, if they aſſiſt either ſide in the approaching battle. It is thus tranſlated by Pope:

Let down our golden everlaſting chain,
Whoſe ſtrong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main;
Strive all of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth:
Ye ſtrive in vain! if I but ſtretch this hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus height,
And the vaſt world hangs trembling in my ſight.

There is ſomething in the idea of this long chain, which, in ſpite of all that the critics have urged in its defence, borders nearly on the ridiculous. It certainly ſtruck Lucian in this light, as he takes frequent opportunities of laughing at the abſurdity of it.

MARS.

MARS.

You do not think I would venture to ſay this to every body; I only ſpeak in confidence to you, whoſe ſecrecy I can depend on: it appeared ſo ridiculous to me to hear him threatening in this manner, that I could not help ſpeaking of it. It is not long ſince Neptune, Juno, and Minerva, entered into a conſpiracy againſt him, and would have bound him priſoner: then I remember how frightened he was, and turned himſelf into a thouſand ſhapes, when there were only * three of them; and if Thetis, in compaſſion to him, had not called in Briareus, with his hundred hands, to his aſſiſtance, in ſpite of all his thunder and lightning he muſt have been overcome: when I think of this, I muſt laugh at his vain glory.

MERCURY.

Silence, or good words, I beſeech you; for ſuch as theſe, it neither beſits you to ſpeak, nor me to hear.

DIALOGUE XI.

MERCURY AND MAIA.

MERCURY.

O MY mother, is there in heaven a god ſo wretched as I am?

MAIA.

Talk not thus, Mercury, I beſeech you.

MERCURY.

Have I not reaſon? Fatigued as I am with perpetual employment, and diſtracted with a thouſand different offices. Firſt, I muſt get up early, and ſet out the breakfaſt-table, then, when I have got the council-chamber ready, and put every thing in order, muſt I wait on Jove, and carry meſſages up and down for him all the day; and, when I come home, all over dirt and duſt, muſt go and ſerve up ambroſia; nay, and before this new cup-bearer came, was obliged to hand round the nectar alſo; but, what is worſt of all, I have no reſt even of nights; for then I am employed in con-

* *Three of them, &c.*] Alluding to this paſſage in the Iliad,

When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main;
The traitor gods, by mad ambition driv'n,
Durſt threat, with chains, th' omnipotence of heav'n.

Pope's Iliad, book i. l. 518.

veying

veying the ſouls of the dead to Pluto; leading the ſhades about, and aſſiſting at the ſeat of judgment. It is not ſufficient that I am all day in buſineſs, exerciſed in the palæſtra, chief crier of the councils, or teaching the orators; but I muſt be arbiter amongſt the dead too. The ſons of * Leda take their turns to be above and below, but I muſt be in both places every day. Bacchus and Hercules, both the offspring of poor mortal women, feaſt and play; whilſt I, the ſon of Atlantis, am forced to wait on them. I am but this moment returned from Sidon, where I have been on a meſſage to the daughter of Cadmus, to ſee what ſhe is about; and now, before I can take breath, muſt I poſt away to Danae, at Argos; from thence he tells me to march into Bœotia, and call by the way upon Antiope: in ſhort, I am quite out of heart, and, if it were poſſible, ſhould deſire to be ſold to ſome other maſter, like my fellow-ſlaves on earth.

MAIA.

Talk no more in this manner, child, but obey your father, as a ſon ought to do. Away to Argos, and from thence as you were bid; leſt, if you loiter, you may be trimmed for it: lovers, my dear, are very iraſcible.

DIALOGUE XII.

JUPITER AND THE SUN.

JUPITER.

THOU worſt of Titans, what miſchief haſt thou done! Deſtroyed the whole earth, by truſting your chariot to a fooliſh boy, who has burned one half of the world, by driving too near it; and killed the other, by withdrawing his heat from it; and, in ſhort, put every thing into diſorder and confuſion. If I had not interfered, and ſtruck him down with my thunderbolt, not a man had been left alive; ſuch a pretty coachman had you ſent us.

SUN.

I own my fault, Jupiter; but do not be angry if I was over-perſuaded

* *Sons of Leda,*] Caſtor and Pollux. The latter of theſe twin-brothers intreated his father, Jupiter, that the gift of immortality might be between them. Jupiter conſented; and the two heroes, we are told, died by turns: like a couple of buckets, the uppermoſt remained on earth, whilſt the other remained dipped in the Styx. In a following dialogue we ſhall have more of them.

by

by my ſon's importunity: how could I ever have imagined ſuch a misfortune would have happened?

JUPITER.

Did not you know how much care and caution are neceſſary in this; and that if you go but one ſtep out of the way every thing muſt be ruined, did not you know the violent ſpirit of the horſes, and that the reins muſt be held tight by main force? if you give way in the leaſt, they are gone, as he experienced, for away they pulled him, ſometimes to the right, ſometimes to the left, ſometimes directly contrary to his proper courſe, upwards and downwards, and, in ſhort, wherever they pleaſed; he was utterly at a loſs how to manage them.

SUN.

All that I knew, and therefore refuſed him a long time, and would not truſt him to drive; but when he, and his mother Clymene, by tears and prayers, had at laſt prevailed on me, I placed him myſelf in the chariot, directed him where to go, taught him how high he muſt mount up, and how low he muſt deſcend, how to manage the reins, and keep the horſes in properly. I told him how great the danger was if he did not go in the right track: but he, for he was but a child, ſurrounded with ſuch fire, and loſt in ſuch an immenſity of ſpace beneath him, I ſuppoſe, was ſtupified: the horſes no ſooner perceived that it was not I who drove them, than deſpiſing the youth, they turned out of the path, and did all this miſchief: he, letting go the reins, and afraid, I ſuppoſe, of being thrown off, held faſt by the nave of the wheel: but he has ſuffered for his folly, and I have felt enough on his account.

JUPITER.

You think ſo: but for ſuch crimes, perhaps, you have not. This time, however, I forgive you: but if you are guilty of the like again, and ſend us ſuch another deputy hereafter, you ſhall ſoon ſee whoſe flames are the fierceſt, your's or mine. Let his ſiſters bury him at Eridanus, where he fell from the chariot, and weep amber over him. Then let them be converted, through grief, into poplar trees. Do you mind your chariot (for the pole is broke, and one of the wheels demoliſhed), put the horſes to, and drive: but do not forget what has happened.

DIALOGUE XIII.

APOLLO AND MERCURY.

APOLLO.

CAN you tell me, Mercury, which of thoſe is Caſtor, and which Pollux? for I cannot eaſily diſtinguiſh them.

MERCURY.

He who was with us yeſterday is Caſtor, the other is Pollux.

APOLLO.

How do you know them one from the other? for they are extremely alike.

MERCURY.

Pollux has marks in his face, of the wounds he received formerly at a boxing-match; one in particular from Amycus the Bebrycian, when he ſailed with Jaſon to Colchos. The face of the other is ſmooth and unhurt.

APOLLO.

I thank you for teaching me how to diſtinguiſh them; for, with regard to every thing elſe, they are perfectly alike; each has his half-egg, his ſtar, a ſpear in his hand, and a white horſe, inſomuch, that I have often called Pollux Caſtor, and Caſtor Pollux: but tell me, how happens it, that only one of them is with us at a time, and that they are mortal and immortal by turns?

MERCURY.

This they do from brotherly love to each other; for, as it was decreed by Fate, that one of Leda's ſons ſhould die, and the other not, they agreed to divide the immortality between them.

APOLLO.

It was an unbrotherly diviſion; for now they can never ſee one another, which one would think they mutually deſired: but how can that ever happen, when one is with the gods, and the other with the ſhades below? But, moreover, I, you know, am a prophet; Æſculapius is a phyſician; you teach in the palæſtra, and are an excellent ſchool-maſter; Diana is a midwife; every one of us practiſes ſome art that is of uſe to gods or men: but of what ſervice are theſe brothers? are they to do nothing at their age but eat and drink with us?

MERCURY.

By no means; they are appointed to aſſiſt Neptune; to ride upon the ſea; and,

and, if they behold mariners in danger of periſhing by ſhip-wreck, to ſit at the helm, and conduct them ſafe to port.

APOLLO.

An excellent and moſt ſalutary art, indeed, Mercury.

DIALOGUE XIV.

NEPTUNE AND POLYPHEMUS.

POLYPHEMUS.

O FATHER, what have I ſuffered from that deteſtable ſtranger, who put my eyes out whilſt I was aſleep and in liquor!

NEPTUNE.

Who was it, Polyphemus, that could dare to do it?

POLYPHEMUS.

At firſt he called himſelf, Nobody; but, it ſeems, when he had eſcaped out of the reach of my darts, owned that his name was Ulyſſes.

NEPTUNE.

Of Ithaca, you mean; I know him: he ſailed from Troy. But could he do this? He was never famous for courage.

POLYPHEMUS.

Returning one day from the meadows, I ſeized ſeveral robbers, laying in wait for my cattle, made the door faſt, for I have an immenſe large ſtone on purpoſe, and kindled a fire, with a tree I had brought down from the mountain; when they endeavoured to hide themſelves, I caught ſome of them; and, as robbers ought to be ſerved, devoured them: then, that ſubtleſt of all rogues, Ulyſſes, or Nobody, call him what you will, gave me ſome potion, pleaſant both to the taſte and ſmell, but dangerous and intoxicating; for, as ſoon as I had drank it, every thing ſeemed to wheel round with me, and the cave was turned topſy-turvy; in ſhort, I was quite beſide myſelf: at length I fell aſleep; when, ſharpening the bar of the door, and ſetting it on fire, as I ſlept, he put out my eyes, and I have been blind ever ſince.

NEPTUNE.

How ſoundly you muſt have ſlept, not to have been rouſed whilſt he was putting your eyes out! But how did Ulyſſes get off? For I am ſure he could not move the ſtone from the door.

POLYPHEMUS.

I moved it myſelf, that I might catch him the eaſier as he went out: and, placing myſelf at the entrance of the cave, ſtretched out my hands to feel for him, letting the ſheep go into the meadows, under the care of the leading ram, who did my buſineſs for me.

NEPTUNE.

I underſtand you, now; and ſo he crept out under them: but you ſhould have called the reſt of the Cyclops together againſt him.

POLYPHEMUS.

So I did, father, and they came; but when they aſked me the villain's name, and I told them it was Nobody, they thought me mad, and went their way. Thus did the wretch impoſe on me by a falſe name: but what hurt me moſt was, he reproached me with my misfortune, and told me, Neptune himſelf could not cure me.

NEPTUNE.

Be comforted, ſon, for I will be revenged on him; he ſhall know, that though I cannot cure blindneſs, I have power to ſave or deſtroy ſailors; and he is ſtill upon the ſea.

DIALOGUE XV.

MENELAUS AND PROTEUS.

MENELAUS.

THAT you were changed into water, Proteus, I can believe, becauſe you belong to the * ſea; or into a tree, that I can away with; nay, that you were once turned into a lion, is not abſolutely impoſſible: but that you, who live in the ſea, ſhould be changed into fire, raiſes my aſtoniſhment, nor can I ever be brought to believe it.

PROTEUS.

Never wonder, Menelaus, for fire I am.

MENELAUS.

So I perceive; but to tell you my opinion, you ſeem to put ſome trick

* *To the ſea, &c.*] Proteus, the ſon of Oceanus and Tethys, was a ſea-god of the firſt conſequence, and deſcribed to us as the prime miniſter of Neptune. He had likewiſe the character of a famous prophet. When Menelaus, returning from Troy, was ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Ægypt, he is ſaid to have conſulted Proteus with regard to the beſt means of eſcaping, a circumſtance which accounts for Lucian's bringing them together in this dialogue.

upon

upon us, and to deceive the eyes of the ſpectators, when in reality you are no ſuch thing.

PROTEUS.

What deception can there be in things ſo evident? Did not you ſee, with your eyes open, how many ſhapes I transformed myſelf into? But if you will not believe it, and think it is only a deluſion, when I turn myſelf into fire, put your hand out to me, and then you will feel, my good friend, whether I have only the appearance of fire, or the power of it to burn.

MENELAUS.

It is a dangerous experiment.

PROTEUS.

I ſuppoſe you never ſaw a polypus, nor know what frequently happens with regard to that fiſh.

MENELAUS.

A polypus I have ſeen, but the peculiar circumſtances you mention, ſhould be glad to learn from you.

PROTEUS.

* When it comes near a rock, it fixes its wet claws in it, and ſticking by its ſhagged hair, changes its colour into that of the rock, that it may not be diſcovered by the fiſhermen; and is ſo exactly like, that it cannot be diſtinguiſhed from it.

MENELAUS.

It is ſo reported. But your change, Proteus, is ſtill more incredible.

PROTEUS.

If you will not believe your own eyes, I do not know who you will believe.

MENELAUS.

Moſt certainly, I did ſee it: but for the ſame perſon to be both fire and water is, indeed, a miracle.

* *When it comes near, &c.*] This agrees with Ovid's account. See his Halieuticon, l. 30.

Scopulis crinali corpore ſegnis
Polypus hæret, & hac eludit retia frande,
Et ſub lege loci ſumit mutatque colorem.

This extraordinary quality of the polypus is mentioned likewiſe by Pliny, Plutarch, Ælian, and other writers.

DIALOGUE XVI.

PANOPE AND GALENE.

PANOPE.

DID you obſerve, Galene, what Eris did at the banquet in Theſſaly, becauſe ſhe was not invited to it herſelf?

GALENE.

I was not there, Panope, having been commanded by Neptune to keep the ſea ſmooth, during the entertainment: but what was it?

PANOPE.

Peleus and Thetis, conducted by Neptune and Amphitrite, had retired to their chamber: Eris, in the mean time, unknown to any body, (for ſhe could not well be diſcovered, whilſt ſome were drinking, others applauding Phœbus playing on the harp, or liſtening to the ſongs of the Muſes) threw into the room a moſt beautiful apple, all over gold, with this inſcription on it, *for the faireſt*. It rolled about, and ſtopped, as it were on purpoſe, at the place where Juno, Venus, and Minerva were laying down. Mercury took it up, and read the inſcription. We Nereids ſaid nothing; what, indeed, could we do when they were preſent? A contention immediately aroſe between them, and each claimed it as her own. If Jupiter had not interfered, they would ſoon have come to blows: they would fain have had him determine it, but he would not. I will not be judge, ſaid he, in this affair: let them go to mount Ida, to Priam's ſon, who will diſtinguiſh which is the handſomeſt; being an excellent judge of beauty, and one who cannot be miſtaken.

GALENE.

What ſaid the goddeſſes to this?

PANOPE.

This very day they go to mount Ida.

GALENE.

Will any one come back and tell us who is the conqueror?

PANOPE.

I can pronounce beforehand, that where Venus contends, ſhe will have no ſuperior; unleſs the judge is ſtark blind.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XVII.

NEPTUNE AND THE DOLPHINS.

NEPTUNE.

WELL have ye done, my Dolphins, ye are always friendly to mankind; witneſs your carrying Juno's ſon to the Iſthmus, from the rocks of Scyron, when he was thrown down from thence into the ſea; and now you have ſaved this harper of Methymna, ſwimming with him to Tænarus, harp, garland and all, upon your backs; and would not ſuffer him to be torn to pieces by the ſailors.

DOLPHINS.

Wonder not, Neptune, at our benevolence to mankind; for we ourſelves were men, before we were turned into fiſh.

NEPTUNE.

Bacchus, I think, was much to blame for transforming you thus, after conquering you in a ſea-fight; he might have been ſatisfied with reducing you to obedience, as he did ſo many others. But how happened this affair of Arion?

DOLPHINS.

Periander, I ſuppoſe, was very fond of him, and, on account of his ſkill, frequently invited him. At length, enriched by the king's bounty, and now on his return to Methymna, he boaſted of the wealth he had acquired; and being on board a veſſel belonging to ſome worthleſs fellows, bragged much of the great quantity of gold and ſilver which he had brought with him: when they had got almoſt into the middle of the Ægean, they conſpired together againſt him, whereupon (for as I ſwam by the boat I overheard every thing): "If, ſays he to them, you are ſo determined, permit me at leaſt to take my garland, and, after ſinging you a funeral anthem, to throw myſelf overboard: the ſailors conſented; and he, taking his garland, and ſinging them ſome ſoft ditty, jumped into the ſea, expecting to be drowned immediately: but I took him upon my back, and ſwam with him to Tænarus.

NEPTUNE.

Your love of harmony I approve; you have really paid him well for his piping.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

NEPTUNE AND THE *NEREIDS.

NEPTUNE.

HENCEFORTH let this Streight, where the † girl was loſt, be called from her, the Helleſpont. Do you, Nereids, carry the body to Troy, to be buried by her countrywomen.

AMPHITRITE.

Rather, Neptune, let us bury it in the ſea that bears her name: we ſincerely pity her; for dreadful are the evils ſhe has ſuffered from her mother-in-law.

NEPTUNE.

That, Amphitrite, muſt not be, nor will it be decent to leave her on the ſand; but, as I ſaid before, let her be buried at Cherſoneſus. One comfort yet remains for her, that ‡ Ino will ſoon ſuffer the ſame fate; Athamas will purſue her, and ſhe will be thrown down, with her child in her arms, into the ſea, from mount Cithæron.

AMPHITRITE.

She ſhould be ſaved, for Bacchus' ſake, whom ſhe nurſed and educated.

NEPTUNE.

Not when ſhe is ſo wicked, Amphitrite; though Bacchus ſhould certainly be obliged.

AMPHITRITE.

But how happened it that ſhe fell off the ram, whilſt her brother, Phryxus, was carried ſafely by him?

* *Nereids,*] Sea-nymphs, daughters of Nereus and Doris. According to Heſiod, there were no leſs than threeſcore of them. Groves were dedicated, and temples erected to them in ſeveral parts of Greece, near the ſea-ſhore. Amphitrite, one of the moſt famous amongſt them, is in this dialogue ſpokeſwoman for the whole body.

† *The girl, &c.*] Helle, daughter of Athamas king of Thebes, and Nephele; ſhe ran away from her mother-in-law, as young ladies are very apt to do, and attempted to croſs the ſea on a ram with a golden fleece, which her papa had given her, but was ſo frightened that ſhe fell into the ſea and was drowned. The little arm of the place where the accident happened ever after bore the name of the Helleſpont.

‡ *Ino, &c.*] The ſecond wife of Athamas, who, in return for her cruelty to Phryxus and Helle, his children by Nephele, ſlew his ſon Learchus, and would have murthered her; to avoid his rage, ſhe took her other boy, Melintus, in her arms, and threw herſelf into the ſea, where Ovid has turned her into a goddeſs. See Metam. b. iv.

NEP-

NEPTUNE.

No wonder; he is a young man, and had ſtrength to manage him: but ſhe, getting upon a beaſt ſhe was not uſed to, and looking down upon the vaſt deep beneath her, was ſtruck with fear and aſtoniſhment, her head ſwam withal, from the rapidity of the motion, and not able to keep her hold of the ram's horn, which had hitherto ſupported her, ſhe fell into the ſea.

AMPHITRITE.

Her mother Nephele ſhould have caught her as ſhe fell.

NEPTUNE.

She ſhould: but Fate is far more powerful than Nephele.

DIALOGUE XIX.

IRIS AND NEPTUNE.

IRIS.

THAT floating * iſland which was torn away from Sicily, and now, covered by the waves, ſwims about the ſea, you, Neptune, by command of Jupiter, muſt raiſe up, and bring into view, ſo that it may appear plainly in the middle of the Ægean, and ſtand firm and immoveable, for a certain uſe which is to be made of it.

NEPTUNE.

Iris, it ſhall be done; but what great ſervice can it be of, when it is fixed, and above water?

IRIS.

Latona is to be brought-to-bed there, ſhe is in labour already.

NEPTUNE.

Well, and cannot ſhe lay-in in heaven? or, if that will not ſuffice, is not the whole earth large enough to receive her progeny?

IRIS.

No; for Juno has forced the Earth to take a ſolemn oath, not to afford her any place for that purpoſe; but this iſland is not bound by that oath, becauſe, you know, it was not viſible.

NEPTUNE.

I comprehend it now; therefore, Iſland, ſtand you ſtill; emerge from the

* *Floating iſland,*] Delos, the moſt renowned of the Cyclades. The ſtory of its riſe, as told by the poets, is a fine ſubject for ridicule, and Lucian has treated it accordingly.

deep;

deep; ſink no more, but remain fixed; happy ſhalt thou be in receiving two of my brother's children, who hereafter ſhall be the moſt beautiful of all the gods. You, O Tritons, tranſport Latona hither, and let all things be kept quiet: the ſerpent which now ſo terrifies her even to madneſs, ſhall the infants, as ſoon as they are born, deſtroy, and revenge their mother. Do you, Iris, tell Jupiter, every thing is ready: the iſland is fixed; let Latona come, and cry out as ſoon as ſhe will.

DIALOGUE XX.

XANTHUS AND THE SEA.

XANTHUS.

GOOD Sea, receive me, and heal my wounds, for I have been cruelly uſed.

SEA.

What is the matter, Xanthus, who has burned you up ſo?

XANTHUS.

* Vulcan: I am perfectly parched, and all in a foam.

SEA.

And why did he throw fire upon you?

XANTHUS.

On account of Achilles. I had intreated him ſeveral times, but to no purpoſe, to leave off ſlaying the Trojans: ſtill he went on, and ſtopped up my channel with carcaſes, till, in compaſſion to the poor wretches, I threatened to drown him with my waters, in hopes that the dread of it would induce him to ceaſe the ſlaughter: when Vulcan, for he was near at hand, ruſhed upon me with all the fire, I believe, he had, and all that he could get from Ætna, and every other place, burned up my elms and ſhrubs, and roaſted my eels, all my poor fiſh, made me boil, and was within a very little of leaving me quite dry. You ſee what a condition I am in with the flames.

* *Vulcan, &c.*] In the twenty-third book of the Iliad, Homer makes Achilles ſlay ſo many Trojans, that the river, who is repreſented as a god, in reſentment of being ſo diſturbed, overflows, and nearly overwhelms the hero. Achilles applies to Jupiter, who ſends Vulcan to dry up the river. The ſanguine admirers of Homer extol the ſublimity of this conception: the idea is, notwithſtanding, undoubtedly *outré*, and borders nearly on the burleſque. Lucian, it is plain, ſaw the ridicule of it.

SEA.

SEA.

You are warm, indeed, and diſturbed, as one might expect from the blood and carcaſes, and hot, as you ſay, from the fire: but you deſerve it, for attacking my ſon, and not conſidering that he is the offſpring of a Nereid.

XANTHUS.

Could I help taking compaſſion on my neighbouring Trojans?

SEA.

And how could Vulcan help taking pity on the ſon of Thetis?

DIALOGUE XXI.

DORIS AND THETIS.

DORIS.

Thetis, what makes you weep thus?

THETIS.

Doris, I have juſt now ſeen a moſt beautiful * young creature, ſhut up in a cheſt, with her new-born infant, by her cruel father, who ordered the ſailors, when they had got a good way out from land, to throw the cheſt into the ſea, that they might both periſh.

DORIS.

Pray, ſiſter, for what reaſon? for I ſuppoſe you know the whole affair.

THETIS.

Her father, Acriſius, as ſhe was exceſſively handſome, had locked her up in a brazen tower, to preſerve her virginity; and, they ſay, whether true or falſe I know not, that Jupiter ruſhed in upon her, through the tiles, in a golden ſhower; that ſhe received the flowing god into her boſom, and became pregnant. As ſoon as her father, a moroſe and ſpiteful fellow, perceived it, he was violently enraged at her, imagining ſhe muſt have been debauched by ſomebody; and, as ſoon as ſhe was brought to bed, threw her, child and all, into this cheſt.

DORIS.

And how did ſhe behave upon it?

* *Young creature,*] Danae, daughter of Acriſius, king of Argos. The ſtory is too well known to ſtand in need of any elucidation.

THETIS.

With regard to herſelf, was ſilent, and ſubmitted to her fate; but begged hard for the poor infant, that it might not be deſtroyed, crying at the ſame time, and ſhewing the pretty creature to its grandfather. The child, ignorant of its own misfortune, ſmiled at the ocean before it. I cannot help weeping when I think of them.

DORIS.

You make me weep too: and are they both dead?

THETIS.

No: both alive in the cheſt, which floats about near Seriphus.

DORIS.

Why cannot we preſerve them, by making the fiſhermen of Seriphus caſt their nets, and take them up ſafe?

THETIS.

Right; ſo we will, that neither ſhe nor her beauteous infant may periſh.

DIALOGUE XXII.

TRITON, NEREIDS, AND IPHIANASSA.

TRITON.

THAT ſea-monſter, which you ſent to devour Andromeda, has never hurt her, but is itſelf deſtroyed.

NEREID.

By whom, Triton? Cepheus, I ſuppoſe, tempting him with that delicious bait, his beautiful daughter, ruſhed upon him with a large force, and ſlew him.

TRITON.

No. I believe you remember Perſeus, that ſon of Danae, who was ſhut up with her by his grandfather in a cheſt, and thrown into the ſea, whom you took pity on and preſerved.

IPHIANASSA.

I remember him well; by this time he muſt be grown a man, a noble and beautiful one.

TRITON.

It was he who killed the monſter.

IPHIANASSA.

A bad return for our kindneſs to him: but how, Triton?

TRI-

TRITON.

I will tell you the whole affair: the king had ſent him againſt the Gorgons, and when he came to Lybia ——

IPHIANASSA.

How, Triton? Came he alone, or with aſſiſtance? for it was a difficult journey.

TRITON.

He came through the air; Minerva lent him wings. When he arrived at the place, finding them, I ſuppoſe, aſleep, he cut off Meduſa's head, and flew away.

IPHIANASSA.

But how could he ſee to do it? for whoever looks at them is immediately ſtruck blind.

TRITON.

Minerva lent him her ſhield (for I heard him tell the ſtory to Andromeda, and afterwards to Cepheus), and in that he ſaw the image of Meduſa reflected, as in a looking-glaſs; then, taking hold of her hair with his left hand, and looking at the image, with the ſword in his right, cut off her head, and, before her ſiſters awoke, flew off. After which, coming towards Æthiopia, and flying nearer to the earth, he ſaw the beautiful Andromache, chained to a rock, her hair diſhevelled, and naked almoſt to the waiſt: at firſt he only pitied her unhappy fate, and aſked the cauſe of it, but, ſoon after, falling violently in love with her (for it was decreed ſhe ſhould be ſaved), reſolved to deliver her; and when the dreadful monſter came to devour her, the youth, lifting himſelf up in the air, with one hand held his ſword, and ſtruck him, and with the other ſhewed him the Gorgon's head, which immediately converted him into ſtone. At ſight of Meduſa all his limbs grew ſtiff, and he died. Perſeus then looſened the virgin's chains, and led her down, trembling, and on tip-toe from the ſlippery rock. She is now celebrating her nuptials in the palace of Cepheus, and from thence he carries her to Argos. Thus inſtead of death has ſhe met with happineſs and a huſband.

NEREID.

I am not ſorry for it; for what injury had the virgin done us? though her mother was ſo vain-glorious, and pretended to be handſomer than ourſelves.

TRITON.

Doubtleſs, as a mother, ſhe muſt have been very unhappy about her daughter.

NEREID.

Doris, we will forget her pride, and indecent boaſting; ſhe has ſuffered enough in her fears, let us therefore rejoice in her felicity.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

JUPITER AND PROMETHEUS.

PROMETHEUS.

O JUPITER, I beſeech you looſe me, for I have ſuffered ſeverely.

JUPITER.

Do you think I will looſe you, when you deſerve rather to have much heavier fetters, and the whole weight of Caucaſus upon you, not only to have your liver preyed upon by a hundred vulturs, but to have your eyes dug out of your head, for making ſuch animals as theſe men and women, and ſtealing fire from heaven: not to mention your frauds in the diſtributing the proviſions, when you gave me all the fat pieces, and kept the beſt for yourſelf.

PROMETHEUS.

Have not I been ſufficiently puniſhed for it, chained as I have been ſo long on mount Caucaſus, and feeding an eagle, that vileſt of all birds, with my liver.

JUPITER.

It is not a thouſandth part of what you deſerve.

PROMETHEUS.

I do not deſire you to looſe me for nothing: I can tell you ſomething of the greateſt conſequence.

JUPITER.

You only mean to make a fool of me.

PROMETHEUS.

What ſhall I get by that? You know where Caucaſus ſtands, and have more chains left for me, if I am caught in a lie.

JUPITER.

Tell me firſt what this thing of ſuch great conſequence is, that you will do for me in return.

PROMETHEUS.

If I ſhould tell you where you are this moment going, would you then think

think me worthy of belief, and that I can foretel what will happen hereafter?

JUPITER.

Moſt undoubtedly.

PROMETHEUS.

You are going then to Thetis, on a little intrigue with her.

JUPITER.

What more? for you ſeem to have hit upon the truth.

PROMETHEUS.

Jupiter, have nothing to do with that Nereid, for if ſhe has a child by you, he will ſerve you as you did Saturn.

JUPITER.

And ſhall I be dethroned, ſayeſt thou?

PROMETHEUS.

Heaven forbid! But an affair with her threatens ſomething like it.

JUPITER.

Then, Thetis, farewel. For this advice Vulcan ſhall ſet you free.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

JUPITER AND CUPID.

JUPITER.

IF I have offended, Jupiter, forgive me; I am but a poor ſimple child.

JUPITER.

You a child, that are * older than Japetus! becauſe you have not a beard, and grey hairs, you would be thought a boy, as old and cunning as you are.

CUPID.

Old as I am, as you ſay, what injury have I done you, that you ſhould threaten to chain me?

JUPITER.

Why, you wicked rogue, conſider what you have done; have not you made a laughing-ſtock of me? have not you turned me into a ſatyr, a bull, a bit of gold, a ſwan, an eagle, and what not? but not a creature have you inſpired with the love of me, not even ſo much as my wife. I am forced to

* *Older than Japetus,*] According to Heſiod (ſee his Theogony) Love was the oldeſt of all the Gods, ſprung from Chaos, and coeval with Earth and Heaven.

make

make uſe of ſtratagems to get poſſeſſion of them, and to diſguiſe myſelf: they are fond of the Bull, or the Swan, perhaps; but when I appear in my own ſhape, are ready to die with fear.

CUPID.

And well they may; mere mortals cannot bear the ſight of Jove.

JUPITER.

How came Apollo to be ſo much beloved by Branchus and Hyacinthus?

CUPID.

Daphne, however, ran away from him, though he had ſuch fine locks, and no beard; but if you want to be amiable, you muſt not ſhake your dreadful ægis, nor carry your thunder with you, but make yourſelf as agreeable as you can; let your hair down of each ſide, and tie it with a ribbon; wear a purple veſt, put on your gold ſandals, and walk in meaſured pace to the ſound of tabor and pipe: then will you be followed by the women, as Bacchus was by the Mænades, and have as many after you.

JUPITER.

Away with you; I would not wiſh to be loved on ſuch conditions.

CUPID.

Then you muſt not fall in love, Jupiter; that is eaſily ſettled.

JUPITER.

Not ſo neither; I muſt be in love, and happy in it, but at a cheaper rate; and on that account you are free.

DIALOGUE XXV.

JUPITER AND GANYMEDE.

JUPITER.

NOW, Ganymede, for we are come to our journey's end, kiſs me; you will find, I have no crooked beak, or ſharp talons, or wings, as I had when I put on the appearance of a bird.

GANYMEDE.

Were not you an eagle juſt now? and did not you fly down and take me up from the midſt of my flock? and now you are a man; your wings are off, and you ſeem quite another creature.

JUPITER.

JUPITER.

It is not a man, child, that you ſee before you, nor an eagle; for know, I am the king of all the gods, and only transformed myſelf for a time.

GANYMEDE

What ſay you? are you * Pan? how happens it you have not your pipe? that you are without horns, and your thighs not hairy?

JUPITER.

Do you think there is no other god but him?

GANYMEDE.

No; we have juſt now ſacrificed a he-goat to him; as for you, you ſeem to me to be nothing but a kidnapper.

JUPITER.

Did you never hear of Jupiter, he that rains, and thunders, and lightens, nor ſee the altar erected to him in Gargarus?

GANYMEDE.

And are you he that ſhowered down the hail upon us ſo plentifully, who are ſaid to inhabit the ſky above us, and make ſo much noiſe, the ſame that my father ſacrificed a ram to? and what injury had I done you, O king of the gods, that you ſhould run away with me in this manner? the wolves, perhaps, by this time, have ſtolen my ſheep, now they are left alone.

JUPITER.

Can you, that are made immortal, and the companion of Jupiter, think any longer about ſheep?

GANYMEDE.

How is that? Won't you carry me back to-day to Mount Ida?

JUPITER.

What! and ſo turn myſelf into an eagle for nothing! No, no; that I ſhall not, indeed.

GANYMEDE.

Then my father will miſs me, and be angry, and I ſhall be beat for leaving my flock.

JUPITER.

But how will he find you?

* *Are you Pan, &c.*] It was very natural for a ſhepherd's boy to imagine there could be no other god but Pan, the tutelary deity of the plain. The characteriſtic innocence and ſimplicity of Ganymede, are well preſerved throughout this Dialogue.

GANYMEDE.

GANYMEDE.

Never: I wiſh I was with him. If you will let me go, I promiſe you he ſhall ſacrifice another ram to you in return for my freedom; we have got a large one at home, three years old, the leader of the flock.

JUPITER.

How ſimple and ingenuous this ſweet boy is! For the future, Ganymede, you muſt forget your flock, and bid adieu to Mount Ida: henceforth you muſt reſide in heaven, and from thence diſpenſe bleſſings on your father, and your country: inſtead of milk and cheeſe, you ſhall eat ambroſia, and drink nectar, miniſtering them yourſelf to us, and to the reſt of the gods; and, more than all this, you ſhall no longer be a man, but an immortal; I will make you one of the moſt beautiful of the ſtars; you ſhall be ſupremely happy.

GANYMEDE.

And if I want to play, who ſhall I have to play with me? on Mount Ida I had a great many play-fellows.

JUPITER.

You ſhall have little Cupid to keep you company, and a quantity of play-things; only be eaſy and chearful, and think no more of things below.

GANYMEDE.

Of what ſervice can I be to you? muſt I keep ſheep here too?

JUPITER.

No, you muſt ſerve at feaſts, and take care of the nectar.

GANYMEDE.

That will be eaſy enough, for I know how to pour out milk, and hand the cup about amongſt the ſhepherds.

JUPITER. [*Aſide.*

Now is he thinking of his milk, and that he is to ſerve men—I tell you, child, this is heaven, and here we drink nothing but nectar.

GANYMEDE.

Pray, Jupiter, is that ſweeter than milk?

JUPITER.

You will know in a little time; when you have once taſted that, you will not wiſh for milk any more.

GANYMEDE.

And where am I to ſleep o' nights? with my play-fellow, Cupid?

JUPITER.

JUPITER.

No; I ſtole you away on purpoſe that you might ſleep with me.

GANYMEDE.

And cannot you ſleep as well alone; can I make your ſleep ſweeter?

JUPITER.

Certainly; ſo beautiful as you are.

GANYMEDE.

How can beauty make any one ſleep better?

JUPITER.

O it has ſomething delightful in it, and makes our reſt ſofter, and more agreeable.

GANYMEDE.

Why, my father was angry when I ſlept with him, and ſaid, I diſturbed his reſt, with tumbling about, kicking, and talking in my ſleep, and uſed frequently to ſend me to bed with my mother; it is time, therefore, if you took me for this, as you ſay, to carry me back to earth again, or you will ſuffer, by laying awake; for I ſhall diſturb you perpetually with turning and toſſing.

JUPITER.

So much the better; I warrant we ſhall find ſomething to divert us.

GANYMEDE.

You may, but I ſhall go to ſleep.

JUPITER.

We ſhall ſee what is to be done; in the mean time, do you, Mercury, take him hence; let him quaff immortality, that he may be qualified to ſerve us; and be ſure, teach him how to hand the cup.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

NEPTUNE AND MERCURY.

NEPTUNE.

PRAY, Mercury, may I ſpeak with Jupiter?

MERCURY.

Not now, Neptune.

NEPTUNE.

Only tell him I am here.

MERCURY.

I tell you, you muſt not trouble him, it is not convenient, and you cannot ſee him at preſent.

NEPTUNE.

Is he with Juno?

MERCURY.

No: quite another affair.

NEPTUNE.

I underſtand you. Ganymede, I ſuppoſe.

MERCURY.

No: he is out of order.

NEPTUNE.

How is this, Mercury? You alarm me, what is the matter?

MERCURY.

It is really ſuch a thing, I am aſhamed to tell you.

NEPTUNE.

O never be aſhamed to tell your uncle.

MERCURY.

He is juſt now brought to bed.

NEPTUNE.

Ridiculous! Who is the father, pray? I did not know he was an hermaphrodite.

MERCURY.

You will never gueſs whence the child came.

NEPTUNE.

From his head, I ſuppoſe; another Minerva: he has a fertile brain.

MERCURY.

Not ſo, Neptune: it is a child of Semele's, that he has hid in his * thigh.

NEPTUNE.

Generouſly done, indeed. Why, he is pregnant in every part of his body. But who is this Semele?

MERCURY.

A Theban woman, one of the daughters of Cadmus; he had an affair with her, and ſhe proved with child.

* *In his thigh, &c.*] This ridiculous fable of Jupiter's thigh is to be met with in Heſiod, Theocritus, and many other ancient writers, though too abſurd, one ſhould imagine, to be believed by any of them. Even the ſtory-loving Ovid introduces it with a *ſi credere dignum.*

NEP-

NEPTUNE.

And ſo he lays in inſtead of her.

MERCURY.

Even ſo, Neptune, as abſurd as it may appear to you. Juno came ſlily over her (you know how jealous ſhe is), and perſuaded her to requeſt of Jupiter that he would come to her with all his thunder and lightning about him. She liſtened to her advice; and when Jove came, his lightning ſet the houſe on fire, and burned Semele in the midſt of it. He ordered me at the ſame time to take the child out of her, for ſhe was ſeven months gone, and bring it to him, which I did, and he immediately put it into his thigh, and kept it till the proper time of its birth; and now, the other * three months being elapſed, he is brought to bed of it, and is very weak and languid after his labour.

NEPTUNE.

And what is become of the child?

MERCURY.

I carried it to Nyſa, to be nurſed by the nymphs; and it is to be named Dionyſius.

NEPTUNE.

So he is father and mother too.

MERCURY.

So it ſeems: but I muſt be gone, and get ſome water to waſh him, and other things neceſſary for a perſon in his condition.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

JUPITER AND JUNO.

JUNO.

SINCE you brought up that Phrygian boy from mount Ida, you take no notice of me.

* *Three months,*] My author, if I underſtand him aright, ſeems here to be a little out in his reckoning. He tells us, a few lines above, that the child was, το Εμβρυον επταμηναιον, a ſeven months child, conſequently the mother was, as I have tranſlated it, ſeven months gone, and now he ſays, Τριτω μηνι εξετεκεν αυτο, three months afterwards Jupiter brought him forth; ſo that this extraordinary child was ten months getting into the world; which, I believe, is rather longer than uſual. I know not how to reconcile this, but ſuppoſing that by Επταμηναιον, Lucian meant that Semele was juſt entered into the ſeventh month of her pregnancy; how to make ſenſe of it any other way is, I muſt own, to make uſe of a midwife's phraſe on this ſubject, paſt my *conception*.

JUPITER.

So, it ſeems, you are jealous of that ſimple lad, who, I am ſure, has no harm in him. I thought you were only uneaſy about the women that kept company with me.

JUNO.

You ought to be aſhamed of that: it ill becomes the king of the gods to leave his lawful wife, and go down to earth to play the fool in the ſhape of a bull, or a bit of gold. The women, however, ſtay below, but this boy, from Ida, is brought up here to live with us, to be put over my head, and to be your cup-bearer, it ſeems. Were you ſo much in want of one? Are Hebe and Vulcan tired of their office? But his kiſſes are ſweeter than the nectar, and you are always taſting one for the ſake of the other, and in the ſight of every body: I have ſeen you take the cup from him, and kiſs the brim where he drank; lay by your ægis and your thunder, and ſit playing with him, you with your long beard, the king of gods and men: do not flatter yourſelf that you are undiſcovered, for I have been an eye-witneſs of it.

JUPITER.

And where was the harm of it? If I would let him kiſs you, you would not complain.

JUNO.

You talk like what you are: do you think I would permit a Phrygian boy to have any thing to ſay to me?

JUPITER.

No reflections on my taſte, I deſire, for I think him — but I will ſay no more.

JUNO.

I wiſh you had married him inſtead of me. I am ſure you have affronted me often enough on his account.

JUPITER.

You would have your ſon Vulcan, I ſuppoſe, in his place, hopping about, coming red hot from his furnace, with the aſhes all over him, to give us the cup out of his black fingers, and have me kiſs thoſe ſooty lips, which even you, who are his mother, cannot touch: a pretty cup-bearer for the feaſt of the gods. Ganymede, in the mean time, muſt be ſent back to Ida, becauſe he is neat and clean, has roſy fingers, and hands the cup about moſt dexterouſly: and, what to you is worſe than all, has ſweet lips.

JUNO.

JUNO.

It is only ſince this delicate boy came that Vulcan is ſo lame, ſo black and ſooty, that you ſicken at him: formerly you did not perceive all this: his aſhes and his furnace did not uſe to hinder your taking the cup from him.

JUPITER.

You only make yourſelf unhappy, Juno, by this ill temper; and your jealouſy but contributes more to eſtrange my affection from you. If you do not like to receive the cup from this beautiful youth, let your ſon give it you. You, Ganymede, and you only ſhall hand it to me; and what is more, I will have a kiſs when you give it, and when you take it away from me. Why theſe tears? child, do not be afraid: whoever affronts you ſhall ſuffer for it.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

DORIS AND GALATEA.

DORIS.

A MOST beautiful lover, Galatea, that * Sicilian ſhepherd of your's.

GALATEA.

Let us have none of your ſcoffing, Doris, he is the ſon of Neptune, be he what he will.

DORIS.

What ſignifies it if he was the ſon of Jove, rough and hairy as he is, and, what is moſt ſhocking of all, with but one eye: will his birth add to his beauty?

GALATEA.

His being rough and ruſtic, as you call him, does not make him deformed, it is the more manly; and as to the one eye in his forehead, he can ſee as well as with two.

DORIS.

Polypheme, it ſeems then, as you paint him, is not a lover only, but beloved.

GALATEA.

Not ſo neither; but I cannot bear to hear you abuſe him: you only do

* *Sicilian ſhepherd,*] Polypheme. It does not appear, as I remember, from the teſtimony of any other writer, that Galatea was fond of Polypheme; who, as the ſtory is generally related, ſlew her lover, Acis: but Lucian probably imagined, if a fib muſt be told, he had as good a right as another to tell it his own way.

it

it from envy, becauſe, when he was feeding his flock, and ſaw us playing on the ſhore, at the foot of Ætna, he took no notice of you, but caſt his eye on me only, as the handſomeſt: that, I know, vexes you; as it was a certain ſign that I appeared the moſt worthy of his affection, and you were neglected.

DORIS.

Do you think I envy you the conqueſt of your blind ſhepherd? I do not know any thing he could like you for, but your white ſkin; that, I ſuppoſe, he is fond of, becauſe he is uſed to milk and cheeſe, and any thing that is like them he eſteems beautiful. If you look at yourſelf in the water when it is calm, you will find nothing in that face of your's ſo very ſtriking, except the whiteneſs; and there is no beauty in that, without a little red to ſet it off.

GALATEA.

My * white ſkin, however, has got me a lover. I do not hear either ſhepherd, ſailor, or boatman praiſing any of your beauties; but my Polyphemus, not to mention any thing elſe, is muſical.

DORIS.

Say no more of that, Galatea, I beſeech you; I heard him ſing the other day; when he came to ſerenade you, my dear Venus, one would have taken it for the braying of an aſs. His harp was like a ſtag's head, with the fleſh taken off: the horns ſtuck out like two elbows: to this the ſtrings were tied on without any pegs, he began ſomething upon it very harſh and inharmonious, playing one thing, and ſinging another, in ſuch a manner that we could not help laughing at his love ditty. Echo, as fond as ſhe is of talking, would not anſwer to his brawling: ſhe would have been aſhamed of repeating his harſh and ridiculous ſing-ſong. At the ſame time, I remember he carried his little darling in his arms, a bear's whelp, a rough hairy thing, juſt like himſelf: O Galatea, who would not envy you ſuch a lover?

GALATEA.

Shew me, Doris, one of your own who is handſomer, or can ſing and play better.

DORIS.

I have no lovers, nor do I want to have any: but as for your Cyclops, who ſmells like a goat, eats raw fleſh, and, as they tell me, devours all

* *My white ſkin,*] She was called Galatea, from γαλα, milk, on account of the whiteneſs of her ſkin.

the

the ſtrangers that come near him, take him to yourſelf, if you pleaſe, and give him love for love.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

JUPITER AND JUNO.

JUNO.

WHAT think you, Jupiter, of this Ixion?

JUPITER.

That he is a very honeſt fellow, and a good companion; if he was not, I ſhould not admit him to my table.

JUNO.

He ought never to have been admitted, for his inſolence; and I beg he may be ſuffered there no longer.

JUPITER.

What has he done, then? for I muſt know it.

JUNO.

It is fit you ſhould; and yet it is ſuch a thing, I am aſhamed to tell you.

JUPITER.

The worſe it is, the more neceſſary it ſhould be known: has he attempted to debauch any of you? for I ſuppoſe it is ſome ſuch affair, by your being aſhamed to mention it.

JUNO.

Only me myſelf: he has been endeavouring it a long time: at firſt I could not think what he meant, by fixing his eyes perpetually on me; ſometimes he would ſigh, and weep; and when I drank, and gave the cup to Ganymede, he would deſire to drink out of it, and kiſs the brim; then hold it before him, and look at me again, till I perceived it muſt be love, and frequently intended to have told you of it, but hoped the man's frenzy would have gone off: at laſt, when he had the impudence to ſolicit me, and to weep, and kneel at my feet, I ſhut my ears, that I might not hear his impudent ſpeeches, left him, and came to aquaint you with it.

JUPITER.

Indeed! an execrable villain, to attack my Juno! he muſt certainly have been drunk with nectar; but it is my own fault, to be ſo exceſſively fond of mortals, and make them my companions; they ought, therefore, to be pardoned,

pardoned, if, drinking the ſame divine liquor as we do, and then gazing on heavenly beauties, and ſuch as they never meet with below, they ſhould fall in love with them. Love, you know, is a violent paſſion, and ſubdues not only men, but ſometimes even us, gods, alſo.

JUNO.

He is your maſter indeed, entirely; carries, drives, and, as they ſay, * leads you by the noſe, wherever he pleaſes: you follow him about, and transform yourſelf into any thing, as he commands you; in ſhort, you are his property, and his laughing-ſtock; and now, I ſuppoſe, are willing to pardon Ixion, becauſe you were as fond of his wife, by whom you had † Pirithous.

JUPITER.

Still muſt you be reproaching me for my boy's tricks on earth! as to this Ixion, I would not have him puniſhed, nor turned from my table; that would be wrong; but if he is in love with you, and, as you ſay, ſighs and ſobs, and is really miſerable——

JUNO.

What then, Jupiter? now am I afraid you are going to ſay ſomething ſhocking.

JUPITER.

By no means; but, after ſupper, when he is lying awake, as probably he will be, thinking of you, we will dreſs up a cloud in your likeneſs, and carry it to bed to him; thus, imagining that he has enjoyed what he wiſhed for, he will be no longer unhappy.

JUNO.

Fie, fie, Jupiter! and ſo, inſtead of puniſhing him for deſiring what is ſo much above him, you would reward him for it.

JUPITER.

Nay, but, good Juno, conſent to it; what harm can the trick do you, if Ixion lies with a cloud?

JUNO.

But he'll take the cloud for me, and enjoy it in my likeneſs.

* *Leads you by the noſe.*] This is a literal tranſlation, and one of thoſe phraſes which we have naturalized from the Greek. The viſible and happy analogy between that language and our own, need not be pointed out to the learned reader; and is certainly no unfortunate circumſtance for a tranſlator.

† *Pirithous.*] Ixion married Dia, the daughter of Dianeus. I do not recollect that any writer, except Lucian and Hyginus, mention this intrigue between Jupiter and Ixion, his own ſon's wife. That reverend father of the heathen gods had ſurely enough to anſwer for, without this additional crime: but, as our proverb ſays, Give a dog an ill name——

JUPITER.

JUPITER.

What ſignifies that? the cloud will never be Juno, nor Juno a cloud; Ixion alone will be deceived.

JUNO.

True: but mortals are all inſolent; and when he returns to earth, perhaps he will boaſt of his ſucceſs with Juno, and that he has rivalled Jove; nay, for aught I know, may ſay, I am fond of him, which thoſe, who do not know it was only a cloud, will very poſſibly believe.

JUPITER.

If he ſays any ſuch thing, he ſhall ſuffer ſeverely for his paſſion; for I'll ſend him to the infernal regions, where he ſhall be tied to a wheel, which he ſhall roll round upon with never-ceaſing labour.

JUNO.

And little puniſhment enough for ſuch a braggard.

DIALOGUE XXX.

MERCURY AND THE SUN.

MERCURY.

SUN, by command of Jupiter, you are not to drive your chariot to-day, nor to-morrow, nor the day after, but ſtay within; and, in the mean time, let it be one continual night; therefore let your Hours take off the horſes, and do you put out your fire, and be quiet for ſome time.

SUN.

Mercury, this is moſt ſtrange and ſurpriſing news you bring; have I done amiſs, or gone out of the way, that he is angry with me, and has determined to make the night three times longer than the day?

MERCURY.

No ſuch thing; nor is it to be always ſo; but he has a particular occaſion for a longer night than ordinary.

SUN.

And where is he now? and where did you leave him, when you came with this meſſage to me?

MERCURY.

In Bœotia, with Amphitryon's wife.

SUN.

So he is in love with her, and one night is not enough for him.

MERCURY.

By no means; from this conjunction is to ariſe a great, and ever-victorious hero, an all-conquering god; and that can never be done in one night.

SUN.

May the great work be brought to perfection, I ſay! Succeſs attend them! but theſe things, Mercury, between ourſelves, did not uſe to be done in the days of Saturn. He never neglected his wife Rhea, nor left heaven to go and ſleep at Thebes. Day was day then, and night had her proper number of hours; nothing was altered, or put out of the common courſe; nor had he ever any affairs with mortal women: but now, for the ſake of this ſtrumpet, every thing muſt be turned topſy-turvy; my horſes, for want of work, will grow reſtiff, and the road hard to travel in, by not being uſed for three days; poor mortals muſt live in darkneſs all the time; this comes of Jupiter's amours; there muſt they ſit, waiting the whole long night, till this fame hero you talk of is perfectly finiſhed.

MERCURY.

Say no more, Phœbus, leſt you ſuffer for it. I muſt go to the Moon, and tell her, by Jupiter's command, to march ſlowly; and then away to Somnus, and order him to keep mortals faſt, that they may not know how long the night is.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

VENUS AND LUNA.

VENUS.

WHAT is this, Luna, that we hear of you? It is reported, that, as often as you come to Caria, you ſtop your chariot to look at Endymion, the hunter, as he lays ſleeping there; nay, and ſometimes in the middle of your journey, alight, and come down to him.

LUNA.

Aſk your ſon, Venus, for he is the cauſe of it.

VENUS.

Very likely, for he is a miſchievous rogue: what tricks has he played with me, his own mother! Sometimes carrying me to Ida, in ſearch of Trojan

Trojan Anchiſes; ſometimes to Libanus, after that * Aſſyrian boy, whom he has made in love with Proſerpine, and ſo cheated me of half his affection: I have often threatened him, if he do not leave off, to break his bow and arrows, and clip his wings: but the other day I tickled him with my ſlipper for it: at firſt he is mighty fearful and ſuppliant, but very ſoon forgets it. But, tell me, is this Endymion handſome? for that, you know, would be ſome conſolation.

LUNA.

To me, I confeſs, he appears charming, eſpecially when, throwing his garment on the rock, he goes to ſleep, his arrows in his left hand, that ſeem dropping from him, and his right ſupporting his head, and giving new luſtre to his beautiful face: his breath, as he ſleeps, is ſweeter than ambroſia: then come I down, as ſoftly as poſſible, and treading on my tip-toes, that I may not wake and diſturb him. You know the reſt; in ſhort, I am dying for love of him.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

MERCURY AND APOLLO.

MERCURY.

IS it not wonderful, Apollo, this limping, low mechanic, Vulcan, ſhould marry two ſuch pretty wives as Venus and † Aglaia?

APOLLO.

It is ſtrange good fortune, indeed, Mercury: but what I wonder at is, that they will have any thing to ſay to him, when they ſee him ſweating at the forge, and his face all black with ſoot, and yet they can kiſs and embrace him.

MERCURY.

This vexes me, and I cannot help envying him: you, Apollo, are proud of your fine hair, your beauty, and your ſkill on the harp: I, of my health, ſtrength, and lyre: and yet we muſt ſleep alone.

* *Aſſyrian boy,*] Adonis. Diana's boar ſent him to hell, where Proſerpine fell in love with him: Venus intreated that he might return to earth, but the infernal goddeſs would not part with him, and it was determined at laſt, to make both parties eaſy, that he ſhould divide his time between them.

† *Aglaia,*] The eldeſt of the three Graces: the poets have married her to Vulcan, probably, becauſe the works of that ingenious artiſt might be conſidered as graceful, though his perſon was not ſo.

APOLLO.

I, for my part, have been always unfortunate in my amours: of the two I loved moſt, one ran away from me, and choſe rather to be turned into a tree than have any concern with me, and the other was killed accidentally by myſelf, and now I wear garlands for them.

MERCURY.

Once upon a time Venus was kind to me; but I ſhould not brag of it.

APOLLO.

I know it: Hermaphroditus, they ſay, was the iſſue of it: but tell me, if you can, how happens it that Venus and Aglaia are not jealous of each other?

MERCURY.

Becauſe one dwells at Lemnos with him, and the other reſides in heaven: beſides, Venus is engaged with Mars, and is fond of him; ſhe troubles her head therefore very little about this blackſmith.

APOLLO.

And does Vulcan know it, think you?

MERCURY.

He does; but what can he do? ſeeing his rival is a noble youth, and a ſoldier too: wherefore he holds his peace; though he talks, indeed, ſometimes of making a net to catch them.

APOLLO.

I do not know any thing of that, but I am ſure it is a net I ſhould wiſh to be caught in.

DIALOGUE XXXIII.

APOLLO AND MERCURY.

APOLLO.

What are you laughing at, Mercury?

MERCURY.

Something which I have ſeen, Apollo, that is truly ridiculous.

APOLLO.

Tell me what it is, I beſeech you, that I may laugh with you.

MERCURY.

Mars and Venus are caught together. Vulcan has caught them in a net.

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

How, pray? This is delightful.

MERCURY.

He had watched them, I ſuppoſe, ſome time, and when they were retired together, threw the net over them, and went away to his forge. Mars thought himſelf ſafe, but he was ſeen, and Vulcan told of it, who came immediately. Venus bluſhed: Mars at firſt endeavoured to eſcape, and imagined he could break the cords, but finding there were no hopes of getting off, began to beg and intreat.

APOLLO.

And did Vulcan let them go?

MERCURY.

No; but called all the gods together, and expoſed them: they bluſhed, and looked down: it was a moſt diverting ſight.

APOLLO.

But was not the ſmith aſhamed thus to expoſe his wife's folly?

MERCURY.

No, by Jove, but ſtood laughing at them. I muſt own, I envied Mars the happineſs of ſo intimate a connection with a goddeſs of ſuch beauty.

APOLLO.

And would you deſire to be ſo caught?

MERCURY.

Would not you? Only come and look at them, and if you do not wiſh the ſame, then ſhall I admire you, indeed.

DIALOGUE XXXIV.

PAN AND MERCURY.

PAN.

HEALTH to my father Mercury.

MERCURY.

Health to you: but how came I to be your father?

PAN.

Are not you Cyllenian Mercury?

MERCURY.

Moſt certainly: but how are you my ſon?

PAN.

PAN.

O, a natural one, the offspring of love.

MERCURY.

The offspring of a he-goat rather: how can you be mine, with thoſe horns, ſuch a noſe, a ſhaggy beard, cloven feet, and a tail at your rump?

PAN.

When you reproach me, you reproach your own ſon, or rather yourſelf, for getting ſuch children: it was not my fault.

MERCURY.

Who was your mother, pray; had I ever an intrigue with a goat?

PAN.

Never: but recollect whether you did not, once upon a time, ſeduce a free woman in Arcadia. Why do you bite your fingers, and heſitate ſo long? You muſt remember Penelope, the daughter of Icarius.

MERCURY.

How happened it then, that inſtead of having a child reſembling me, ſhe brought forth one like a goat?

PAN.

I will repeat you her own words, when ſhe ſent me into Arcadia: Know, child, ſaid ſhe, I, Penelope of Sparta, am thy mother: the god Mercury, ſon of Jove and Maia, is thy father. Let it not trouble thee that thou art horned, and haſt goat's feet; for thy father, when he and I were firſt intimate together, aſſumed the form of a goat to conceal himſelf, and therefore it is you are ſo like one.

MERCURY.

By Jupiter, now I remember it well: and muſt I then, at laſt, who am ſo proud of my fine form, and having no beard, be called your father, and be laughed at for my beautiful offspring?

PAN.

After all, father, I ſhall be no diſgrace to you; I am an excellent muſician, and can ſing and play on the pipe moſt delightfully: Bacchus can do nothing without me: I am his companion, and brother-dancer, and lead the chorus for him. It would give you pleaſure to ſee the flocks which I have about Tegæa, and Parthenium. I command all Arcadia. I behaved ſo well lately, when I aſſiſted the Athenians at Marathon, that they gave me, in reward of my valour, the cave at the bottom of the great tower: and if

you

you go to * Athens, you will ſee in how great eſtimation the name of Pan is there.

MERCURY.

Are you married, pray? for that, I ſuppoſe too, they have inſiſted on.

PAN.

No: I am too amorous for that, and ſhould never be contented with one.

MERCURY.

You are very great then, I imagine, with the ſhe-goats.

PAN.

You are pleaſed to jeer at me: but I have had favours from Echo, Pitys, and all the Mænades, and am in high eſteem with every one of them.

MERCURY.

One requeſt, my ſon, as the firſt I ever made to you, you muſt comply with.

PAN.

Command, my father, and you ſhall be obeyed.

MERCURY.

Come hither then, and kiſs me, but be ſure you never call me father before any body.

DIALOGUE XXXV.

APOLLO AND BACCHUS.

APOLLO.

COULD one ever think, Bacchus, that Cupid, Hermaphroditus, and Priapus were brothers, ſo different as they are both in their form and manners? The firſt, moſt beautiful, an excellent archer, endowed with no ſmall power, and ruling, as it were, over all things; the ſecond, an effeminate creature, half man, half woman, with ſuch an ambiguous countenance, that you can hardly tell whether he is boy or girl; and the third, ſo much more of a man than he ought to be.

BACCHUS.

Wonder not, Apollo, nor think it the fault of Venus, who had them by different fathers. Beſides, that thoſe who are born of the ſame father and

* *To Athens,*] There is an epigram, attributed to Simonides, on the ſtatue of Pan, alluding to this circumſtance. See alſo Pauſanias.

mother

mother frequently differ, one is a boy and the other a girl, like you and your ſiſter.

APOLLO.

True: but we are alike, and our inclinations are the ſame; we are both archers.

BACCHUS.

With regard to your bow, I grant it, but that is not a perfect ſimilitude. Diana kills ſtrangers amongſt the Scythians, whilſt you prophecy, and heal the ſick.

APOLLO.

Do you think my ſiſter takes any pleaſure amongſt theſe Scythians? She deteſts their cruelty, and only dreſſed herſelf in that manner, that if any Grecian came to Tauris, ſhe might ſail away with him, and leave it.

BACCHUS.

There ſhe was right: but this Priapus (for I muſt tell you ſomething very ridiculous, that happened to me at Lampſacus), when I came into the city, he received me very hoſpitably; but when we had retired to reſt, after drinking pretty freely, the noble Priapus, riſing at midnight—but I am aſhamed to go on.

APOLLO.

He did not attack you?

BACCHUS.

Something like it.

APOLLO.

And what ſaid you?

BACCHUS.

Only laughed at him: what could I elſe?

APOLLO.

You were right not to be rough or angry with him: ſo handſome as you are, it was very pardonable.

BACCHUS.

For that he ſhould rather have attacked you; you are beautiful, and have ſuch fine hair, that he might have been excuſed, even though he had been ſober.

APOLLO.

He will not meddle with me, becauſe he knows, beſides my fine hair, I have a bow, and arrows alſo.

DIALOGUE XXXVI.

NEPTUNE AND ALPHEUS.

NEPTUNE.

HOW happens it, Alpheus, that you alone, of all the rivers that run into the ſea, never mix with the ſalt water, as others do, nor ceaſe flowing, though your waters are ſo widely diffuſed, but ſtill, as if bound in ice, keep on your courſe, pure and unmixed, through the ocean; ſometimes, like the gulls and herons, you dive into the deep, and riſe up again.

ALPHEUS.

It is a * love affair, Neptune, and therefore you will pardon me, as you are yourſelf no ſtranger to that paſſion.

NEPTUNE.

Is it a woman, a Nymph, or a Nereid that you are in love with?

ALPHEUS.

Neither, but a fountain.

NEPTUNE.

And where flows ſhe?

ALPHEUS.

In the iſland of Sicily: her name is Arethuſa.

NEPTUNE.

I know her, and ſhe is not ugly; it is a pure limpid fountain, and, as it glides over the pebbles, ſhines like ſilver.

ALPHEUS.

I ſee you know it well: thither I am now going.

NEPTUNE.

Away then, and ſucceſs attend you! but where could you ſee Arethuſa, you an Arcadian, and ſhe in Sicily?

ALPHEUS.

You delay me, Neptune, with aſking impertinent queſtions.

NEPTUNE.

I do ſo; therefore begone to your miſtreſs, riſe from the ſea, mix with your beloved fountain, and become one river.

* *A love affair,*] When the Greeks came into Sicily, they met with a river of the ſame name, or pretty near it, as one which they had been well acquainted with in their own country; without enquiring into the cauſe of this, they carried the river all under the ſea, and their poets ſoon worked it up into a love ſtory, which makes the ſubject of this dialogue.

DIALOGUE XXXVII.

NEPTUNE, A TRITON, AND AMYMONE.

TRITON.

NEPTUNE, there comes every day to Lerna, for water, a moſt beautiful virgin, I think I never ſaw a handſomer.

NEPTUNE.

A free woman, think you, or a ſlave uſed to draw water?

TRITON.

O no: ſhe is one of the fifty daughters of Danaus, and her name, for I enquired after her, is Amymone. Danaus brings up his daughters hardily, makes them work, ſends them to draw water, and do other things, that they may never be idle.

NEPTUNE.

And comes ſhe alone ſo long a way as from Argos to Lerna?

TRITON.

Always by herſelf. Argos, you know, is very dry, and they are perpetually wanting water for it.

NEPTUNE.

Triton, you affect me ſtrangely with the ſtory of this girl: let us go and ſee her.

TRITON.

With all my heart; this is the time of her coming for water; ſhe is now about half way to Lerna.

NEPTUNE.

Get the chariot ready then, or if it will take up too much time to put the horſes too, get me one of the ſwifteſt dolphins to ride upon, that I may be with her as ſoon as poſſible.

TRITON.

Here is one of the nimbleſt for you.

NEPTUNE.

Away then, let us be gone; you, Triton, may ſwim thither.—And now we are at Lerna, here will I lay in wait for her, do you watch, and let me know when you ſee her coming.

TRITON.

There ſhe is, juſt by you.

NEP-

NEPTUNE.

Beautiful, indeed, ſhe is, Triton, and in the flower of her age; we muſt ſeize upon her.

AMYMONE.

What are you about, man, and whether would you carry me? You are ſome robber, I ſuppoſe, ſent by my uncle Ægyptus; but I will call to my father.

TRITON.

Huſh, Amymone: this is Neptune.

AMYMONE.

What do you talk to me of Neptune for; why am I forced thus, and carried into the ſea? O, I ſhall be drowned!

NEPTUNE.

Take courage: no harm ſhall come to you: I will ſtrike the rock with my trident, and command a fountain to iſſue from hence, that ſhall bear your name: you alone ſhall be happy after death, and no longer be condemned to fetch water as your ſiſters are.

DIALOGUE XXXVIII.

NOTUS AND ZEPHYRUS.

NOTUS.

IS that * heifer, Zephyrus, which Mercury is conducting by ſea to Ægypt, the ſame that Jupiter fell in love with?

ZEPHYRUS.

Yes, Notus; ſhe was not a heifer then, but the daughter of the river Inachus: Juno, out of jealouſy, metamorphoſed her, becauſe ſhe ſaw Jupiter ſo much enamoured with her.

NOTUS.

And is he as fond of her, now ſhe is turned into a cow?

ZEPHYRUS.

Juſt the ſame; and for that reaſon has ſent her into Ægypt, and ordered us not to diſturb the ſea till ſhe has ſwam over it, and when ſhe is brought to bed, for ſhe is big with child already, ſhe and her ſon are both to be made † deities.

* *That heifer*, &c.] Io, daughter of the river Inachus.

† *Deities*,] Her ſon, Epaphus, was a king of Ægypt, reported to have ſprung from Oſiris, the Ægyptian Jupiter. Io was worſhipped under the name of Iſis. See Bryant's Mythology.

NOTUS.

A cow to be made a goddeſs!

ZEPHYRUS.

Even ſo, Notus; and, Mercury ſays, is to preſide over mariners, and to be our miſtreſs, and we muſt blow or not as ſhe commands us.

NOTUS.

By Jove then, Zephyrus, it well becomes us to pay our court to her, that ſhe may be the kinder to us.

ZEPHYRUS.

See, ſhe is got over, and ſwam to land; obſerve, ſhe no longer goes on four feet, Mercury has changed her into a moſt beautiful woman.

NOTUS.

This is wonderful, indeed, Zephyrus: ſhe has no horns or tail, or cloven feet, but looks like a charming girl: and ſee, Mercury is changed too, and inſtead of appearing as a youth, has put on the face of a dog.

ZEPHYRUS.

Well, do not let us be too curious: he knows beſt what he is about.

DIALOGUE XXXIX.

NEPTUNE AND ENIPEUS.

ENIPEUS.

IT was not handſome of you, Neptune, for I will ſpeak the truth, to come in my ſhape, and ſeduce my miſtreſs: ſhe * took you for me, and therefore complied.

* *Took you for me, &c.*] Enipeus was a river, which took its ſource from a village near Salmone, in the neighbourhood of the ocean.

As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
The monarch of the deep beholds, and loves;
In her Enipeus' form, and borrow'd charms,
The am'rous god deſcends into her arms.

See Pope's tranſlation of the Odyſſey, book xi. l. 287.

The good biſhop Euſtathius makes the following obſervation on this paſſage: "It was cuſtomary, (ſays he) for young virgins to reſort frequently to rivers, to bathe in them; and the ancients have very well explained theſe fables about the intercourſe between them and the water-gods. "Receive my virginity, O Scamander," ſays a lady; but it is very apparent who this Scamander was; her lover, Cymon, lay concealed in the reeds. This was a good excuſe for female frailty in an age of credulity."

I do not remember that this little piece of gallantry, between Neptune and Miſs Tyro, has attracted the notice of any ancient writer except Homer and Lucian.

NEP-

NEPTUNE.

Enipeus, you were too proud and indifferent, to treat ſo fine a girl, who came every day after, and was fond of you, with ſuch contempt, and to give her ſo much uneaſineſs; ſhe pined and wandered about the ſhore, and uſed to waſh there, in hopes of lighting on you, and you deceived her.

ENIPEUS.

And ought you, therefore, to have ſtolen my love, to put on the form of Enipeus, and delude my ſimple Tyro?

NEPTUNE.

Enipeus, you were indifferent before, and now, it is too late, you grow jealous: but the girl is never the worſe for it, as ſhe miſtook me for you.

ENIPEUS.

How ſo? You told her, when you came away, that you were Neptune, which made her miſerable: I, in the mean time, am baſely wronged, and you enjoyed that happineſs which ought to have been mine, and, covered by the purple flood, poſſeſſed my beloved girl.

NEPTUNE.

You, Enipeus, pleaſe to remember, thought fit to reject her.

DIALOGUE XL.

ZEPHYRUS, AND NOTUS.

ZEPHYRUS.

NEVER, Notus, ſince I firſt began to blow over the ſea, did I behold a ſight ſo magnificent: did you ſee it?

NOTUS.

What ſight do you mean, Zephyrus, and who preſented it?

ZEPHYRUS.

O you have loſt the fineſt ſpectacle, and ſuch as may never be ſeen again!

NOTUS.

I have been blowing over the Red Sea, and part of India, and know nothing about what you are talking of.

ZEPHYRUS.

You know Agenor?

NOTUS.

Yes, Europa's father: what of him?

ZEPHYRUS.

It is of her I mean to ſpeak.

NOTUS.

That Jupiter is in love with her, I knew before.

ZEPHYRUS.

I know you did; but attend to what followed: Europa wandered to the ſea-ſhore, to divert herſelf with her companions, when Jupiter, putting on the form of a bull, came and ſported with them. Moſt beautiful did he appear, for he was milk-white, his countenance mi'd and gentle, and his horns turned back in the moſt graceful manner; he leaped and played about the ſhore, and lowed ſo delightfully, that Europa ventured to get upon him. Jupiter immediately ran off with her, as faſt as poſſible into the ſea, and ſwam away. She, frightened out of her wits, with one hand laid hold of his horn, that ſhe might not fall off, and with the other took up her robes, that were toſt about by the wind.

NOTUS.

It muſt have been a charming ſight, Zephyrus, to ſee Jupiter ſwimming, and carrying his beloved.

ZEPHYRUS.

But what followed was ſtill more delightful: the ſea became placid, and, lulled as it were into tranquillity, reſembled a ſmooth and unruffled plain; we, as ſilent ſpectators only, accompanied them. The Loves hovering round them, and ſometimes juſt touching the waves with their feet, bore lighted torches, and ſung hymeneals. The Nereids, half naked, riſing from the water, rode on the backs of dolphins, and joined in the chorus of applauſe. The Tritons, and Sea-nymphs, all that the element could produce of grace or beauty, ſported and ſung around. Neptune himſelf, aſcending in his chariot, with Amphitrite, led the way rejoicing, and was brideman to his happy brother. Above all, two Tritons, carrying Venus reclining in her ſhell, and ſcattering flowers of every kind in the way before the bride: thus they proceeded from Phœnicia quite to Crete. When they arrived at the iſland, Jupiter appeared no longer in the form of a bull, but in his own, taking Europa by the hand, led her, bluſhing, and with down-caſt eyes, into the Dictæan cave: we returned to the ſea; and, according to our ſeveral departments, moved the waves of it.

NO-

NOTUS.

Happy, thrice happy art thou, Zephyrus, to have ſeen ſuch a ſight! whilſt I was employed in looking at griffins, elephants, and blacks.

DIALOGUE XLI.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

JUPITER, MERCURY, PARIS, JUNO, MINERVA, VENUS.

JUPITER.

MERCURY, take this apple, and go into Phrygia, to Priam's ſon, a ſhepherd, who feeds his flocks on that part of mount Ida which is called Gargarus, and thus addreſs him: "Paris, Jupiter commands you, as you are yourſelf handſome, and ſkilled in love affairs, to paſs your judgment on three goddeſſes, and to determine which is the moſt beautiful: the conqueror is to receive this apple as her reward." And now, goddeſſes, it is time for you to repair to the ſeat of judgment. I decline the arbitration myſelf, as I love you all equally, and, if it were poſſible, could wiſh you all to come off victorious; and eſpecially, as it muſt inevitably happen, that he who ſhall give the palm to one, muſt be hated by the other two, I am not, therefore, myſelf the proper judge; but this Phrygian youth, whom you are going to, is of royal race, and a relation of Ganymede's: a plain ſimple ruſtic withal, and unexceptionably the fitteſt for ſuch an office.

VENUS.

For my part, Jupiter, were you to appoint Momus himſelf judge, I would boldly ſubmit to the trial, for what fault could he find in me? But the man muſt be agreeable to them too.

JUNO.

Nor are we afraid, Venus, even though your own Mars were to determine it: but we accept of this Paris, whoever he is.

JUPITER.

And what ſay you, daughter? Do you approve of him? Why turn your head aſide, and bluſh? But modeſty in virgins, on ſuch occaſions, is becoming: your nod of aſſent is ſufficient; therefore, begone, and do not let thoſe who are conquered harbour any reſentment againſt the judge, or

do

do the young man any miſchief: for it is impoſſible you ſhould be all equally handſome.

MERCURY.

Let us proceed then immediately to Phrygia: I ſhall lead the way, do you follow me as faſt as you can, and fear nothing; for I know this Paris well; he is a handſome young fellow, ſkilled in love affairs, and an excellent judge; I am certain he will not determine wrong.

VENUS.

This is all good news; if he is, as you ſay, a juſt judge, ſo much the better for me. Is he ſingle, or married?

MERCURY.

Not altogether ſingle.

VENUS.

How is that?

MERCURY.

There is a * woman of Ida that lives with him, tolerably handſome, but a mere ruſtic, a mountaineer; he ſeems not very fond of her: but what reaſon have you for aſking?

VENUS.

None at all.

MINERVA.

Hark you, Mercury, you are not a fair dealer, to converſe in private with her.

MERCURY.

Minerva, there is no harm between us, nor is it any thing againſt you: ſhe only aſked me whether Paris was a ſingle man.

MINERVA.

And why ſo curious about that?

MERCURY.

I do not know, indeed: ſhe ſaid the queſtion was only accidental, and ſhe did not aſk it deſignedly.

* *A woman of Ida, &c.*] Oenone, daughter of the river Cebrenus, that flows at the foot of mount Ida: his leaving her for Helen forms the ſubject of Ovid's beſt heroical epiſtle, of Oenone to Paris: the four following lines, which I cannot help quoting here, are, both with regard to the thought and expreſſion, truly inimitable:

Cum Paris Oenone poterit ſpirare relictâ,
Ad fontem Xanthi verſa recurrat aqua:
Xanthe, retro propera, verſæque recurrite lymphæ,
Suſtinet Oenonen deſeruiſſe Paris.

MI-

MINERVA.

And is he ſingle or not?

MERCURY.

It ſeems he is not.

MINERVA.

Has he any taſte for military affairs, is he a lover of glory, or a mere ſhepherd?

MERCURY.

I cannot ſay poſitively, but ſhould imagine, as he is young, he muſt have ſome ambition, and would wiſh to be a conqueror.

VENUS.

You ſee, now, I do not complain, or find fault with you for talking with him in private: Venus has no ſuſpicions of this kind.

MERCURY.

Her queſtions were not unlike your's; therefore do not be jealous, or think me partial to her, becauſe I gave her a plain and ſimple anſwer: but I ſee we have paſſed over a good many ſtars, and got a great way on our journey whilſt we were talking; we are juſt at Phrygia; yonder is Ida, and now I can ſee all Gargarus very plainly, and, if I am not miſtaken, your judge Paris.

JUNO.

Where is he? for I cannot ſee him.

MERCURY.

Look this way, Juno, towards the left; not at the top of the mountain, but on the ſide where you ſee the cave, and a herd.

JUNO.

I do not ſee any herd there is.

MERCURY.

No? do not you ſee, even with my finger, ſome heifers coming down from the rocks, and a man running after them, with a crook in his hand, to keep the herd together?

JUNO.

Now I ſee him, if that is he.

MERCURY.

It is: and as we are pretty near him, we had better alight upon earth, and walk, that we may not alarm and terrify him, by flying upon him unawares.

JUNO.

Right, ſo we will: when we are got down, you, Venus, muſt go firſt, and ſhew us the way; for you muſt certainly know it beſt, as, if fame ſay true, you have often come down this way to Anchiſes.

VENUS.

Your ſneers give me no concern, I aſſure you.

MERCURY.

Come, I will lead you, for I am well acquainted with Ida, and often viſited it when Jupiter fell in love with the Phrygian boy; I uſed to be ſent to watch him, and, when Jove turned himſelf into an eagle, flew along with him, and helped to carry off his prey: if I remember right, it was from this very rock; here was he piping to his flock, when Jupiter came behind him, and juſt throwing his talons lightly over him, and fixing his beak on the turban which he wore on his head, flew away with the boy, who turned his face back, and looked with aſtoniſhment upon him. I ſtole his pipe, I remember, at the ſame time, which he had thrown away in his fright. But here is your judge, let us ſalute him: ſhepherd, good day to you.

PARIS.

The like to you, young man: but who are you? what brought you hither? and who are theſe women with you? They do not ſeem to be inhabitants of the mountains, they are ſo beautiful.

MERCURY.

They are not women; thoſe whom you ſee before you are Juno, Minerva, and Venus: I am Mercury, and ſent by Jupiter. Why do you tremble, and look ſo pale? Do not be afraid, there is no danger: you are appointed to determine which of them is the handſomeſt, as you are yourſelf beautiful, and ſkilled in love affairs: to your judgment, therefore, I commit them: what the prize to be given is you will know by reading the inſcription on this apple.

PARIS.

Pray let me look at it: *to the faireſt*, it ſays. But how can I, Mercury, a mere mortal ſimple ſhepherd, determine a point ſo weighty, and ſo much above my poor abilities? Such cauſes ſhould come before thoſe who are more poliſhed and refined: for my part, I can tell, perhaps, whether one goat or heifer is handſomer than another: but theſe are ſo equally beautiful, that I do not ſee how it is poſſible to take one's eyes off from either of them:

them: where we firſt look, there we muſt continue gazing, and all we can do is to praiſe the object before us: if we paſs on to another, it is equally alluring, and we can dwell only on that which is neareſt to us. Their beauty, in ſhort, dazzles and ſurrounds me ſo on every ſide, that I wiſh to have, like Argus, eyes in every part of me. To give the apple to them all, were, perhaps, the moſt equitable determination: add to this, that one of them is the ſiſter and wife of Jupiter, and the other two his daughters: how difficult then muſt it be to decide!

MERCURY.

All I know is, Jupiter's command muſt be obeyed.

PARIS.

I hope, however, Mercury, you will prevail on thoſe who are conquered not to take it ill of me, but impute it to the error of my ſight.

MERCURY.

They promiſe that they will: therefore begin your examination.

PARIS.

I will do my beſt: but firſt I would know whether they would chuſe to have me ſee them juſt as they are, or think proper to undreſs, for a cloſer inſpection.

MERCURY.

That you, as judge, muſt determine; order it as you think proper.

PARIS.

As I think proper? Then let me ſee them undreſſed.

MERCURY. [*To the Goddeſſes.*

You hear the order: obey.—You, Paris, may examine them, whilſt I turn my face another way.

VENUS.

It is right: and now, Paris, I will undreſs firſt, that you may ſee I am not proud of my large eyes only, or my * white arms, but am alike beautiful all over.

MINERVA.

Paris, do not let her undreſs till ſhe has laid aſide her † ceſtus, for ſhe is an

* *My white arms,*] Alluding to the epithets of λευκωλενος, white-armed, to Juno; and βοωπις, or large-eyed, to Minerva, ſo often repeated by Homer.

† *Her ceſtus,*] The ceſtus of Venus, which, according to Homer, ſhe lent to Juno on a particular occaſion, is thus deſcribed by Pope; the tranſlation, by the bye, is very looſe, and departs greatly from the original,

an enchantreſs, and will charm you with it: beſides, ſhe ought not to be tricked out, and painted ſo like a harlot, but to ſhew her form plain, and unadorned.

PARIS.

What ſhe ſays about the ceſtus is right; therefore, take it off.

VENUS.

Why do not you then, Minerva, lay down your helmet, and appear with your head uncovered, and not nod your creſt in that manner, to frighten the judge? Or are you afraid your blue eyes are not formidable enough without it?

MINERVA.

Well: there is my helmet.

VENUS.

And there is my ceſtus.

JUNO.

Now let us undreſs.

PARIS.

O Jupiter, thou worker of wonders, what a ſight! What beauty! What pleaſure! how charming is this virgin, how royal, how venerable, how worthy of Jove! what ſweet looks are there, with ſmiles ſo ſoft and ſo enchanting! but I have enough of happineſs: may I be permitted to ſee each of you ſeparately, for now I am in doubt; my ſight is diſtracted, and I know not which way to turn me.

VENUS.

With all my heart.

PARIS.

Do you two then retire, let Juno remain with me.

JUNO.

Here I am, and when you have viewed me well, remember there is ſomething elſe to be conſidered; my victory will gain you great reward, for if you determine me to be the handſomeſt, you ſhall be lord of all Aſia.

> In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
> To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm;
> Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
> The kind deceit, the ſtill-reviving fire;
> Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
> Silence, that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.

Theſe were qualifications foreign to external beauty, to which alone the judgment of Paris was confined: he had therefore a fair right to except againſt the ceſtus.

PARIS.

PARIS.

I am not to be ſwayed by bribes, but ſhall judge according to equity: you may retire. Minerva, approach.

MINERVA.

I am here: if I am judged the handſomeſt, Paris, you ſhall never be overcome in battle, but always return a conqueror: I will make you a warrior, and victorious.

PARIS.

Minerva, I delight not in war: peace, as you ſee, reigns in Phrygia and in Lydia, and my father's empire is free from every enemy: but do not be afraid that you ſhould loſe the prize, becauſe I accept not of your offer: dreſs yourſelf, and put on your helmet, I have examined you ſufficiently. Now, let Venus appear.

VENUS.

Behold me here: paſs over nothing unobſerved, but examine ſeparately, and dwell on every limb and feature. Mind, withal, what I ſay to you: long ſince have I admired you, as the handſomeſt youth in all Phrygia; thy beauty ſhall make thee happy: but I am angry with you for not leaving theſe rude rocks, and coming into the city; you ſhould not waſte your beauty thus in ſolitude. What can you enjoy in theſe mountains? or what is that fine form to your herds and flocks: you ſhould ere this have been married, not to ſome ruſtic inhabitant of Ida, but to ſome fair Grecian, of Argos, Sparta, or Corinth, ſuch as Helen, the young and beautiful, not inferior even to me in charms; and, what is better ſtill, a votary of love; were ſhe once to behold you, I know ſhe would leave all mankind to follow and live with you. Have you never heard of her?

PARIS.

Never: but I ſhould be glad to hear every thing you know concerning her.

VENUS.

She is the daughter of that beautiful Leda, whom Jupiter courted in the ſhape of a ſwan.

PARIS.

What ſort of a face has ſhe?

VENUS.

Fair as the ſwan from whom ſhe ſprang, ſoft as the egg ſhe was nouriſhed in; an object ſo univerſally deſirable, that a war was kindled on her account, when ſhe was yet a child, and Theſeus ran away with her at ten years

years old: when ſhe arrived at maturity, the firſt and nobleſt Grecians ſought her in marriage: and Menelaus, of the race of Pelops, was the happy man preferred to all the reſt. But, notwithſtanding, if you deſire it, I will get her for you.

PARIS.

What, when ſhe is married already?

VENUS.

You are young, and ſimple: but I know how theſe things are to be brought about.

PARIS.

How? for I long to know.

VENUS.

You muſt go and take a view of Greece, and when you come to Sparta, Helen will ſee you: afterwards, I will take care ſhe ſhall fall in love with, and follow you.

PARIS.

I can never believe ſhe will leave her huſband, and go out of her own country with a ſtranger and a barbarian.

VENUS.

Give yourſelf no concern about that. I have two beautiful boys, Love and * Amiableneſs; theſe will I give you to accompany you in your journey. Cupid ſhall take entire poſſeſſion of her, and inſpire her with love of you; whilſt Amiableneſs, diffuſed around you, ſhall render you the deſirable object of her affection. I will myſelf be preſent, and beſeech the Graces to attend you; we will all join in your favour.

PARIS.

Succeſs is yet uncertain: but already I burn for Helen; already methinks I am ſailed to Greece, and arrived at Sparta; already I behold her, and return with my fair bride. I am miſerable to think it is not yet performed.

VENUS.

Paris, you muſt not fall in love till you have given your voice for me,

* *Amiableneſs,*] Ἵμερος, Theſe are always mentioned as the inſeparable companions of Venus. Pope tranſlates Ἵμερος, gay deſire, which cannot be the proper interpretation of it in this place. "The latter, ſays Lucian, *will make you the object of her affection.*" Ἵμερος, therefore, muſt ſignify that irreſiſtable power of pleaſing, which would always render him deſirable. Amiableneſs is, perhaps, the only word, though, I think, not a good one, which we have to expreſs this quality.

who

who am to be your bride-maid; when I am declared the conqueror, I muſt accompany you, and celebrate together your nuptials and my victory; with this apple you may purchaſe love, beauty, and happineſs.

PARIS.

But after judgment given, perhaps, you may forget me.

VENUS.

Shall I ſwear to you?

PARIS.

No: but promiſe only.

VENUS.

Here, then, I do promiſe to give you Helen for a wife, to accompany you to her, and to ſee that ſhe follows you to Troy. I will be with you myſelf, and aſſiſt you in every thing.

PARIS.

And will you bring Love and Amiableneſs, and the Graces along with you?

VENUS.

Fear not: Hymen, and Deſire withal ſhall attend us.

PARIS.

* For this, then, I give you the apple: for this receive it.

* A Latin poem, on this ſubject, which gained the firſt prize in the year 1740 (or thereabouts), was written by the very ingenious and learned Dr. W. Markham, now Lord Archbiſhop of York, then ſtudent of Chriſt-Church College, Oxford; which, for claſſical purity, and elegance of ſtyle, is, perhaps, ſuperior to every thing of that kind. The author, as will appear by the compariſon, was no ſtranger to this dialogue, which he has greatly improved upon.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

The DIALOGUES *of the* DEAD *are amongſt the beſt known, and, perhaps, the beſt written parts of our author's works. As they explain and illuſtrate the characters of gods, heroes, and men univerſally known, and ſubjects univerſally intereſting, they have been much read and admired. A variety of modern authors have endeavoured to copy the ſtyle and manner of them, but very few with any degree of ſucceſs.* FENELON'S *are grave and learned, and Lord* LYTTELTON'S *ſpirited and ſenſible, but both want that eaſe and pleaſantry, as well as that agreeable irony, and ſprightly ſatire, which we meet with in the Dialogues of* LUCIAN.

DIALOGUE I.

CRŒSUS, PLUTO, MENIPPUS, MIDAS, AND SARDANAPALUS.

CRŒSUS.

O PLUTO, there is no ſuch thing as living with this intolerable * dog, Menippus; remove him, I beſeech you, to ſome other place, or we muſt decamp.

PLUTO.

Why, what harm can he do you, now he is dead?

CRŒSUS.

Whilſt we are weeping, and groaning, and lamenting the loſs of the good things we poſſeſſed in the other world, Midas his gold, Sardanapalus his dainties, and I my treaſures, he is perpetually laughing at, and abuſing us, calling us a pack of ſlaves and raſcals; beſides, he diſturbs our complaints every minute with his ſinging; and, in ſhort, is exceſſively troubleſome.

PLUTO.

Menippus, what is this they ſay of you?

MENIPPUS.

Truth, O Pluto, nothing but truth: for I abominate theſe contemptible wretches, who, not content with having led moſt iniquitous lives on earth,

* *Dog, Menippus,*] Menippus was a celebrated philoſopher, of the ſect of Cynics, ſo called from κυων, κυνος, a dog, from their perpetual ſnarling at all mankind. This is frequently alluded to throughout the works of Lucian.

are

are perpetually crying and hankering after the ſame things here below. I own it gives me pleaſure to torment them a little.

PLUTO.

But you ſhould not: they have reaſon enough to complain, conſidering what they have loſt.

MENIPPUS.

And are you really, Pluto, ſo mad as to approve of their lamentations?

PLUTO.

Not ſo: but I would have no diſſenſions amongſt you.

MENIPPUS.

Be aſſured, ye worſt of Lydians, Phrygians, and Aſſyrians, that wherever you go, I will follow and perſecute you; will make you the ſubject of my ſongs, laughter, and ridicule.

CRŒSUS.

Is not this a ſhame?

MENIPPUS.

No: the ſhame ſhould be your's: when upon earth, you expected to be worſhipped; trod upon and inſulted your fellow-creatures; and never thought of death: weep now, therefore, and lament your condition, as you deſerve.

CRŒSUS.

O gods, my riches, my riches!

MIDAS.

My gold, my gold!

SARDANAPALUS.

My dainties, my dainties!

MENIPPUS.

Aye, aye: cry away; whilſt I ſing the old adage to you, Know thyſelf, the beſt ſymphony for ſuch lamentations.

DIALOGUE II.

MERCURY, CHARON.

MERCURY.

Suppoſe, Mr. waterman, you and I ſhould ſettle our accounts, that we may have no ſquabble about them hereafter.

CHARON.

With all my heart, Mercury; it will be better for us both, and may prevent trouble.

MERCURY.

Imprimis, then, you are indebted to me for an anchor, which I brought you by your own order, five drachmas.

CHARON.

You charge me too much.

MERCURY.

By Pluto, it coſt me that: item, for a chain to your oar, two oboli.

CHARON.

Put down five drachmas, and two oboli.

MERCURY.

Item, a needle to mend your ſail, for which I paid five oboli.

CHARON.

Well: down with it.

MERCURY.

Item, for pitch, to ſtop up the cracks in your boat, with nails, and tackle, all together, two drachmas.

CHARON.

Well, that is cheap enough.

MERCURY.

If I am right in my reckoning, this, I think, is all; and now pray when do you intend to pay me?

CHARON.

At preſent, Mercury, it is not in my power: but if a plague, or a war ſhould ſend down a good troop of mortals, I may pick up a little amongſt them, by overcharging them in my fare.

MERCURY.

I have nothing to do then but to ſit me down contented, and pray heartily

heartily for all the miſchief that can happen, that I may reap the benefit of it.

CHARON.

Indeed, Mercury, ſo it muſt be: you ſee I have very little company at preſent, in time of peace.

MERCURY.

And well it is ſo, though it defers the payment of my debt. You muſt remember, Charon, what ſort of mortals uſed to come down formerly, ſtout, able men, full of blood, and covered with wounds: now-a-days we ſee none but old fellows made away with by their ſons, huſbands by their wives, or poor wretches that died of dropſies, with bloated legs and bellies, from high living, pale, and ghaſtly, and not at all like our old viſitors: moſt of theſe new-comers are ſent to us by foul means, for the ſake of their money.

CHARON.

Which, you know, is very deſirable.

MERCURY.

You cannot blame me, therefore, if I dun you a little for what you owe me.

DIALOGUE III.

PLUTO, MERCURY.

PLUTO.

DO you know that old fellow, * that very old man; I mean the rich Eucrates, who has not one child to inherit his eſtate, but about fifty thouſand legacy-hunters gaping after it?

MERCURY.

O yes; the Sicyonian, you mean. What of him?

PLUTO.

Why, I will tell you, Mercury; to the ninety years he has already lived, I would add ninety more, let him add, if he can, as many more to that:

* *That very old man, &c.*] The practice of legacy-hunting hath been a fruitful and inexhauſtible object of ridicule and ſatire amongſt wits, both ancient and modern, from the days of Lucian to thoſe of Ben Jonſon, who has, perhaps, treated it more fully and comprehenſively than any of them: the plan of his excellent comedy of Volpone ſeems to have been taken from this dialogue.

but as to thoſe paraſites, young Charinus, Damon, and the reſt of them, conduct them this way as ſoon as you pleaſe.

MERCURY.

This appears to me rather abſurd.

PLUTO.

Not at all: it is but juſtice; for what has he done to them, that they ſhould wiſh him to die? unleſs it is merely becauſe they have no right to expect it. But what ſhews their villainy moſt, is, that whilſt they are thus praying for his departure, yet, to all outward appearance, they ſeem to worſhip him; when he is ſick, their conſultations together plainly ſhew their intentions, though, at the ſame time, they pretend they would ſacrifice their lives to recover him: but the adulation of theſe wretches puts on a thouſand different ſhapes. Let him, therefore, be immortal, and let them gape in vain for his riches, and march off before him.

MERCURY.

The puniſhment is a proper one for ſuch ſcoundrels as they are; the old man cajoles them pretty well himſelf, and feeds them up with falſe hopes; looks as if he was going to die, and, at the ſame time, is as well and hearty as themſelves: they, in the mean time, are dividing the ſpoil, and enjoying, in imagination, the happineſs of their future fortune.

PLUTO.

Let him, therefore, ſhake off the old man, and, like Iolaus, grow young again; and they, leaving their dreamed-of treaſures, die miſerable, like wretches as they are, and make us a viſit here below.

MERCURY.

Pluto, make yourſelf eaſy, I ſhall take care to conduct them hither one by one: there are, I think, ſeven of them.

PLUTO.

Bring them away; and, as for him, let him ſend them before him, and grow young as faſt as he can.

DIALOGUE IV.

ZENOPHANTES AND CALLIDEMIDES.

CALLIDEMIDES.

AH! Zenophantes, how came you here? I, you know, was ſuffocated by eating too much at Dineas's feaſt; you were there, I think, yourſelf, when I died.

ZENOPHANTES.

I was ſo, Callidemides: but my accident was a very extraordinary one: you know old Ptaodotus.

CALLIDEMIDES.

The rich old cuff, without children, whom you uſed to attend ſo conſtantly.

ZENOPHANTES.

The ſame: I paid my court to him a long time, hoping he would ſoon tip off, and leave me all his money: but the affair being tediouſly protracted, and the old fellow threatening to live to the age of * Tithonus, I found out a ſhorter way to his eſtate, bought ſome poiſon, and prevailed on his cup-bearer, whenever he ſhould call for drink, for he topes freely, to put ſome into his cup, and be ready to give it him: which, if he performed cleverly, I bound myſelf by oath to give him his liberty.

CALLIDEMIDES.

Well, and what happened? this is an extraordinary affair, indeed.

ZENOPHANTES.

Why, when we came into the room after bathing, and the young fellow had got the cups ready, one for Ptaodotus with the poiſon, and the other for me, how it happened I know not, but by ſome miſtake, he gave me the poiſoned cup, and him the other; he drank up his, and I in a moment fell down dead before him: thus Zenophantes died inſtead of Ptaodorus. You ſmile, Callidemides: you ſhould not laugh at a friend's misfortune.

* *Tithonus.*] Son of Laomedon, and brother to Priam, being a beautiful youth, Aurora, fell in love with, and carried him off; at her requeſt, Jupiter made him immortal; but his miſtreſs having forgot to aſk for perpetual youth, as well as immortality, as he advanced in years he felt all the infirmities of old age, and was, conſequently, miſerable. Jupiter, at length, ſays the fable, took pity on, and turned him into a graſshopper. On the ſufferings of Tithonus, who was only more wretched by being immortal, was probably founded Swift's idea of the Struldbrugs, in his Gulliver.

CALLI-

CALLIDEMIDES.

The cataſtrophe was ſo ridiculous, I cannot help it: and what ſaid the old man?

ZENOPHANTES.

At firſt he was ſhocked at the ſuddenneſs of the accident: but when he found out, I ſuppoſe, how the affair happened, he laughed himſelf at the deſign of his cup-bearer.

CALLIDEMIDES.

You ſhould not have gone this compendious way to work, ſeeing the money would have come ſafer to you in the common courſe, though you might have waited a little longer for it.

DIALOGUE V.

SIMYLUS AND POLYSTRATUS.

SIMYLUS.

IS Polyſtratus come to us at laſt, after a life, I believe, of pretty near a hundred?

POLYSTRATUS.

A little above ninety-eight, Simylus.

SIMYLUS.

When I died, you were above ſeventy: pray, how have you lived for theſe thirty years paſt?

POLYSTRATUS.

Moſt pleaſantly, I aſſure you; and that, you will ſay, is a wonder.

SIMYLUS.

A wonder, indeed, for an old man, like you, infirm, and without children, to enjoy life.

POLYSTRATUS.

In the firſt place, I wanted for nothing: fine boys, charming women, ſweet-ſcented wines, and a table with more than Sicilian luxury.

SIMYLUS.

This is quite new: I always took you for a miſer.

POLYSTRATUS.

Aye: but I have had a new flow of wealth come in upon me ſince: viſitors flocked in every morning, and brought me the fineſt preſents of every kind, from all parts of the earth.

SI-

SIMYLUS.

So, after me reigned Polyſtratus.

POLYSTRATUS.

No: but I had a thouſand admirers.

SIMYLUS.

Ridiculous! admirers at your age, with but four teeth left in your head.

POLYSTRATUS.

By Jupiter, all the firſt men in the kingdom: old as I was, bald-pated, and ſquinting, as you ſee, they worſhipped me: happy was he whom I did but look upon.

SIMYLUS.

Did you bring over a Venus from Chios, like * Phaon, who, at your requeſt, generouſly condeſcended to make you young again, handſome, and deſirable.

POLYSTRATUS.

Not ſo; but even as I was, they adored me.

SIMYLUS.

This is a riddle, indeed.

POLYSTRATUS.

O, the love I experienced is very common towards rich old men that have no children.

SIMYLUS.

I underſtand your beauty now: it ſprung from a golden Venus.

POLYSTRATUS.

I aſſure you I reaped no ſmall advantage from my lovers, little leſs than adoration: ſometimes I bore myſelf haughty to them, and even baniſhed them from my preſence, whilſt they endeavoured to rival each other in their attachment to me.

SIMYLUS.

And how did you manage at laſt with regard to your eſtate?

POLYSTRATUS.

Promiſed every one of them openly that I would make him my heir,

* *Phaon.*] A young man of Mitylene, in the iſland of Leſbos; he was maſter of a ſhip, and, having one day, it ſeems, the good fortune to take the goddeſs Venus on board, and carry her ſafe to land, ſhe made him amends, by preſenting him with a bottle of precious ointment to rub himſelf with, and which immediately rendered him the moſt beautiful of his ſex, and made, conſequently, all the girls in love with him. Amongſt his admirers was the unfortunate Sappho.

which

which every one believed, and was therefore more obſequious: then made my will privately, and left them all to lament their diſappointment.

SIMYLUS.

And whom did you make your heir by your laſt will? Any relation?

POLYSTRATUS.

No: by Jove! but a handſome young Phrygian.

SIMYLUS.

How old was he?

POLYSTRATUS.

About twenty.

SIMYLUS.

O! I underſtand you now: his title was a good one.

POLYSTRATUS.

He was at leaſt a much worthier object than any of them, though a barbarian, and of no great character: the nobles, I aſſure you, pay him great reſpect, as my heir, and now he is ranked amongſt the patricians; and, though his chin is ſhaved, and he ſpeaks a foreign language, they will tell you he is better born than Codrus, handſomer than Nereus, and more prudent than Ulyſſes.

SIMYLUS.

For that I care not: let him be generaliſſimo of Greece, ſo thoſe ſcoundrels do not inherit your eſtate.

DIALOGUE VI.

CRATES, DIOGENES.

CRATES.

DID you know Mærichus, the Corinthian, that very rich fellow, who had ſo many merchantmen, a couſin german of Ariſteas's, who was as rich as himſelf: he uſed always to be repeating that paſſage of Homer,

——— I on thee will ſeize,
Or thou on me ———

DIOGENES.

What was the cauſe, Crates, of their extraordinary attachment to each other?

CRA-

CRATES.

Their eſtates: both being of the ſame age, both made their wills public; Mærichus, in caſe he ſhould die firſt, left all he had to Ariſteas; and Ariſteas, to Mærichus, on the ſame condition: the teſtaments on both ſides ſigned and ſealed, each of them ſtrove to outdo the other in conſtant attendance and mutual adulation: the ſoothſayers, as well thoſe who gueſs at futurity from the ſtars, as the ſons of Chaldæa, who preſage by dreams, even the Pythian himſelf ſometimes leaned towards Ariſteas, and ſometimes to Mærichus, and the ſcale was held a long time in equal ballance between them.

DIOGENES.

And how ended the affair? for it muſt be worth hearing.

CRATES.

Both died in one day; and their eſtates came to their relations, Eunomius and Thraſicles, who had never dreamed of ſuch good fortune. The two old gentlemen, it ſeems, in their voyage from Sicyon to Cyrrha, meeting with an unfortunate north-eaſt wind, full againſt them, were both loſt.

DIOGENES.

So much the better: now, when you and I were alive, we never troubled our heads with each other; nor did I ever wiſh for Antiſthenes's death, that his ſtaff (for he had an excellent ſtrong one, made out of box), might deſcend to me; no more than you, I believe, Crates, deſired my departure, that you might inherit my tub, and ſcrip, with two pecks of beans in it.

CRATES.

What they were ſo anxious about, Diogenes, were things which neither you nor I wanted: what I really wanted, and what you had from Antiſthenes, and what, as it were by hereditary right, I received from you, were greater treaſures, and far more valuable than the Perſian empire.

DIOGENES.

What may they be?

CRATES.

Wiſdom, ſelf-complacency, truth, boldneſs, freedom, liberty.

DIOGENES.

Theſe, by Jupiter, I remember were left me by Antiſthenes, and theſe, and more than theſe, did I bequeath to Crates.

CRATES.

But riches of this kind were deſpiſed, nor did any fawn upon us in hopes of inheriting them: all were intent on gold, and gold alone.

DIOGENES.

And who could blame them? they were not capable of receiving what we could leave; it would have dropped through ſuch empty purſes: for, if you were to pour in wiſdom, freedom of ſpeech, or truth into them, it would only run out again, having no bottom to contain it, as it happen'd to the daughters of Danaus, when they poured water into a ſieve: though, at the ſame time, the wretches fought * tooth and nail for a little gold.

CRATES.

Here, alſo, we ſhall be ſure to enjoy our treaſure, and hither they muſt come, bringing only one † farthing along with them, and even that they muſt part from to Charon.

DIALOGUE VII.

MENIPPUS, MERCURY.

MENIPPUS.

WHERE are your beauties of both ſexes, Mercury? I am a ſtranger here, but juſt arrived, and therefore beg you would conduct me to them.

MERCURY.

Menippus, I have not time for that at preſent: turn, however, to your right hand, and you will ſee Hyacinthus, and Narciſſus, and Nereus, and Achilles, and Tyro, and Helen, and Leda, and the reſt of them, the admiration of former ages.

MENIPPUS.

I ſee nothing but bones, and ſculls without hair: they all look alike.

MERCURY.

Thoſe bones and ſkulls, which you ſeem to deſpiſe, were the very perſons whom the poets ſo extol.

MENIPPUS.

Shew me Helen, I beſeech you, for I cannot diſtinguiſh her.

* *Tooth and nail.*] Ὀδοντι και ονυξι, ſays Lucian, the tranſlation here is literal.

† *One farthing.*] The Greeks always put into the mouths of their dead a piece of money, generally an obolus, to pay Charon for their paſſage over the Styx. Ariſtophanes, in his Frogs, ſpeaks of two, but this was by way of humour.

MER-

MERCURY.

Yonder bald-pate is ſhe.

MENIPPUS.

And were a thouſand ſhips manned from every part of Greece, were ſo many Greeks and Barbarians ſlain, and ſo many cities deſtroyed for her?

MERCURY.

You never ſaw her when ſhe was alive: if you had, you would not have wonder'd, as the * poet ſays,

No wonder ſuch celeſtial charms,
For nine long years, have ſet the world in arms.

When the flower is withered, and has loſt its colour, it becomes diſguſtful; though, whilſt it grew and flouriſhed, it was univerſally admired.

MENIPPUS.

All I wonder at, Mercury, is, that the Grecians did not conſider how ridiculous it was to give themſelves ſo much trouble about an object of ſuch a ſhort-lived and decaying nature.

MERCURY.

I have no leiſure time to philoſophize with you, Menippus, ſo repoſe yourſelf wherever you pleaſe: I muſt go and fetch down ſome more mortals.

DIALOGUE VIII.

MENIPPUS, CERBERUS.

MENIPPUS.

BROTHER, Cerberus, (for, as I am a Cynic, you and I muſt be nearly related to each other), I beſeech you, by Styx, to inform me how Socrates behaved when he came down amongſt you: I ſuppoſe, being a god, you can talk as well as bark, when you have a mind to it.

CERBERUS.

At firſt, Menippus, and whilſt he was at a good diſtance from me, he never looked back, but advanced boldly forwards, ſeeming not to fear death in the leaſt, and, as if he meant to ſhew his bravery to thoſe who

* *As the poet ſays.*] See Homer's Iliad, r. l. 156. Non putant, indignum, (ſays the gallant Quintillian), Trojani principes Graios Trojanoſque propter Hellenæ ſpeciem tot mala, tanto temporis ſpatio, ſuſtinere:—Quenam igitur illa forma credenda eſt?

ſtood afar off from the entrance of Tartarus; but when he came into the cave, and found it all dark and diſmal, and, to haſten him a little, I bit him by his poiſoned foot, he cried like a child, began to lament his children, and writhed about wonderfully.

MENIPPUS.

He was after all, then, a mere Sophiſt, and had not ſuch a contempt for death as he pretended to have.

CERBERUS.

Perhaps not: but as he ſaw it was not to be avoided, he put on an air of indifference, as if he choſe to ſuffer it: willing, or unwilling, he knew it muſt happen, but pretended to be courageous, that the ſpectators might admire him. I can ſay, indeed, with great truth, of all this kind of men, that, as far as the jaws of hell, they are bold and fearleſs, but when they come on the inſide, they are frightened out of their wits.

MENIPPUS.

How did I ſeem to behave, when I came down firſt?

CERBERUS.

* Worthy of yourſelf, Menippus; Diogenes and you alone behaved like men: not ſhoved in againſt your wills, but entering of your own accord; as if all beſides you came to weep and lament, and you only to laugh and be merry.

DIALOGUE IX.

CHARON, MENIPPUS, AND MERCURY.

CHARON.

You raſcal, pay me my fare.

MENIPPUS.

Bawl away, Charon, if you like it.

CHARON.

Pay me, I ſay, for bringing you over.

MENIPPUS.

From him who has nothing, nothing can you receive.

* *Worthy of yourſelf.*] Lucian, generally, we may obſerve, takes the part of the Cynics, and, though he laughs at the whole corps, ſeems to think that ſect the moſt honeſt amongſt them: though, in the next dialogue, Menippus is abuſed for not paying Charon his fare.

CHARON.

CHARON.

Can a man be without one farthing?

MENIPPUS.

I do not know what others may be, but ſure I am I have it not.

CHARON.

Give it me this moment, or I will ſtrangle you.

MENIPPUS.

I will break your head with this ſtick.

CHARON.

Do you think I will carry you ſuch a voyage for nothing?

MENIPPUS.

Let Mercury pay for me, he brought me to you.

MERCURY.

A fine bargain, indeed, I ſhould have, to pay for all the dead men I bring down.

CHARON.

I ſhall not let you go.

MENIPPUS.

Haul your boat aſhore then: but how will you take from me what I have not got?

CHARON.

Did not you know you were to bring ſomething for me?

MENIPPUS.

I did: but I had nothing, and for that reaſon was not I to die?

CHARON.

You will be the only one that could ever boaſt of being ferried over gratis.

MENIPPUS.

Not ſo neither: I pumped for you, nay, and handled an oar: beſides, I was the only one of your paſſengers who did not cry and howl.

CHARON.

That is nothing to the fare: you muſt give me my farthing, it cannot be otherwiſe.

MENIPPUS.

Carry me back again, then, to the other world.

CHARON.

Thank you for that; and ſo get well beat by Æacus for it.

MENIPPUS.

Then do not be troubleſome.

CHA-

CHARON.

Shew me what you have got in your bag.

MENIPPUS.

There are ſome lupines for you, if you will, they are * Hecate's ſupper.

CHARON.

Mercury, what did you bring this poor dog here for, to prate all the voyage, and jeſt upon all the paſſengers, he laughing and ſinging, and they crying all the time?

MERCURY.

Do not you know, Charon, who it is you have brought over; a free man, I aſſure you, and one who cares for nobody, it is Menippus.

CHARON.

If ever I catch him—

MENIPPUS.

But remember, my friend, you cannot catch me twice.

DIALOGUE X.

PLUTO, † PROSERPINE, AND PROTESILAUS.

PROTESILAUS.

O PLUTO! our great lord and maſter, the Jupiter of theſe regions, and thou, daughter of Ceres, deſpiſe not a lover's prayer.

PLUTO.

What would you aſk of us, friend, and who are you?

PROTESILAUS.

I am Proteſilaus, the Phylacian, ſon of Iphiclus, an ally of the Grecians, and was the firſt man ſlain at Troy: my deſire is, that I may return back, and live a little longer.

* *Hecate's ſupper.*] The triple goddeſs, Diana on earth, Luna in heaven, and Proſerpine in hell: the goddeſs alſo of magicians and enchanters. Expiatory ſacrifices, or ſuppers, were offered to this deity, to avert any evils which might impend, by reaſon of particular crimes committed in the highway. Every new moon, ſays Potter, there was a public δειπνον, or ſupper, provided at the charge of the richer ſort, which was no ſooner brought to the accuſtomed place, but the poorer people carried it all off, giving out that Hecate had devoured it: whence it was called Hecate's ſupper.—There is humour in this alluſion to it by Menippus.

† *Proſerpine.*] The title of this dialogue, in all the editions of Lucian, which I have ſeen, gives us only the names of Pluto and Proteſilaus, though, as Proſerpine acts a part in the farce, ſhe had an undoubted title to be inſerted in the *dramatis perſonæ*.

PLU-

PLUTO.

That is a desire, Protesilaus, which all the dead have; but which was never granted to any.

PROTESILAUS.

It is not for the sake of living, but on account of my * wife, whom I had but just married, and left in her bridal-bed, when I set out on my voyage, and, unfortunately, the moment I landed, was slain by Hector: the love of her makes me very unhappy, all I wish for is but to see her for a short time, and return to you again.

PLUTO.

Have not you drank the waters of Lethe?

PROTESILAUS.

I have, but to no purpose; this thought is still afflicting.

PLUTO.

You had better stay here: there is no occasion for your returning to her, for she will certainly come to you.

PROTESILAUS.

But I cannot bear to wait. O Pluto! you know too well yourself what it is to love.

PLUTO.

What pleasure would it be to you to live only one day more, and afterwards have the same cause for grief?

PROTESILAUS.

I believe I could persuade her to follow me hither; so that instead of one, you would have two new subjects in a very short time.

PLUTO.

That cannot be done: nor ever has been.

PROTESILAUS.

I will recall to your memory an instance or two of it; on this very account you restored Eurydice to Orpheus, and my relation Alcestes also, at the request of Hercules.

* *My wife.*] Laodamia, who, on hearing of her husband's death, destroyed herself. The oracle had declared, that whoever landed first on the Trojan shore would be slain. Protesilaus, notwithstanding, embarked on the expedition, and bravely sacrificed his life in the service of his country. The Greeks paid him divine honours, and erected a temple to him, and instituted a solemn annual festival, called by his name, in commemoration of him. The fable, of his returning to life for a day, is mentioned by Philostratus, Minutius Felix, and some others. Servius, in a note on a passage in the Æneid, tells us, that Laodomia was so terrified at the return of her husband to life, that she expired in his arms.

PLUTO.

PLUTO.

And would you, ſuch a horrid fleſhleſs ſpectre as you are, appear before your beauteous bride? how would ſhe look upon, when ſhe could not know you! ſhe will only be frightened, and run away from you; and ſo you will go back ſuch a way for nothing.

PROSERPINE.

For that, huſband, you may find a remedy, by ordering Mercury, when Proteſilaus comes to life again, to touch him with his rod, and make him as young and handſome as when he came from the nuptial bed.

PLUTO.

Since ſo it ſeems good to Proſerpine, take and make him a bridegroom again: but remember, Proteſilaus, that you take but one day.

DIALOGUE XI.

CNEMON AND DAMNIPPUS.

CNEMON.

THIS makes the old ſaying good, the * kid has ſlain the lion.

DAMNIPPUS.

What is it you are ſo angry about, Cnemon?

CNEMON.

What am I angry for? why, I have been over-reached, and left a man heir to my eſtate, whom I did not care for, inſtead of thoſe who ought to have inherited it.

DAMNIPPUS.

How came that about?

CNEMON.

I paid my court to Hermolaus, a rich fellow, who had no children, in hopes of his death: he was pleaſed with my flattery, and ſeemed to enjoy it; in the mean time, I thought it moſt adviſeable to make my will public, wherein I left him all I had; which I did, you may ſuppoſe, with a deſign that he ſhould do the ſame by me.

DAMNIPPUS.

And did he?

CNEMON.

What he had determined in his will, I am a ſtranger to: being myſelf

* *The kid, &c.*] A Greek proverb, generally applied to any ſtrange and unexpected event, contrary to the common courſe of things.

ſuddenly

ſuddenly ſnatched away by the fall of a houſe upon me: and now Hermolaus is in poſſeſſion of all I was worth: like a ſhark, he has ſwallowed the bait, hook and all.

DAMNIPPUS.

Yes, and fiſherman too, I think: you have ſpread a ſnare, and caught yourſelf.

CNEMON.

I have ſo: and it is that which makes me miſerable.

DIALOGUE XII.

DIOGENES AND MAUSOLUS.

DIOGENES.

MAUSOLUS, why all theſe haughty airs, as if you thought yourſelf ſuperior to every body elſe?

MAUSOLUS.

Becauſe, Diogenes, I am a king; becauſe I ruled over all Caria, and part of Lydia; ſubdued ſeveral iſlands, conquered half Ionia, and came as far as Miletus: add to this, that I was tall, handſome, and ſtrong in battle: but above all, becauſe I have a * monument at Halicarnaſſus, erected with extraordinary

* *A monument*, &c.] We are told by Aulus Gellius, book x. lib. 18. that Artemiſia, the wife of Mauſolus, was ſo fond of him, that, after his death, his body being reduced to aſhes, ſhe made them into a powder, mixed with ſpices and perfumes, infuſed them in water, and drank them up; as ſingular an inſtance of conjugal affection as is, perhaps, to be met with in the records of antiquity. Modern times can ſcarcely boaſt a parallel: a circumſtance, however, not much unlike it, has happened in our own, and not long ſince, which I ſhall take this opportunity of delivering to poſterity.

Mr. Van-Butchel, a moſt ingenious artiſt, had the misfortune, ſome few years ago, to loſe the wife of his boſom: unwilling, however, to part with her ſo ſoon, or to conſign her, like common clay, to a dirty grave, immediately after her deceaſe, he contrived, with the aſſiſtance of Mr. Hunter, one of the firſt anatomiſts in the kingdom, by means of a kind of pickle, ſo to preſerve the body as to give it nearly the appearance of life and health, put it into a glaſs-caſe, and ſhewed it for a long time to his friends and acquaintance, and where it may, for ought I know, remain to this day. An eminent phyſician, now living, who is as well known for his claſſical taſte and extenſive learning, as for his extraordinary ſkill in his profeſſion, has recorded this ſingular tranſaction in ſome excellent Latin lines, which, as, I believe, they were never yet printed, I ſhall here ſubjoin (forgive me this liberty, my good friend, Dr. Baker), for the entertainment of my readers.

traordinary magnificence, ſuch a one as never dead man had before: nothing was ever equal to it in beauty; with men and horſes carved to the life, out of the fineſt marble: you will not find a * temple in the world comparable to it. Have not I ſome reaſon to be proud of ſuch things?

DIOGENES.

What! of empire, beauty, or a large tomb?

MAUSOLUS.

By Jove, I think ſo.

DIOGENES.

But, my dear handſome Mauſolus, you have no longer either ſtrength or beauty; and if we were to call in an arbitrator to decide on corporeal excellence, I ſee no reaſon why, at preſent, he ſhould prefer your bald pate to mine, ſeeing they are both of them alike: we both ſhew our teeth, both have loſt our eyes, and our noſes are both flat; as to your fine marble ſepulchres, the Halicarnaſſians, perhaps, may be proud of it, and ſhew their magnificent ſtructure to ſtrangers, with no little oſtentation; but, in troth, noble ſir, I cannot ſee what ſervice it is of to you; unleſs, indeed, you will ſay, you

In reliquias Mariæ Vanbutchel novo miraculo conſervatas, & a marito ſuo ſuperſtites cultu quotidiano adoratas.

Hic, exſors tumuli, jacet
Uxor Joannis Vanbutchel,
Integra omninò & incorrupta,
Viri ſui amantiſſimi
Deſiderium ſimul & deliciæ;
Quam gravi morbo vitiatam,
Conſumptamque tandem longâ morte,
In hanc, quam cernis, nitorem,
In hanc ſpeciem & colorem viventis
Ab indecorâ putredine vindicavit,
Invitâ & repugnante naturâ,
Vir egregius, Gulielmus Hunterus,
Artificii prius intentati
Inventor idem & perfector.
O! fortunatum maritum,
Cui datur
Uxorem multùm amatam
Retinere unà in unis ædibus,
Affari, tangere, complecti,
Propter dormire, ſi lubet,
Non fatis modò ſuperſtitem,
Sed, (quod mirabilius)
Etiam ſuaviorem,
Venuſtiorem,
Habitiorem,
Solidam magis, & magis ſucci plenam,
Quam cum ipſa in vivis fuerit!
O! fortunatum virum, & invidendum,
Cui peculiare hoc, & proprium contingit,
Apud ſe habere fæminam
Conſtantem ſibi,
Et horis omnibus eandem!

* *Temple.*] The tomb, erected by Artemiſia, in memory of Mauſolus, is uſually reckoned amongſt the ſeven wonders of the world. It is ſaid to have been four hundred and eleven feet in circumference, and one hundred and forty feet high, containing a pyramid within of the ſame height. The term of Mauſoleum has been adopted by all the ſons and daughters of poſthumous vanity, and is uſed to this day.

bear

bear a greater burthen than any of us, being preſſed down with ſuch a weight of marble.

MAUSOLUS.

So, all theſe things are to be counted for nothing, and Mauſolus and Diogenes are upon a level?

DIOGENES.

Not ſo, neither, great ſir: for Mauſolus will be tormented whenever he reflects on what once made him ſo happy: whilſt Diogenes, at the ſame time, will laugh at him for it. He will ſay that the monument at Halicarnaſſus was erected by his ſiſter, and his wife Artemiſia: Diogenes, on the other hand, does not ſo much as know whether he had any ſepulchre at all; nor did he even care about it: but he left behind him, amongſt the good and great, the character of one who lived like a man; a character, thou abject creature, higher than thy monument, and built on a much nobler foundation.

DIALOGUE XIII.

AJAX AND AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON.

WHY, O Ajax, after running mad, as you did, thinking you had deſtroyed us all, and then killing yourſelf, do you find fault with Ulyſſes? you would not ſo much as look at him juſt now; when he came hither to conſult the ſoothſayer, never condeſcended to ſpeak to your old friend and fellow-ſoldier; but haughtily ſtalked by, and took no notice of him.

AJAX.

Agamemnon, he deſerved it: he was the cauſe of my frenzy, by contending with me for the armour.

AGAMEMNON.

Could you expect to be without a rival, or to gain the victory over all, without the trouble of a conteſt?

AJAX.

At leaſt in that cauſe, I think, I ought: the arms were mine by right of inheritance, as they belonged to my couſin Achilles; and this, moreover, you, who were all his ſuperiors, acknowleged, and yielded them to me: but that ſon of Laertes, whoſe life I have ſo often ſaved, when in the ut-

moſt danger, he, and he alone, pretended to be worthier of them than myſelf.

AGAMEMNON.

My noble friend, you ſhould lay the blame on Thetis, who, inſtead of giving you the armour, which ſhe ought to have done, as the neareſt relation, expoſed them to public view.

AJAX.

She was not to blame, but Ulyſſes, who alone ſtood in oppoſition to me.

AGAMEMNON.

Surely, Ajax, he is to be forgiven, if, as a man, he was fond of glory, for whoſe ſake we are all ready to abide the greateſt perils; beſides, that he fairly conquered you; and ſo the Trojans themſelves determined.

AJAX.

I know very well who determined it: but we muſt not ſpeak evil of the gods: Ulyſſes, however, I ſhall always abhor, though Minerva herſelf were to forbid me.

DIALOGUE XIV.

ANTILOCHUS AND ACHILLES.

ANTILOCHUS.

ACHILLES, how could you talk as you juſt now did to Ulyſſes, concerning death, in a manner ſo unbecoming the pupil of Chiron and Phœnix? I overheard you telling him, that * you had rather be a ploughman, or

* *You had rather*, &c.] The words here alluded to are ſpoken by Achilles to Ulyſſes in the ſhades, as related in the eleventh book of Homer's Odyſſey.—They are thus tranſlated by Pope,

> Rather I'd chuſe laborioufly to bear
> A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
> A ſlave to ſome poor hind, that toils for bread,
> Than reign the ſcepter'd monarch of the dead.
>
> See Pope's Odyſſey, book xi. ver. 597.

Homer has undoubtedly given a moſt wretched, imperfect, and unaccountable deſcription of a future ſtate. In his infernal regions, we do not find, except in a very few inſtances, any proper diſtinction between the good and the bad; the guilty are not puniſhed, nor the virtuous rewarded; the ghoſts are all moſt miſerable figures, and, like ſo many frightful ſkeletons, apparently without any thing to employ or to divert them. Virgil's hell is certainly a much more rational, as well as a much more poetical one. Lucian, who ſeems fond of taking every oppor-

or labourer to ſome needy ruſtic, who had ſcarce bread to eat, than be a monarch here below: ſuch words had ſuited well a low Phrygian ſlave, anxious after long life; but for the ſon of Peleus, the firſt of heroes, who had courted ſo many dangers in the field, to think ſo meanly, and ſo much beneath himſelf, is ſhameful indeed, and directly oppoſite to all his former noble actions: for, when you might have reigned at Phthiotis, and lived inglorious, even to extreme old age, you preferred an honourable death.

ACHILLES.

But then, O ſon of Neſtor, I was ignorant of this ſtate, and knew not which was beſt: therefore did I prefer that idle fame to life; at length I have diſcovered how unprofitable it is. On earth, indeed, ſuch deeds as mine are loudly celebrated, but amongſt the dead all are equal: no longer, Antilochus, have we ſtrength or beauty, but are all involved in the ſame obſcurity, and not diſtinguiſhable one from another; nor Trojan ghoſts are afraid of, nor Grecian revere Achilles: one ſhade is like another, and the coward and the brave are here mingled together: this is what diſguſts me, and I had much rather live and be a ſlave on earth.

ANTILOCHUS.

What is to be done? it is the law of nature that all muſt die, you ſhould ſubmit to it therefore, and not repine: you ſee how many of your friends are already here: Ulyſſes too, will join us ſoon. Let it then afford you comfort, that you are not the only ſufferer: behold Hercules, Meleager, and other excellent men, who, I believe, would not willingly return to the other world, if they expected to be ſent thither to be in a ſtate of ſervitude, under the low and indigent.

ACHILLES.

It is a friendly admonition: and yet, I know not how it is, but the memory of my paſt life ſtill diſquiets me, and I cannot help thinking that every one of you is affected in the ſame manner: and if you will not acknowlege it, you are but ſo much the more to blame, in ſuffering without complaint.

ANTILOCHUS.

Rather ſay, Achilles, we act more prudently than yourſelf; as well know-

opportunity to turn the blind bard into ridicule, has ſeverely cenſured him in many places for propagating ſuch abſurd notions; though Homer, after all, was not to blame, as he only delivered the opinions and fables received and believed by his contemporaries, which was all the buſineſs and all the duty of a poet.

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ing of how little ſervice it muſt be to murmur: we bear all in ſilence, and complain not, leſt, deſiring what you deſire, like you, we ſhould only become ridiculous.

DIALOGUE XV.

TERPSION AND PLUTO.

TERPSION.

PLUTO, is this fair and equitable, that I ſhould die at thirty, and old Thucritus, who is above ninety, be alive ſtill?

PLUTO.

Moſt fit it is, Terpſion, that he ſhould live, who never wiſhed for the death of any of his friends; whilſt you laid wait for his, in hopes of his eſtate.

TERPSION.

Ought not the old, who can no longer enjoy life, to die, and make room for the young?

PLUTO.

You would make a new law, Terpſion, that all thoſe who can no longer enjoy their riches with pleaſure, ſhould depart: but fate and nature have otherwiſe determined.

TERPSION.

It is a determination which I cannot approve: the oldeſt, I think, ſhould die firſt, and after him the next in ſeniority, and ſo on; nor would I have any old fellow abſurdly continue to live, who has but three teeth left in his head, and can ſcarce ſee out of his blear eyes; who is forced to be ſupported by his ſervant, a kind of animated ſepulchre, without any taſte for pleaſure, and the mere laughing ſtock of youth: whilſt, at the ſame time, the young, the beautiful, and the brave are ſnatched away: it is the running back of ſtreams to their fountain head: at leaſt one ſhould know when old fellows are to die, that one may not court them for nothing; but now, as the ſaying is, we often * put the cart before the horſe.

PLUTO.

Theſe things, Terpſion, are much better ordered than you ſeem to think

* *Put the cart, &c.*] The original proverb, as quoted by Lucian, is, literally tranſlated, *the cart often drags the ox*, which approaches ſo nearly to our own familiar adage, that I have ventured to adopt it, though it is ſeldom applied in this ſenſe.

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they are: why ſhould you gape after other people's eſtates, and fawn upon old men who have no children? For this reaſon you are deſervedly laughed at, when, inſtead of your burying THEM, they bury YOU; and, as you wiſh for THEIR deaths, all the world is glad of YOURS: You invented this new art, this falling in love with old men and women, who have no children; for thoſe who have children are never courted by you: ſome of them, indeed, whom you have neglected, ſeeing your deſign, though they had children, pretended to hate them, that they might draw you in to flatter them, and, after all the preſents you had made them, cut you off in their wills: thus nature prevailed, as ſhe ought, their own children poſſeſſed the inheritance, and you gnaſhed your teeth with grief at the diſappointment.

TERPSION.

It is too true: what a deal of money have I loſt by that Thucritus, who, whenever I came in, pretended to be dying, fetched a deep ſigh, and ſqueaked like a chicken in the egg-ſhell; and I, like a fool, thinking he was juſt ready to be put into his coffin, ſent him preſent on preſent, for fear my rivals ſhould excel me in generoſity: laid awake whole nights, counting my riches and diſpoſing of them: the want of ſleep, and uneaſineſs I underwent were, indeed, the cauſe of my death, and the old fellow, when he had ſucked all he could out of me, the day before yeſterday, when I was buried, ſtood over my grave and laughed at me.

PLUTO.

Well done, Thucritus: long mayeſt thou live, abounding in wealth, and laughing at ſuch fools as theſe; nor mayeſt thou die, till thou haſt ſent all thy flatterers before thee!

TERPSION.

O Pluto, if Chariades dies before Thucritus, I ſhall be happy.

PLUTO.

Be of good cheer, Terpſion; for Phido, and Melanthus, and all of them will die before him, and of the ſame diſtemper as yourſelf.

TERPSION.

I am glad of that: ſo, long live Thucritus!

DIALOGUE XVI.

MENIPPUS AND TANTALUS.

MENIPPUS.

TANTALUS, why ſtandeſt thou there by the lake ſide, weeping and lamenting ſo?

TANTALUS.

Becauſe, Menippus, I am periſhing with thirſt.

MENIPPUS.

Are you ſo lazy that you cannot ſtoop down and drink: by Jove, if I were you, I would take ſome in the palm of my hand.

TANTALUS.

It is to no purpoſe to ſtoop: for no ſooner does the water find me approaching, but immediately it runs away from me, or if I do catch a little, and hold it up to my mouth, I cannot ſo much as wet my lips with it, for, ſome how or other, it ſlips through my fingers, and leaves my hand as dry as ever.

MENIPPUS.

Indeed, Tantalus, your ſufferings are of a very extraordinary nature. But pray, inform me, why ſhould you drink at all? you have no body; that is buried in Lydia, and can neither be hungry nor dry: and what buſineſs, therefore, has a ghoſt to drink?

TANTALUS.

That very thing is my puniſhment: my ſoul ſuffers thirſt as much as when it had a body.

MENIPPUS.

You are puniſhed with thirſt; ſo far I believe you; but what is there ſo dreadful in it? Are you afraid of dying for want of drink? After one death there is no fear of another.

TANTALUS.

You ſay right: but that is a principal part of my puniſhment, to be deſirous of drink, when there is no occaſion for it.

MENIPPUS.

Tantalus, you are abſolutely mad, and, by Jove, if you want any drink

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it is * Hellebore; for, contrary to thoſe who are bit by dogs, you have the dread, not of water, but of thirſt.

TANTALUS.

I would drink hellebore itſelf, if I could get it.

MENIPPUS.

Be ſatisfied, Tantalus: for neither you nor any of the dead muſt drink; it is impoſſible: they are not all of them, indeed, condemned to thirſt, nor does the water expect them, as it does you.

DIALOGUE XVI.

MINOS AND SOSTRATUS.

MINOS.

LET this ruffian, Soſtratus, be caſt into Phlegethon: and that ſacrilegious fellow torn in pieces by the Chimæra; and, do you hear, Mercury, chain down the tyrant along with Tityus, and let the vulturs gnaw his liver: but go ye good and virtuous into the Elyſian Fields, inhabit the iſlands of the bleſſed, as a reward for your piety and virtue whilſt upon earth.

SOSTRATUS.

Do but hear me firſt, Minos, whether I am right or not.

MINOS.

What! hear you again? do not you ſtand convicted already of being a villain, and killing ſo many people?

SOSTRATUS.

Granted: but conſider whether my puniſhment is juſt, or not.

MINOS.

Moſt certainly; if every one ſhould have the reward which they deſerve.

SOSTRATUS.

But pray, Minos, anſwer me one ſhort queſtion.

* *Hellebore.*] A medicinal plant, conſtantly alluded to in the writings of antiquity, as a grand ſpecific againſt melancholy, folly, madneſs, and all the diſorders of the mind. There are two ſorts, the black, which we call the Chriſtmas-roſe, and the white, called neeſe-wort. The iſland of Anticyra, ſituate againſt mount Oeta, was famous for the growth of this plant, whence ſprung the proverbial ſaying, of *naviget Anticyram*, ſend him a voyage to Anticyra. Amongſt the moderns, it has, ſome how or other, loſt all its wonderful efficacy, and is very ſeldom uſed amongſt us.

MINOS.

Aſk it; but be brief, that I may have time to try ſome other cauſes.

SOSTRATUS.

Whatever I did, whilſt upon earth, did I do it of my own accord, or was I compelled to it by * fate?

MINOS.

By fate: no doubt of it.

SOSTRATUS.

And, in obedience to that, do we not all act; thoſe who are called good, and we who ſeem to do evil?

MINOS.

Moſt certainly; as Clotho enjoins them, who pre-ordains what every man ſhall do, from the moment of his birth.

SOSTRATUS.

If a man, therefore, kills another, being obliged to it by one whom he dare not diſobey; a hangman, for inſtance, by command of the judge, or an officer, by order of the king, who is guilty of the murther?

MINOS.

The judge, or the king, undoubtedly: it cannot be the ſword, which is no more than an inſtrument to fulfill the deſire of him who directs the uſe of it.

SOSTRATUS.

Excellent Minos: thus, in ſupport of my axiom, to add a corollary; again, if any one, ſent by his maſter, brings me gold or ſilver, who am I to thank for it, to whom am I indebted for the favour?

MINOS.

To him who ſent it: the man who brought was only agent to the other.

SOSTRATUS.

Do not you perceive, therefore, how unjuſt it is to puniſh me, who was only an inſtrument employed to do thoſe things which Clotho had commanded, and to reward thoſe who only adminiſtered the good imparted to them

* *By fate.*] The doctrine held by many of the ancient philoſophers, concerning fate, or neceſſity, was (like predeſtination in modern times), the perpetual cauſe of ſcepticiſm in the heathen world, and afforded at the ſame time an ample ſubject for ridicule to the ſatiriſts and poets: conſequently a favourite ſubject with Lucian, who takes frequent opportunities of laughing at the folly and abſurdity of it.

by

by others? you can never ſay it was poſſible to act in oppoſition to the dictates of neceſſity.

MINOS.

On a diligent enquiry, Soſtratus, you will find out many things of this kind not eaſily to be accounted for; and all you can gain by your diſcoveries will be, to the title of thief, to add that of ſophiſt alſo: however, let him go, Mercury, without any farther puniſhment; but take care you do not teach other ghoſts to aſk the ſame queſtions.

DIALOGUE XVII.

DIOGENES AND POLLUX.

DIOGENES.

POLLUX, I charge you, when you return to the other world, for I think you are to come to life again to-morrow, if you ſee Menippus the Cynic (you will find him, probably, either in the Craneum at Corinth, or the Lycæum, laughing at the philoſophers quarrels with one another), ſpeak thus to him: Diogenes commands you, O Menippus, when you have laughed your fill at things upon earth, that you would come down and laugh ſtill more at things below: there it may be a doubt whether you ſhould laugh or not, and it is a common ſaying amongſt you, "Who knows what is to come hereafter?" But here you will laugh for ever, as I do: eſpecially when you ſee the rich and great, kings and nobles, ſunk into ſuch meanneſs and obſcurity, and only diſtinguiſhed by ſuperior miſery. Tell him how poor and contemptible they ſeem, in compariſon to what they were above, when they recollect their former ſtate: tell him, at the ſame time, to fill his bag with lupines, or, if he can pick up * Hecate's ſupper in the highway, or an egg left at a ſacrifice, or any thing of that kind, to bring it with him.

POLLUX.

Diogenes, I will tell him what you deſire me; but how ſhall I know him? What ſort of a face has he?

DIOGENES.

He is an old fellow, with a bald pate, in a tattered garment, full of holes, and open to every wind, and patched up with rags of different colours: he is always laughing, and remarkably ſevere upon the proud philoſophers.

* *Hecate's ſupper.*] For an account of this, ſee note, p. 142.

POLLUX.

By theſe tokens I ſhall eaſily diſtinguiſh him.

DIOGENES.

Shall I give you any commands for thoſe philoſophers?

POLLUX.

If you pleaſe; I ſhall execute them with pleaſure.

DIOGENES.

Tell them, once for all, to leave off playing the fool, quarrelling about the formation of the world, giving one another * horns, and making † crocodiles: let them no longer teach the mind to exerciſe itſelf in ſuch trifles.

POLLUX.

But they will call me an ignorant and illiterate blockhead, for pretending to find fault with their doctrines.

DIOGENES.

But do you tell them from me, they ought to lament their own ignorance.

POLLUX.

Diogenes, this alſo I ſhall acquaint them with.

DIOGENES.

And now, my dear little Pollux, in my name thus ſhall you accoſt the rich: Why, ye empty creatures, do ye hoard up your gold, why torment yourſelves, why put your money out to uſury, and heap talent upon talent; when in the ſhades, where you ſoon muſt come, one obolus will ſuffice you?

POLLUX.

I will do it.

DIOGENES.

A word likewiſe, to thoſe who boaſt of their ſtrength or beauty; Megillus, for inſtance, the Corinthian, and Damoxenus, the wreſtler; tell them

* *Horns.*] This alludes to a ridiculous kind of ſyllogiſm, much in faſhion amongſt the Stoic philoſophers, who uſed to ſay, "Quod non amiſiſti, habes: cornua non amiſiſti ergo cornua habes:" what thou haſt not loſt, thou haſt; thou haſt not loſt thy horns, ergo, thou haſt horns. The critics tell us, that by horns here, as amongſt us, was meant the very ancient practice of cuckoldom, and, in ſupport of their opinion, quote the following paſſage from Artemidorus: Ὅτι ἡ γυνὴ σου πορνεύσει, καὶ τὸ ΛΕΓΟΜΕΝΟΝ, ΚΕΡΑΤΑ αὐτῷ ΠΟΙΗΣΕΙ. Onirocrit. lib. 2. cap. xi.

† *Crocodiles.*] Another kind of ænigmatical ſophiſm, practiſed by the ſmall wits of the age. A crocodile, ſaid they, promiſed to reſtore a child he had ſtolen, if a perſon would give him a true anſwer to a queſtion he would aſk, and the queſtion itſelf was, whether he ſhould reſtore the child or not?—This was ſomething like arguing in a circle. Quintillian, in alluſion to this, talks of ceratinos & crocodilinas ambiguitates. See Lucian's Sale of Philoſophers.

we

we have no yellow hair here, no blue or black eyes, no roſy complexions, no well-ſtrung nerves, or brawny ſhoulders, but all one heap of duſt, as they ſay, and ſculls without hair or beauty.

POLLUX.

This meſſage, alſo, ſhall I moſt willingly deliver.

DIOGENES.

Moreover, my little Spartan, you muſt tell the poor (for many of them are unhappy, and lament their poverty), that they ſhould not cry and take on: inform them of the equality that reigns amongſt us, and that hereafter they ſhall ſee thoſe who were ſo much richer on earth, when they come here, juſt as poor as themſelves; and withal, if you pleaſe, you may tell your countrymen, the * Lacedæmonians, from me, that they are ſadly degenerated.

POLLUX.

No meſſage for the Lacedæmonians, I beſeech you, Diogenes; for I will not carry it: for the reſt you may depend on me.

DIOGENES.

We will omit it then, if you think proper: but remember my other commands.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

DIOGENES AND ALEXANDER.

DIOGENES.

WHAT! Alexander here! could he die like one of us?

ALEXANDER.

It is even ſo, as you ſee, Diogenes; and where is the wonder that a mortal man ſhould die?

DIOGENES.

Did Ammon lie, then, when he called you his ſon; and are you really ſprung from Philip?

* *Lacedæmonians.*] From being remarkable for the purity and ſeverity of their manners, the Lacedæmonians became, in proceſs of time, the moſt luxurious and abandoned people. Pollux, however, did not chuſe to tell them ſo. A temple, we are told, had been erected to him in Laconia. He was a god of honour, and would not be reproached with that worſt of all vices, ingratitude.

ALEX-

ALEXANDER.

From Philip, moſt undoubtedly: for had I been the ſon of Ammon, I had not died.

DIOGENES.

Something was whiſpered too about Olympias, that ſhe kept company with a Dragon, who was ſeen in bed with her, that you were the fruit of their amours, and Philip deceived, who only imagined himſelf to be your father.

ALEXANDER.

I have heard of this as well as you; and now I perceive, that neither my mother, nor the prophets of Ammon, ſpoke one word of truth.

DIOGENES.

The tale, however, was not unſerviceable to you in carrying on your affairs; for many, believing you to be a god, feared you as ſuch: but pray, inform me, to whom you have left your empire?

ALEXANDER.

Indeed, Diogenes, I know not: my death was ſo ſudden, that I had not time to determine any thing concerning it, except that, when I was dying, I gave my ring to Perdiccas. What makes you ſmile?

DIOGENES.

I ſmile to think how the Grecians behaved when they gave you the empire, how they choſe you their general againſt the Barbarians, flattered and adored you; ſome of them were for adding you to the twelve deities, building temples for, and worſhipping you as the offſpring of the Dragon. But, tell me, where did the Macedonians bury you?

ALEXANDER.

For theſe three days paſt I have lain in Babylon; but Ptoloniæus, one of my officers, has promiſed, when affairs are a little quiet, and he is at leiſure, to carry me to Ægypt, and bury me there, that I may be made an Ægyptian god.

DIOGENES.

Can I help laughing, Alexander, to ſee you ridiculous even after death, and hoping to be an Oſiris or Anubis? But, pray, my moſt divine friend, lay aſide your hopes: no one who has ever paſſed the lake, and deſcended into the mouth of Tartarus, muſt ever think of returning: Æacus is not ſo careleſs, nor Cerberus ſo contemptible. But I ſhould be glad to know how you feel on the remembrance of paſt felicity, when you recollect your guards, your ſatraps, and your treaſures, the people that adored you

at

at Bactria, and at Babylon, your honours and dignities, when you ſhone ſo conſpicuous, when you were carried by immenſe wild beaſts, crowned with garlands, and cloathed in purple; does not the remembrance of theſe things torment you?—Ha! fool doſt thou weep? Did not your wiſe Ariſtotle teach you to have no dependence on the gifts of Fortune?

ALEXANDER.

Call you him wiſe? that baſeſt of all flatterers! I know him well, know how much he ſolicited, how much he wrote to me, how he abuſed my love of ſcience, and deſire of knowlege; how he complimented and flattered me; ſometimes on my beauty, as if that was a ſpecies of perfection; ſometimes on my actions, and ſometimes on my riches, for thoſe alſo he looked on as a real good, probably the better to excuſe his own deſire of them. Diogenes, he was an artful and deſigning man, and all the fruits I reap from his wiſdom, is, to be tormented now about thoſe enjoyments which you juſt now mentioned.

DIOGENES.

What is to be done then? Shall I point you out a remedy for this diſeaſe? as we have no hellebore growing here, take, as faſt as you can, the waters of Lethe; drink, and drink again; Ariſtotle's good things will then no longer diſguſt you: but I ſee Clytus, and Calliſthenes, and ſeveral more, who are ready to fall upon, and tear you in pieces, for the injuries they have received from: you therefore, go into another path, and remember what I told you; drink away.

DIALOGUE XIX.

ALEXANDER, HANNIBAL, SCIPIO, AND MINOS.

ALEXANDER.

LIBYAN, I tell thee I ought to have the precedency, being the greater man.

HANNIBAL.

That I deny.

ALEXANDER.

I appeal to Minos.

MINOS.

Who are ye?

ALEXANDER.

This is Hannibal of Carthage; I am Alexander, the ſon of Philip.

MINOS.

MINOS.

By Jove, two illuſtrious men! but what are you quarrelling about?

ALEXANDER.

Precedency: he affirms that he was a * greater general than I; and I, on the other hand, aſſert, what every body knows, that I was a better ſoldier, not only than him, but than any that ever appeared before me.

MINOS.

Let each plead his own cauſe: do you Hannibal, begin.

HANNIBAL.

One thing, Minos, I am very glad of, which is, that I learned the † Greek language; in that, at leaſt, he is not my ſuperior: but, moreover, thoſe are, in my opinion, moſt worthy of praiſe, who, from being nothing, have turned out great men, and raiſed themſelves to power and empire by their own merit. When I firſt attacked Iberia, with a very ſmall army, and fought under my brother, I received the greateſt honours, and was conſidered as a hero. I took the Celtiberians, and conquered Heſperia; climbed up vaſt mountains, run over all Eridanus, laid waſte a number of cities, and ſubdued all the flat country of Italy, even up to the walls of the great city. I ſlew ſo many men in one day, that I meaſured out their ‡ rings by the buſhel, and made bridges over the river with their carcaſes; and all this I did, without calling myſelf the ſon of Ammon, or pretending to be a god, or telling my mother's dreams: I acknowleged myſelf a mere mortal, fought againſt the moſt experienced generals, and the braveſt ſoldiers; did not attack Medes and Armenians, fellows that run before any body purſues, and yield the victory to the firſt man that oppoſes them. Alexander did, indeed, improve the empire left him by his father, and, by a lucky enterprize, greatly extended it; but, after he had conquered the unfortunate Darius, at Iſſus and Arbela, he degenerated from his father's virtues, and wanted to

* *A greater general.*] This dialogue is founded on a paſſage in Livy, lib. xxxv. cap. 14. where he tells us, that Hannibal being aſked by Scipio, whom he looked upon as the greateſt general, replied, Alexander the Great, next to him Pyrrhus, and thirdly himſelf; if, indeed, added he, I had conquered Scipio, I ſhould have placed myſelf firſt of all.—Here Lucian makes him retract his former opinion, and claim the precedency.

† *The Greek language.*] Aliquot ejus libri, (ſays Corn. Nepos, ſpeaking of Hannibal) ſunt Græco ſermone confecti.

‡ *Rings.*] Livy ſays, expleſſe tres modios ſuper Dimidium. Florus tells us, modios duos annulorum Carthaginem eſſe miſſos. Lucian gives us an indefinite number, as more ſuitable to his purpoſe. Every account is, perhaps, rather hyperbolical.

be

be adored; fell into the luxury and effeminacy of the Medes, ſlew his own friends at feaſts, and aſſociated with murtherers and aſſaſſins. I, on the other hand, ruled my country with equity, and when ſhe called me to her aid, againſt a mighty fleet ſent out to invade her, I obeyed with chearfulneſs, reduced myſelf to a private man, and, though condemned unjuſtly, bore it with patience and reſignation: this I did, though a * Barbarian, who had never learned Homer, as he had, nor boaſted of the Sophiſt Ariſtotle for my maſter, but took nature only for my guide; therefore do I eſteem myſelf ſuperior to Alexander. He may, indeed, claim precedency, becauſe his head is circled with a diadem; in Macedon, perhaps, this may gain him reverence, but ſurely he is not on that account to be preferred to a noble and diſtinguiſhed general, who owed his riſe not to fortune but to conduct.

MINOS.

Spoken with ſtrength and ſpirit, ſuch as one would little have expected from a Barbarian. Alexander, what anſwer canſt thou make to him?

ALEXANDER.

So impudent a boaſter as this deſerves none: to fame alone I might leave it to diſtinguiſh between a monarch and a ſlave: but judge whether I am not far ſuperior to him; I, who, even when a boy, took poſſeſſion of a divided kingdom, re-eſtabliſhed peace, revenged myſelf on my father's murtherers, and intimidated Greece by the ſubverſion of Thebes. Elected generaliſſimo, by the univerſal ſuffrage, I ſcorned to ſit down in Macedon, contented with the kingdom left me by my father, but graſped the whole world in idea; and, thirſting after univerſal empire, with a ſmall force invaded Aſia, conquered nobly at the Granicus, took Lydia, Phrygia, and Ionia, and at length ſubduing every thing that oppoſed me, came to Iſſus, where Darius with an innumerable army waited for me; from thence how many I ſent to the ſhades, you, O Minos, can beſt teſtify; Charon will tell you, his boat could not hold them, and he was obliged to bring them over in rafters made on purpoſe; this I did at the perpetual hazard of my life, fearleſs of wounds or danger. To paſs over what I performed at Tyre and Arbela, I pierced even to India, and made the ocean alone the limits of my empire; I took their elephants, and led Porus captive. I paſſed the Tanais,

* *A Barbarian.*] Ergo humanitatis dulcedo etiam in efferata *Barbarorum* ingenia penetrat—ſays Valerius Maximus, ſpeaking of Hannibal's tenderneſs and humanity.

and, with a vaſt body of horſe, overcame the warlike Scythians. I defended myſelf from my enemies, and endeared myſelf to my friends by acts of beneficence. If men miſtook me for a deity, they might well be forgiven, as they were, induced by the greatneſs of my actions, to believe me ſuch. Laſtly, I died a king, death ſeized me on the throne; but HE periſhed an exile at Bithynus, the fate which ſuch a cruel and worthleſs wretch deſerved. How he conquered Italy I will not ſay; not by bravery, but by fraud, cunning, and chicanery, never mindful of juſtice, openneſs, or integrity. When he reproached me with luxury, he forgot his own behaviour at Capua, where, abandoned to harlots, he loſt all the fruits of his victories in the purſuit of pleaſure. But what of great or noble ſhould I have done, had I not contemned my weſtern conqueſts, and turned towards the Eaſt? I might have taken Italy without bloodſhed, and Libya, and brought the whole earth, even unto Gades, under my dominion, with the greateſt eaſe: but I thought it not worth my care, to reduce kingdoms, which already trembled at my power, and acknowleged me for their maſter. Minos, I have given theſe few out of many reaſons that might be brought here before you; judge, and determine.

SCIPIO.

Not before you have heard me alſo.

MINOS.

My good friend, who are you, whence come you, and what have you to ſay?

SCIPIO.

I am Scipio, the Roman general, who deſtroyed Carthage, and conquered the Africans in ſeveral battles.

MINOS.

And what of that?

SCIPIO.

I acknowlege myſelf inferior to Alexander, but think I ſhould take place of Hannibal, whom I purſued, overcame, and put to ignominious flight: how dares he to contend with Alexander, when I, who conquered him, pretend not to it?

MINOS.

By Jove, Scipio, you are in the right; wherefore let Alexander have the precedency; you ſhall be ſecond, and Hannibal, if you pleaſe, who is no contemptible character, come in, third.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXI.

MENIPPUS, ÆACUS, PYTHAGORAS, EMPEDOCLES, AND SOCRATES.

MENIPPUS.

NOW, Æacus, by Pluto, I beſeech you, lead me all round, and ſhew me every thing worth ſeeing here below.

ÆACUS.

That cannot eaſily be done, Menippus; but the moſt conſiderable are as follows: this is Cerberus; to Charon, who brought you over, you are no ſtranger; Pyriphlegethon, and the great lake, you ſaw as you came in.

MENIPPUS.

Theſe I know already, and you, who guard the entrance; I had a ſight alſo of Pluto and the Furies: but ſhew me your old heroes, thoſe who made the greateſt figure in the world.

ÆACUS.

Yonder is Agamemon, the other Achilles, he who ſits next to them is Idomeneus; then comes Ulyſſes, after him Ajax, Diomede, and ſeveral other famous Grecians.

MENIPPUS.

Alas poor Homer! how the glorious ſubjects of thy rhapſodies lie ſcattered upon the ground, without form or beauty, mere duſt and aſhes, with very * poor heads, trifles now of no value or duration: but who is this?

ÆACUS.

Cyrus; and here comes Craſſus, next to him is Sardanapalus, behind them is Midas, and that is Xerxes.

MENIPPUS.

Thou too, impious wretch, wert once the terror of Greece, pretending to ſail through mountains, and building bridges over the Helleſpont; and what a figure is that Craſſus now! but pray, Æacus, let me give that Sardanapalus a box.

ÆACUS.

By no means, you would crack that ſoft effeminate ſkull of his.

* *Poor heads.*] Alluding to that expreſſion of Homer in the Odyſſey,

Νεκυων αμενηνα καρηνα.

MENIPPUS.

Then I will e'en ſpit upon the * Hermaphrodite.

ÆACUS.

Shall I ſhew you ſome of our philoſophers?

MENIPPUS.

By Jove, I wiſh you would.

ÆACUS.

Firſt of all, then, there is Pythagoras.

MENIPPUS.

Hail, Euphorbus, Apollo, or by whatever name you chuſe to be called.

PYTHAGORAS.

Hail to thee, Menippus.

MENIPPUS.

Have you got your † golden thigh yet?

PYTHAGORAS.

No: what have you got to eat in your little bag there?

MENIPPUS.

Nothing but beans, my friend, which you muſt not eat.

PYTHAGORAS.

Give me ſome, the laws of the other world do not bind us here below: I have learned, ſince I came hither, that there is no reſemblance between beans, and the ſource of generation.

ÆACUS.

Beſides theſe, there is Solon, the ſon of Execeſtida, Thales, Pittacus, and the reſt of them, all ſeven, as you ſee, together.

MENIPPUS.

Theſe, and theſe alone, ſeem to be chearful and happy: but who is this fellow, covered with aſhes, and full of bliſters, like an over-baked loaf?

* *Hermaphrodite.*] Ἀνδρόγυνω, half man, half woman: no improper appellation for the effeminate Sardanapalus.

† *Golden thigh.*] D. Laertius tells us, that Pythagoras had ſo noble an appearance, that his diſciples looked upon him as a god, and called him the Hyperborean Apollo. The philoſopher availed himſelf of their prejudices, and told them that he had a golden thigh, which, we are told, he ſhewed ſeveral times to Abaris the prieſt of Apollo: in thoſe times the *ipſe dixit* of the maſter was ſufficient; they took his word, and were not ſo unreaſonable as to aſk for the ocular proof.

ÆACUS.

ÆACUS.

O, that is Empedocles, juſt arrived, half roaſted, from mount Ætna.

MENIPPUS.

Good brazen-foot, what could induce thee to leap into the mouth of a furnace?

ÆACUS.

A kind of melancholy madneſs, Menippus.

MENIPPUS.

Aye, by Jove, the madneſs of pride, affectation, and vain glory; this conſumed you and your ſlippers together: the trick, after all, was of little ſervice to you, for you were ſeen after death: but where is Socrates?

ÆACUS.

He is generally diverting himſelf with Neſtor and Palamedes.

MENIPPUS.

If he was hereabouts, I ſhould be glad to ſee him.

ÆACUS.

You ſee him with the bald pate there?

MENIPPUS.

They are all ſo, that is no diſtinction.

ÆACUS.

I mean him with the flat noſe.

MENIPPUS.

I ſhall never know him by that neither, for they all have it.

SOCRATES.

Menippus, did you aſk for me?

MENIPPUS.

Yes, Socrates.

SOCRATES.

How go affairs at Athens now?

MENIPPUS.

The young men are all turned philoſophers; and, indeed, if you look at their gait and apparel only, you would take them for firſt-rate ones: but you ſee what Ariſtippus is, now he is come amongſt you, and Plato himſelf, one ſmelling of perfumes, and the other a * flatterer of Sicilian tyrants.

* *A flatterer.*] See Cornelius Nepos in Dione.

SO-

SOCRATES.

But what do they think of me?

MENIPPUS.

You are a happy man, Socrates; they all eſteem you as the moſt excellent of mortals, and aver that you knew every thing, when, in reality (for here we muſt ſpeak truth), you knew nothing.

SOCRATES.

I told them ſo myſelf, but they thought it was affectation.

MENIPPUS.

Who are thoſe ſtanding round about you?

SOCRATES.

Charmides, and Phædrus, and Alcibiades.

MENIPPUS.

Well done, Socrates, you practiſe your old employment here I find, and love a pretty fellow ſtill.

SOCRATES.

What can I do better? come and ſit down with us.

MENIPPUS.

By Jove, not I; I muſt go to Craſſus and Sardanapalus, their weeping and lamentations will afford me no ſmall diverſon.

ÆACUS.

I muſt be gone too, and ſee that none of our dead men ſteal away from us. Menippus, you ſhall ſee more another time.

MENIPPUS.

Æacus, you may go if you pleaſe: for the preſent, this will ſuffice.

DIALOGUE XXII.

CHARON, ſeveral Dead Men, MERCURY, MENIPPUS, CHARMOLEUS, LAMPICHUS, DAMASIAS, CRATES, a Philoſopher, and Rhetorician.

CHARON.

LOOK ye, gentlemen, thus affairs ſtand: we have but a ſmall boat, as you ſee, and that half rotten, and leaky in many places, if you lean it on one ſide or other, we overſet, and go to the bottom; and yet ſo many of you will preſs in, and every one carrying his baggage with him; if you do not leave it behind, I am afraid you will repent it, eſpecially thoſe who cannot ſwim.

DEAD MEN.

What muſt we do to get ſafe over?

CHARON.

I will tell you; you muſt get in naked, and leave all your ſuperfluities on ſhore, and even then my boat will ſcarce be able to carry you: you, Mercury, muſt take care, and let none come in, but thoſe who are ſtark naked, and have left all their trumpery behind them; ſtand at the head of the boat, and make them ſtrip before they come on board.

MERCURY.

Right, Charon, ſo I will: who is this firſt?

MENIPPUS.

Menippus: I have thrown my pouch and my ſtaff in before me, my coat I did right to leave behind me.

MERCURY.

My honeſt friend, Menippus, come in, take you the firſt ſeat at the helm, near the pilot, and obſerve who comes: but who is this pretty fellow?

CHARMOLEUS.

I am the handſome Charmoleus, of Megara; a kiſs of me ſold for two talents.

MERCURY.

Pleaſe to part with your beauty, your ponderous head of hair, your ſweet kiſſing lips, roſy cheeks, and fine ſkin. It is well; you are fit to come in, and may now enter: but here comes a fierce fellow, cloathed in purple, with a diadem on his head. Who are you?

LAM-

LAMPICHUS.

Lampichus, king of the Geloans.

MERCURY.

What is all that baggage for, you have brought with you?

LAMPICHUS.

Was it fitting that a king ſhould come without any thing?

MERCURY.

A king ſhould not, but a dead man ſhould; therefore down with them.

LAMPICHUS.

There; I have thrown away all my riches.

MERCURY.

Throw away your pride and oſtentation alſo, for if you bring them with you you will ſink the boat.

LAMPICHUS.

At leaſt let me keep my diadem and my cloak.

MERCURY.

By no means: off with them immediately.

LAMPICHUS.

Be it ſo: now I have thrown off every thing; what more muſt I part with?

MERCURY.

Your cruelty, your folly, your inſolence, and your anger.

LAMPICHUS.

Now I am ſtark naked.

MERCURY.

Come in then: and who are you ſo fat and fleſhy?

DAMASIAS.

Damaſias, the wreſtler.

MERCURY.

You are ſo: I have ſeen you often in the Palæſtra.

DAMASIAS.

You have: I am naked, you ſee, and therefore may come in.

MERCURY.

You cannot call yourſelf naked, my good friend, with all that load of fleſh about you; therefore, away with it; for, as ſure as you put your other foot in, you will ſink the boat: but you muſt throw away your crown and your garlands too.

DA-

DAMASIAS.

Now, you ſee, I am thoroughly ſtripped, and of the ame ſize with my brother ſhades here.

MERCURY.

How light and eaſy you are now! come along. You, Crates, too, muſt lay aſide your riches, your luxury, and effeminacy; nor muſt you bring the epitaphs made upon you, nor your glory, nor your genealogy, nor the dignity of your anceſtors; neither muſt we have the public praiſes of the city you ſo highly obliged, nor the inſcriptions on your ſtatue, nor the pompous ſepulchre erected for you: even ſo much as the recollection of theſe things is enough to weigh the boat down.

CRATES.

If I muſt, I muſt: what is to be done?

MERCURY.

What do you do with armour, and what are theſe trophies for?

CRATES.

Becauſe, Mercury, I am a conqueror, and have done noble deeds, therefore did the city reward me with theſe honours.

MERCURY.

Leave your trophies on earth: here below we have always peace, and arms are of no uſe. But who is this, in that grave and ſolemn habit, ſo proud and haughty, wrapt in meditation, with a long beard, and contracted brow?

MENIPPUS.

Some philoſopher, I warrant you, ſome juggler, full of portents and prodigies: ſtrip him by all means, you will find ſomething purely ridiculous under that cloak of his.

MERCURY.

Firſt, then, off with that habit, and then every thing elſe. O Jupiter, what ignorance, impudence, and vain-glory! what a heap of ambiguous queſtions, knotty diſputes, and perplexed thoughts does he carry about him! what a deal of fruitleſs diligence, ſolemn trifles, and ſmall talk! Away with your riches, your pleaſures, your anger, your luxury, your effeminacy, for I ſee it all, though you endeavour to conceal it; your falſhood, pride, and high opinion, which you have of yourſelf: ſhould you come with all theſe, a five-oared bark would not be ſufficient to carry you.

PHILOSOPHER.

Your commands are obey'd, I have parted with them all.

MENIPPUS.

I beſeech you, Mercury, let him leave that heavy ſhaggy beard behind too: the hair of it is worth five minæ at leaſt.

PHILOSOPHER.

Who will cut it off for me?

MERCURY.

Menippus ſhall do it upon deck with the ſailors hatchet.

MENIPPUS.

No no, Mercury, give me the ſaw: that will be ſomething more ridiculous.

MERCURY.

The hatchet will do: aye, now you have made him ſomething more human, by taking away his ſtinking goat's beard.

MENIPPUS.

Shall I nip off a bit of his eye-brow?

MERCURY.

By all means; for he ſtretches it out half over his forehead, for what reaſon, I know not. Ha! what is the matter now? doſt thou weep, wretch? art thou afraid of death? come along, come.

MENIPPUS.

He has got ſomething monſtrous heavy yet under his arm.

MERCURY.

What is it, Menippus?

MENIPPUS.

Flattery; which, whilſt he lived, was of no ſmall ſervice to him.

PHILOSOPHER.

Do you, Menippus, lay aſide your inſolence, your flippant tongue, your mirth, your jeſts, and ridicule: you are the only laugher amongſt us.

MERCURY.

On no account, Menippus, part with them; no, no: keep them by all means, they are light and eaſily carried; beſides, they may be uſeful in the voyage: but do you, Mr. Orator, lay by thoſe contradictions in terms, your antitheſes, your laboured periods, hyperboles, barbariſms, and all that weight of verboſity.

RHE-

RHETORICIAN.

There, I have put them down.

MERCURY.

It is well: now cut your cable, let us weigh anchor, and hoiſt our ſails. Charon, mind the helm: away, let us be merry. What do ye cry for, ye fools? Imprimis, you, Mr. Philoſopher, without the beard there?

PHILOSOPHER.

Becauſe, Mercury, I thought the ſoul had been immortal.

MENIPPUS.

He lies: he grieves for another reaſon.

MERCURY.

What?

MENIPPUS.

Becauſe he ſhall have no more grand ſuppers; becauſe he ſhall not, as he uſed, ſteal out of an evening unperceived by any one, wrap his head up in his cloak, take his rounds to all the bawdy-houſes, then give his lectures in the morning, make the young men admire his wiſdom, and take their money: this is the cauſe of his grief.

PHILOSOPHER.

And pray, Menippus, are not you ſorry that you are dead!

MENIPPUS.

Who I, that came hither as ſoon as I could, and * without calling: but hark! do not I hear a noiſe, as if ſome mortals we left behind were making a diſturbance?

MERCURY.

They are ſo, and in more places than one: ſome are making themſelves merry at the death of Lampſichus; the women are got round his wife, and the boys throwing ſtones at his children: ſome are hallooing Diophantus, the rhetorician, for his funeral oration on Crates; and there, by Jove, is the mother of Damaſias, crying and lamenting the loſs of her ſon: but nobody, Menippus, weeps for you: who alone ſeem to reſt in peace.

MENIPPUS.

Never fear; you will ſoon ſee the dogs barking after me, and the crows ſhaking their wings, when they meet, to bury me.

* *Without calling.*] Diogenes Laertius informs us, that the philoſopher Menippus hung himſelf.

MERCURY.

Well ſaid, Menippus! But we are got over: go you the neareſt way to the ſeat of judgment: Charon and I muſt go back and fetch ſome more.

MENIPPUS.

Mercury, a good voyage to you: let us proceed; why do you halt? judged you muſt all be, and heavy, they ſay, the puniſhments are; wheels, ſtones, and vulturs. Every man's life will be ſtrictly enquired into.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

DIOGENES, ANTISTHENES, CRATES, and a Poor Man.

DIOGENES.

AS we have nothing elſe to do, Crates and Antiſthenes, why ſhould not we take a walk towards the mouth of Tartarus, to ſee who is coming down, and how they behave.

ANTISTHENES.

Diogenes, with all my heart: it will be pleaſant enough to obſerve ſome of them crying, others begging to be let go, others coming down much againſt their will, and looking back, whilſt Mercury ſhoves them on; they fighting and ſtruggling, and all to no purpoſe.

CRATES.

I will tell you what I ſaw, as I came down myſelf.

DIOGENES.

Pray tell us, Crates; I am ſure there muſt be ſomething laughable in it.

CRATES.

There were a great many of us, and amongſt the principal perſonages, the rich Iſmenodorus, our countryman, Arſaces, the Median governor, and Oretes, the Armenian: Iſmenodorus, who was killed by robbers near mount Cithæron, in his way to Eleuſis, his hands ſtill bloody from the wounds he had received, wept bitterly for the young children he had left behind, and blamed his own raſhneſs and folly, in taking only two ſervants, when he was to paſs over Cithæron, and the deſarts round about Eleuthera, ſo often laid waſte by continual wars, eſpecially, as he had carried with him five golden veſſels, and four cups: but Arſaces, who was an old man, and, by Jove, had a noble preſence, ſeemed, as is the manner of thoſe Barbarians, extremely angry at being obliged to walk on foot, and ordered his horſe to be brought

brought to him; for the horſe was killed with him, both of them being run through by an armed Thracian, in the battle with the king of the Cappadocians, at the river Araxes. Arſaces, as he told us himſelf, ruſhing with great rapidity againſt the enemy, had got a long way before his troops, when the Thracian ſtooping down, and covering with his ſhield, ſtruck the ſpear out of his hand, and thruſting his own javelin underneath, pierced through him and his horſe at the ſame time.

ANTISTHENES.

But how could that be done, Crates, at one ſtroke?

CRATES.

Very eaſily; Arſaces ran upon him with a ſtaff twenty cubits long, but the Thracian, when he had warded off the blow with his ſhield, and the point was turned on one ſide of him, falling on one knee, broke the force of the intended ſtroke, and wounded, run Arſaces through; the horſe, from the rapidity of the purſuit, and rage together, ſtuck himſelf upon the pike, and they were both pierced through with it: you ſee, therefore, it was not the man ſo much as the horſe that was the cauſe of it; he was angry, therefore, that he and his horſe could not come down together. Orates was only a private man, but with ſuch ſoft feet that he could neither ſtand nor go: this, indeed, is the misfortune of all the Medes, when they get off their horſes, they can ſcarce walk o' tiptoe, and that with the utmoſt difficulty, as if they were treading upon thorns: as he lay flat upon the ground, therefore, and could not get up again, Mercury kindly took him on his back, and carried him to the boat: I could not help laughing at it.

ANTISTHENES.

For my part, when I came down, I never aſſociated with any of them, but, leaving them to their lamentations, ran to the boat, and got the beſt ſeat I could: as we came over, ſome cried, and others were ſick, whilſt I diverted myſelf with their folly.

DIOGENES.

Such were your companions; for mine, I had Blepſias, the uſurer, from Piræus, Lampis, the Acharnenſian general of the allies, and Damis, the rich Corinthian. The flatterer was poiſoned by his own ſon, and the former killed himſelf for the love of Myrtium the harlot. Blepſias, it was reported, ſtarved himſelf to death; he looked, indeed, exceſſively pale, and was as thin as poſſible. I aſked them, though I knew before hand, how they all

died,

died; and when Damis accuſed his ſon of poiſoning him, you are rightly ſerved ſaid I, for though you were poſſeſſed of a thouſand talents, and lived luxurioufly yourſelf to ninety years of age, would allow a young man of eighteen no more than four oboli. And you too, Damis (for he was weeping and curſing his harlot), why doſt thou blame love, and not rather thyſelf? you, who never was afraid of an enemy, but braved every danger, and appeared firſt in battle, to be ſo enſlaved by a vile ſtrumpet, with feigned tears and ſighs. As for Blepſias, he condemned his own folly, in keeping his riches for heirs, whom he knew nothing of; but he was fooliſh enough to think he ſhould live for ever: in ſhort, their ſorrows and complaints afforded me no little diverſion. But we are come to the mouth of Tartarus; here we may look up and ſee them coming a great way off: what a heap of them there is! and all in tears, except infants and children: how the old men weep! what charm attaches them ſo to life! I muſt aſk this poor decrepid wretch: what doſt weep for, friend, an old man as you are? Were you a king?

POOR MAN.

Not I.

DIOGENES.

A nobleman?

POOR MAN.

No.

DIOGENES.

You were very rich, I ſuppoſe, and are grieved at leaving ſo many good things behind you?

POOR MAN.

No ſuch thing: I was ninety years of age, and miſerably poor, always uſed to get my bread by fiſhing, had no children, and withal lame, and almoſt blind.

DIOGENES.

And in this condition, couldſt thou deſire to live?

POOR MAN.

Yes: life is ſweet, and death terrible.

DIOGENES.

Old man, thou raveſt; this is mere dotage: you, who are as old as Charon here, to be ſuch a child! and to no purpoſe too! What ſhall we ſay to young men, when people at this age are ſo fond of life; when, one would think, they ſhould wiſh for death, as the only cure for their infirmities. But let us begone, leſt by our wandering here, about the entrance into the ſhades,

ſhades, we ſhould be ſuſpected ourſelves of wanting to make our eſcape from it.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

MENIPPUS, AMPHILOCHUS, AND TROPHONIUS.

MENIPPUS.

I Cannot imagine how you, Trophonius and Amphilochus, now you are dead, come to have temples erected to you, or why you are ſtyled prophets, and fooliſh mortals take you both for divinities.

TROPHONIUS.

Is it our fault, if they miſtake dead men for gods?

MENIPPUS.

But they would never have taken you for ſuch, if you had not, whilſt you were alive, boaſted of your miracles, as if you could have looked into futurity, and pretended to tell them what was to happen hereafter.

TROPHONIUS.

Let Amphilochus anſwer for himſelf: as for me, I am a hero, and always prophecy when any body comes down to conſult me. But, I ſuppoſe, you have never been at Libadia, or you would not have been ſo hard of belief about theſe things.

MENIPPUS.

What! becauſe I have never been there, never came cloathed in a linen garment, and creeping through a narrow hole into a cave, and ſtanding, like a fool, with a cake in my hand; for that, could not I diſcover that you are as dead as we are, and all the difference lies in your being better able to deceive: but now, by your art of propheſying, tell me, what is a hero? for I really do not know.

TROPHONIUS.

Something, between a man and a god.

MENIPPUS.

Which, you mean, is neither man nor god, but both together: pray, where is that half of you, which belongs to the god, retired to at preſent?

TRO-

TROPHONIUS.

* Delivering oracles in Bœotia.

MENIPPUS.

Trophonius, I cannot poſſibly underſtand you: all I know is, that I ſee you, and every part of you, now dead before me.

DIALOGUE XXV.

ALEXANDER AND PHILIP.

PHILIP.

NOW, Alexander, I ſuppoſe you will own yourſelf my ſon; for if you had been Jupiter Ammon's, you would not have died.

ALEXANDER.

Indeed, father, I always knew well enough that I was the ſon of Philip, who was the ſon of Amyntas; but I laid hold on the oracle in my favour, as I thought it might be ſerviceable to my deſigns.

PHILIP.

What ſervice could it be to you, to expoſe yourſelf to the idle tales of flatterers?

ALEXANDER.

None; but it intimidated the Barbarians; my forces were irreſiſtible, when they imagined they fought againſt a god, and I ſubdued them with much leſs difficulty.

PHILIP.

Whom did you ever conquer, that was worth conquering? you, who

* *Delivering oracles.*] Trophoniu , the principal figure in this little picture of Lucian's (for of Amphilochus we can pick up ſcarce any thing), was an oracle-monger of conſiderable note in the heathen world. According to the beſt accounts, he was the ſon of Erginus, king of Orchomenus, and built the temple of Apollo, at Delphos, a ſervice which the god rewarded in a very extraordinary manner: for, eight days after the completion of the edifice, the earth opened and ſwallowed him up. Apollo, however, had not forgot him, for, being applied to ſome years after, by the Bœotians, to give his advice concerning the beſt means of getting rid of a famine, he would not anſwer himſelf, but ſent the petitioners to the tomb of Trophonius, from whence an oracle was delivered that freed them from their calamity; in conſequence of which they erected a magnificent temple to him, and the oracle of Trophonius was from that time univerſally reſorted to, and continued longer than any other in Greece. It may truly be ſaid of this great prophet, that he made no figure in life till after he was dead. Pauſanias, it is remarkable, whoſe works are ſtill extant, conſulted himſelf the oracle of Trophonius, and has left us a full and elaborate deſcription of it, to which I refer my readers. The cave of Trophonius has furniſhed Mr. Addiſon with materials for an excellent paper. See Spectator, N° 599.

never

never fought with any but cowards, who defended themſelves with little bows, ſhort bucklers, and ſhields made of oſier? to conquer Grecians, Bœotians, Athenians, Phocians, the Arcadian foot, the Theſſalian horſe, the Elean ſpearmen, the ſtrong-ſhielded Mantineans; to ſubdue Thracians, Illyrians, and Pæonians, theſe, indeed were noble victories: do not you know, that before your time, Clearchus, with ten thouſand men, routed the Medes, Perſians, and Chaldæans, a delicate army, all over gold, who would not let the enemy come too near, but fled before a dart was thrown againſt them?

ALEXANDER.

But the Scythians, my dear father, and the Indians, with their elephants, ſurely they were no contemptible conqueſts. Beſides, I did not ſubdue them by raiſing up diſſenſions amongſt themſelves, nor did I owe my victories to bribes, treachery, and corruption; neither did I ever forſwear myſelf, or break my word, or pawn my faith for them: add to this, that I took many of the Grecians without bloodſhed: you have heard, I ſuppoſe, how I attacked the Thebans.

PHILIP.

All that I know from Clytus, whom you ſlew at the banquet, becauſe, in recounting our ſeveral actions, he was bold enough to ſpeak in praiſe of me; whilſt you, laying aſide your own dreſs, put on the Perſian robe, wore a tiara, and expected mean adoration from freemen and Macedonians. But of all things, it was ſurely the moſt ridiculous, to imitate the manners of thoſe whom you had ſubdued. Your other actions I ſhall paſs over; your giving up a * noble youth to be devoured by lions, your abſurd marriage, and your paſſion for Hephæſtion. The only praiſe-worthy thing I heard of you, was your ſelf-denial, with regard to Darius's wife, and the care you took of his mother and daughters; that was, indeed, a kingly action.

ALEXANDER.

You never commend my bravery, that love of danger which I ſhewed, when at Oxydrace, I leaped firſt within the walls, and received ſo many wounds.

PHILIP.

No: I commend you not for it; not that I hold it unbecoming a general to lead the way in every danger, or to be wounded in battle; but becauſe it was out of character for you: to ſee one who was accounted a god carried

* *A noble youth.*] Lyſimachus. See Juſtin. The fact, however, is doubtful.

out of the ranks groaning, and bleeding with his wounds, muſt raiſe the laughter of every ſpectator: beſides that Ammon muſt be called a falſe prophet, and the oracle a flatterer. Who could help ſmiling to ſee the ſon of Jove expiring, and calling for the aid of a phyſician? And, now you are dead, do not you think people will laugh at the fiction, and cenſure you ſeverely, when they ſee the body of a god laid out, ſwelled and putrid like other carcaſes? As to what you ſay, with regard to its facilitating your ſucceſs, in my opinion, it has only detracted from the glory of your actions; for however they might appear to be the work of a god, you ſeem to have acted in a manner very unworthy of a deity.

ALEXANDER.

Men, notwithſtanding, think otherwiſe, and compare me to Hercules and Bacchus. Aornos, which neither of them could take, I eaſily ſubdued.

PHILIP.

To put yourſelf before Hercules and Bacchus, is talking like Ammon's ſon indeed; but I ſee, Alexander, you have no ſhame in you, are as proud as ever, know as little of yourſelf, and have as little wiſdom, now you are dead, as you had whilſt you were living.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

ÆACUS, PROTESILAUS, MENELAUS, AND PARIS.

ÆACUS.

PROTESILAUS, why fall upon Helen thus, as if you were going to ſtrangle her?

PROTESILAUS.

Becauſe, Æacus, ſhe was the cauſe of my death; for her I left my houſe half-finiſhed, and my new-married wife, a widow.

ÆACUS.

Blame Menelaus rather, who led you to Troy in defence of ſuch a woman.

PROTESILAUS.

You are in the right, he is indeed moſt to be condemned.

MENELAUS.

Lay not the fault on me, my worthy friend, but, with more juſtice, on Paris, who ſeized my wife, in defiance of all the laws of hoſpitality: he deſerves

deſerves to be ſtrangled, not only by you, but by all the Grecians and Barbarians, for being the cauſe of ſo much bloodſhed.

PROTESILAUS.

It is very true: thee, Paris, will I be revenged of, nor will I ever quit my hold of thee.

PARIS.

There, Proteſilaus, you will be guilty of manifeſt injuſtice, to fall upon a brother ſufferer: I am a lover as well as you, and ſerve the ſame deity: you know we act againſt our wills; the god leads us wherever he pleaſes, and it is impoſſible to reſiſt him.

PROTESILAUS.

You are right; would to heaven I could catch that ſame god of love!

ÆACUS.

I will tell you how he would juſtify himſelf: he would, perhaps, acknowlege that he had inſpired Paris with a paſſion for Helen, but, at the ſame time, you, Proteſilaus, and none but you were the cauſe of your own death, you, who left your new-married wife, and when you came to Troy, without any conſideration of danger, and fond of glory, ruſhed foremoſt into the battle, and were one of the firſt that periſhed in it.

PROTESILAUS.

Æacus, I can aſſign the real cauſe; the whole ſhould be imputed, not to me, but to fate; the will of the gods had ſo decreed it from the beginning.

ÆACUS.

True: why therefore accuſe the innocent?

DIALOGUE XXVII.

NEREUS, THERSITES, AND MENIPPUS.

NEREUS.

HERE comes Menippus, he ſhall be judge which of us is the handſomeſt: what ſay you, Menippus, am not I?

MENIPPUS.

Who are you? for I think I ſhould know that firſt.

NEREUS.

Nereus and Therſites.

MENIPPUS.

But which is Nereus, and which is Therſites? for that is not clear to me.

THERSITES.

Thus much then I have gained already, that we are thought like one another: you are not ſo much above me as that blind * Homer would make us believe, when he calls you the moſt beautiful of men; and yet, you ſee, I, with my wry face, and bald pate, appear to the judge no ways inferior to you: now, therefore, Menippus, pronounce which you think the handſomeſt.

NEREUS.

Me, no doubt, ſprung from Charops and Aglaia, the moſt beautiful of all the youths who came before Troy.

MENIPPUS.

But not ſo, I think, now you are under ground: your bones are like others, and your ſcull differing from the ſcull of Therſites only in this, that it is thinner, ſofter, and more effeminate.

NEREUS.

Only aſk Homer, what an appearance I made when I fought amongſt the Grecian forces.

MENIPPUS.

Idle dreams: I look at what you are now; what you were, they know beſt that lived with you.

NEREUS.

So I am not handſomer here, it ſeems, than any body elſe?

MENIPPUS.

Neither you nor any body elſe is handſome here: amongſt the dead all are equal, and all alike.

THERSITES.

That is enough for me.

* *Homer.*] Nereus, in faultleſs ſhape and blooming grace,
The lovelieſt youth of all the Grecian race.
Pope's Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 817.

In the ſame book we meet with the contraſt in his deſcription of Therſites:

His figure ſuch as might his ſoul proclaim,
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame,
His mountain ſhoulders half his breaſt o'erſpread,
Thin hairs beſtrew'd his long miſhapen head.
Iliad, book ii. l. 263.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

MENIPPUS AND CHIRON.

MENIPPUS.

I HAVE heard, Chiron, that though you might have been a god, you rather choſe to die.

CHIRON.

What you heard was very true; and, as you ſee, I am * dead, though I might have been immortal.

MENIPPUS.

What could make you ſo fond of death, a thing in the eyes of moſt men ſo unlovely?

CHIRON.

As you are no fool, I will tell you; I found no pleaſure in immortality.

MENIPPUS.

Was it unpleaſant then to live and behold the ſun?

CHIRON.

It was: pleaſure in my opinion conſiſts not in ſameneſs, but variety; to live for ever, to enjoy the ſame things, ſee the ſame ſun, and eat the ſame food, to count the ſame hours, and ſee every thing in life recurring in continual ſucceſſion, brought on ſatiety: there is no happineſs but in change.

MENIPPUS.

True, Chiron; but how like you theſe infernal regions, which you were ſo deſirous of a viſit to?

CHIRON.

O, paſſing well, Menippus: equality is agreeable to all, and whether what we do is done in light or darkneſs it matters not; beſides, that here we neither hunger nor thirſt, as in the other world, but are free from every want.

MENIPPUS.

Take heed, Chiron, that you do not contradict yourſelf, and fall into the very error you declaim againſt.

* *Dead.*] Chiron, however, was, according to all accounts, a gainer by the bargain, being afterwards promoted by Jupiter to a ſtar-ſhip in heaven, which he ſtill enjoys in the zodiac, under the name of Sagittarius.

CHIRON.

How ſo?

MENIPPUS.

Becauſe, if you were ſo ſatiated in the other world, by a repetition of the ſame enjoyments, you muſt be ſatiated here alſo, where every thing is alike; you will therefore be for making another change, and ſeeking after another life, which cannot poſſibly be granted.

CHIRON.

What, then, Menippus, is to be done?

MENIPPUS.

What ſhould be done by a man of ſenſe, which, they ſay, you are, and which I believe you to be; be pleaſed and ſatisfied with what you have, and think nothing either in life or death inſupportable.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

DIOGENES AND HERCULES.

DIOGENES.

IS not this Hercules? By Hercules it is! his bow, his club, his lion's ſkin, his ſize, in ſhort, Hercules all over. Could he die, who was the ſon of Jupiter? Pray, inform me, my noble conqueror, are you really dead? For, upon earth, I ſacrificed to you as a god.

HERCULES.

And you were right in ſo doing: for Hercules himſelf is with the gods in heaven, and I am only his image.

DIOGENES.

How is that? the image of a god! and is it poſſible for any one to be half mortal, and half immortal?

HERCULES.

Certainly; for he did not die, but I, who am his * image.

* *His image.*] The ancients imagined that the ſoul, though freed from the body, had ſtill a vehicle, exactly reſembling the body; as the figure in a mould retains the reſemblance of the mould, when ſeparated from it: this vehicle was ſuppoſed to be leſs groſs than the mortal body, and leſs ſubtil than the ſoul; ſo that whatever wounds the outward body received, when living, were believed to affect this inward ſubſtance, and, conſequently, might be viſible after ſeparation: this is the ſtrange and unintelligible notion which Lucian ridicules in the dialogue before us, as well as in many other parts of his works.

DIO-

DIOGENES.

I underſtand you now; he gave you up to Pluto, inſtead of himſelf, and ſo you died for him.

HERCULES.

Something like that.

DIOGENES.

How happened it that Æacus, who is a ſharp looker out, did not know you from him, but took in this ſham Hercules?

HERCULES.

Becauſe I am ſo like him.

DIOGENES.

So like, indeed, that you are the very perſon: I wiſh you are not the true Hercules yourſelf, and that it is your image which is wedded to Hebe in heaven.

HERCULES.

You are a ſaucy prater; and if you do not leave off ſneering at me, you ſhall ſee preſently whether I am an image of a god or not.

DIOGENES.

I ſee your bow is ready ſtretched; but what have I to fear from it, who am dead already? But, by this ſame Hercules, I beſeech you, tell me, whilſt he lived, were you with him as his image, or were you one and the ſame during life, and ſeparated after death, he flying off to heaven, and you his image, as became you, deſcending into hell?

HERCULES.

Such as ſeem reſolved to cavil and diſpute, deſerve no anſwer, however, I will give you one; know then, all Amphitryon's part of Hercules, which part I am, died, and all Jupiter's is with the gods in heaven.

DIOGENES.

I apprehend you clearly: Alcmena brought forth two Hercules's at the ſame time, one by Amphitryon, and the other by Jupiter.

HERCULES.

No, fool; we were both one and the ſame.

DIOGENES.

It is paſt my comprehenſion how you can make two Hercules's, unleſs, like the Centaur, the man and god were joined together.

HERCULES.

Are not we all compounded of two parts, the ſoul and the body, why then

then ſhould not the ſoul which was from Jove, be in heaven, and I, the mortal part, here below?

DIOGENES.

True, my good ſon of Amphitryon, if you were a body; but you are only an incorporeal image. I am afraid, therefore, at laſt, you will make out a three-fold Hercules.

HERCULES.

How a threefold one?

DIOGENES.

Why, thus; one, you know, is in heaven, you, the image, are here below, and your body reduced to aſhes on mount Oeta, there are three of you: now find out a third father for your body.

HERCULES.

Thou art an impudent ſophiſt; who are you?

DIOGENES.

I am the image of Diogenes, the Sinopian. I do not converſe, indeed, with the immortal gods, but with the firſt quality amongſt the dead, and laugh at Homer and all ſuch idle ſtory-tellers.

DIALOGUE XXX.

MENIPPUS, AND TIRESIAS.

MENIPPUS.

TIRESIAS, whether you are blind or not we cannot eaſily diſtinguiſh; for here all our eyes are hollow, and only their ſockets left, we cannot tell which is * Phineus, and which is Lynceus; but the poets have informed us that you were a prophet, and that you have been both man and woman: by the gods, therefore, I beſeech you, tell me, in which ſex did you lead the happieſt life?

TIRESIAS.

The woman's life, Menippus, was much the moſt agreeable, and the moſt eaſy; the women always rule the men: beſides, that they need not go to war, nor watch in the bulwarks, nor harangue in council, nor diſpute in the forum.

* *Phineus.*] Was a famous blind prophet, and Lynceus, ὀξυδερκεστατος, the moſt ſharp ſighted of mortals. Pindar tells us, he ſaw Caſtor at a prodigious diſtance, though hid in the trunk of a tree.

ME-

MENIPPUS.

Did you never hear the Medea of Euripides, where ſhe laments the miſeries of her ſex, and the intolerable pains of child-birth? But, pray tell me (for Medea's iambics put me in mind of it), did you ever lye-in when you were a woman?

TIRESIAS.

Why do you aſk that queſtion?

MENIPPUS.

Nay, no harm; it is eaſily anſwered: what ſay you?

TIRESIAS.

No: never.

MENIPPUS.

And, pray, were you changed at once from a woman into a man?

TIRESIAS.

I wonder what you mean by aſking me; you ſeem as if you doubted whether the fact was really ſo or not.

MENIPPUS.

Surely one may be allowed to doubt of ſuch things a little; or, do you think we ſhould, like ideots, take them for granted?

TIRESIAS.

You do not believe other things, then, of the ſame kind, which you muſt have heard, that women have been turned into birds, beaſts, and trees; as Philomela, and Daphne, and the daughter of Lycaon?

MENIPPUS.

When I light on them, I ſhall hear what they ſay themſelves; but pray, my friend, did you prophecy when you were a woman, and afterwards too? or did you commence man and prophet at the ſame time?

TIRESIAS.

I ſee you know nothing of my hiſtory; how I made up a quarrel amongſt the gods; how Juno deprived me of my ſight, and Jupiter made me amends, by beſtowing on me the art of prophecy.

MENIPPUS.

And can you, Tireſias, continue to propagate theſe falſhoods? But it is the faſhion with you prophets, who never ſay any thing that is true.

MENIPPUS;

OR THE

ORACLE OF THE DEAD.

A DIALOGUE.

This Dialogue *was undoubtedly deſigned by* LUCIAN *as a Burleſque on the eleventh Book of* HOMER's Odyſſey, *deſcribing the Deſcent of* ULYSSES *to the Infernal Regions, and to which it is obſervable, the ancient Critics, have prefixed the ſame Title, viz.* Νεκυομαντια, *or the Book of Necromancy. There ſeems to be, likewiſe, throughout, a viſible Alluſion to the Oracle of* TROPHONIUS, *and the ridiculous Ceremonies to be obſerved by all thoſe who conſulted it, as accurately and minutely deſcribed by* PAUSANIAS.

MENIPPUS, PHILONIDES.

MENIPPUS.

"HAIL, * ye lov'd doors, ye well known manſions, hail!
Once more to light returned, with blithſome heart,
You I re-viſit ——"

PHILONIDES.

Surely this muſt be the Cynic, Menippus: if I know what Menippus's are, it is certainly he; but why this ſtrange diſguiſe; what buſineſs has he with a lion's ſkin, a cap, and a lyre? I will make up to him. Menippus, your ſervant, whence come you? for, I think, we have not ſeen you in the city this many a day.

MENIPPUS.

"Far from the gods, where gloomy Orcus reigns,
In the dark regions of the dead, I come."

PHILONIDES.

And ſo you ſtole from us, without our knowing any thing of the matter, and now are come to life again: O Hercules!

MENIPPUS.

"No: death received me there a living man."

* *Hail, ye loved, &c.*] See the *Hercules Furens* of Euripides.

PHI-

PHILONIDES.

What might be the cauſe of this ſtrange, incredible expedition of your's?

MENIPPUS.

" My youth incited, and my courage drove."

PHILONIDES.

Prithee, leave off tragedizing, deſcend from your lofty iambics, and tell me plainly, what you mean by that garb, and what buſineſs you had in the regions below: for ſurely the journey thither has nothing in it very pleaſant or agreeable.

MENIPPUS.

* " From earth I fly,
To ſeek Tireſias in the nether ſky."

PHILONIDES.

You are certainly crazy, or you would not rant and rhapſodize ſo with your old friends.

MENIPPUS.

Do not be ſurpriſed at it: I am juſt come from Homer and Euripides; and ſo full of their poetry, that verſes come into my mouth, whether I will or no. But, tell me, how go things upon earth? What are they all about in the city?

PHILONIDES.

Nothing new: they pilfer, ſwear, cheat, play the uſurer, and weigh their farthings, e'en juſt as they uſed to do.

MENIPPUS.

A parcel of miſerable ſcoundrels: they little know what is going forward againſt them below, and how ſevere a decree is ſoon to be iſſued out againſt rich rogues; which, by Cerberus, they will find it a hard matter, with all their art, to evade.

PHILONIDES.

Say you ſo? And is there any thing new determined below, concerning us here above?

MENIPPUS.

Aye, by Jupiter, is there, and a great deal too; but I muſt not tell it to every body, or diſcloſe what is not to be revealed, leſt I ſhould have an information filed againſt myſelf for petty treaſon againſt Rhadamanthus.

* *From earth, &c.*] Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, book xi. l. 200.

PHILONIDES.

For heaven's ſake, Menippus, be leſs reſerved to an old friend, who, you know, can keep a ſecret, and, beſides, is one of the initiated.

MENIPPUS.

It is a difficult taſk which you enjoin me, and not altogether ſafe: to oblige you, however, I will venture. The decree is, that thoſe rich rogues, who keep their gold ſhut up, like Danae in ——

PHILONIDES.

Before you proceed with the decree, I muſt beg you, my good friend, to let me know, what, above all, I deſire firſt to be acquainted with, the cauſe of your journey down, and who conducted you thither; and, moreover, what you ſaw and heard there; as I am ſatisfied a man of your taſte could have omitted nothing that was worthy of his obſervation.

MENIPPUS.

This too I will do for you: when a friend is ſo obligingly preſſing, there is no denying him. Firſt, then, I muſt acquaint you with my ſentiments; and what it was that determined me to viſit the infernal regions. When a boy, I was always reading Homer and Heſiod, who recounted the battles and factions, not only of their heroes and demi-gods, but of the gods themſelves, their rapes, adulteries, quarrels, baniſhing their parents, marrying brothers and ſiſters, and ſo forth; all which, no doubt, I inferred, muſt be right and honeſt, and which, to ſay the truth, I had no ſmall deſire to practiſe: but when I came to man's eſtate, I attended to the laws, which taught me a ſyſtem of morality very different from that of the poets; that I muſt not ſteal, ſtir up factions and ſeditions, nor commit adultery. I remained in doubt and uncertainty, and knew not how to act: the gods, I thought, would never have been quarrelſome, factious, or adulterers, if they had not thought it right ſo to be; nor, on the other hand, would the legiſlators have taught things directly oppoſite to theſe, if they had not thought them more conducive to the welfare and happineſs of mankind. In this doubtful ſtate I remained, till it occurred to me, that I might apply to certain perſons, called philoſophers, yield myſelf up to their direction, and requeſt them to point out to me that ſafe and ſimple path of life, which I ought to follow; thus reſolved, I went in ſearch of them, little thinking that

that I ſhould fall, as they ſay, out of the * ſmoke into the fire: for amongſt theſe, I found, in the end, only more ignorance and inſufficiency, and was almoſt induced to think the life of an ideot preferable to their's. One maintained that we ſhould follow pleaſure, in which alone true happineſs conſiſted; another enjoined perpetual toil and labour, told us, we ſhould keep the body lean, ſquallid, and emaciated; that we ſhould be moroſe and ſevere; and then would he chaunt forth the old verſes of Heſiod, about virtue, and ſweating up to the † top of a high mountain. One exhorted us to contemn riches, as a thing of no value, or eſtimation; whilſt another acknowleged that Plutus himſelf had ſomething good in him: not to mention their ſtrange notions about the world, their original ideas, incorporeal beings, atoms, a vacuum, and a heap of ſuch unintelligible jargon, which they were perpetually repeating; but of all things, the moſt truly ridiculous, was, that whilſt they all held tenets and opinions directly oppoſite and contradictory to each other, every one ſupported his argument with ſuch ſtrong and powerful reaſons, there was no refuting either one, who ſaid it was hot, or the other, who affirmed it to be cold; though you were convinced it was impoſſible for the ſame thing to be both hot and cold at the ſame time. For my part, I was like a man half aſleep, aſſenting and diſſenting, by a nod, to both parties. I could not, moreover, help obſerving, that, which was ſtill more abſurd, in many of them, their practice was directly contrary to their principles: thoſe, I remarked, who inculcated the greateſt contempt of riches, were themſelves ſo ſtrongly attached to, that they were not, by any means, to be torn from them: they quarrelled about uſury, they taught for hire, they went through every thing, in ſhort, for the ſake of money. Thoſe, in like manner, who were for extirpating the love of fame, attempted every thing from that very motive: whilſt all united to rail at pleaſure in public, and, in private, thought of nothing elſe.

Thus, again, and again diſappointed, I grew very uneaſy, but comforted

* *Out of the ſmoke.*] An old Greek proverb. It is adopted by Eraſmus; fumum fugiens (ſays he) in ignem incidi. We have an Engliſh adage, which borders nearly upon it. "Out of the frying-pan into the fire."

† *Top of a high mountain.*] Alluding to thoſe lines of Heſiod,

The paths of virtue muſt be reach'd by toil,
Arduous, and long, and on a rugged ſoil,
Thorny the path; but, when the top you gain,
Fair is the future, and the proſpect plain.

See Heſiod's Weeks and Days, book i.

myſelf

myſelf with the reflection, that though I remained ſtill ignorant, and wandering about in the ſearch of truth, I was a fool, however, in good company, and had many of thoſe, who were moſt celebrated for their wit and wiſdom, to keep me in countenance. One night, at length, as I laid ſleepleſs, and thinking on this matter, it came into my head that I would go to Babylon, and aſk the aſſiſtance of ſome magi, the diſciples and ſucceſſors of Zoroaſter: theſe, I had heard, could, by certain ceremonies and incantations, open the doors of hell, ſet a man down there, and bring him ſafe back again, whenever they pleaſed: the beſt way, therefore, I thought, was, leave being firſt obtained from ſome of them, to go immediately to old Tireſias, the Bœotian, and learn of that wiſe propher, what was really the beſt rule of life, which a prudent man ſhould go by; and, accordingly, leaping up as faſt as I could, I made the beſt of my way to Babylon, where I met with a certain Chaldæan, a wiſe man, a diviner by profeſſion, with white hair, and a moſt venerable beard, whoſe name was Mithrobarzanes: whom, after much ſupplication and intreaty, I at laſt prevailed on to conduct me, on his own terms, to the infernal regions: he then took me, at the time of the new moon, and waſhed me nine and twenty days in the Euphrates, with my face towards the riſing ſun, repeating at the ſame time a long ſpeech, which I could not well hear, as he ſpoke it like one of our public criers, who give you ſomething rapid and indiſtinct, which you can never underſtand: he ſeemed, however, to invoke ſome dæmons; and, after the incantation, ſpitting three times in my face, returned; taking no notice of, nor even ſeeing thoſe that met us. Our food was acorns, our drink milk and honey, or the water of Choaſpes: we ſlept upon the graſs, in the open air: after being thus dieted, I was led, in the middle of the night, to the Tigris, where he waſhed, and then purified me with torches and ſea-leeks, and ſo forth, not forgetting to mumble over his incantation: then, to complete the charm, and ſave me harmleſs from the ſpectres, he walked round me, and thus prepared, making me walk backwards all the way, led me home: the reſt of the night was ſpent in preparing for our voyage: he was cloathed himſelf in a kind of magic garment, much reſembling the Median dreſs, and equipped me, as you ſee, with this cap, a lion's ſkin, and a lyre; telling me, if any body aſked my name, I ſhould not ſay it was Menippus, but * Hercules, Orpheus, or Ulyſſes.

* *Hercules, &c.*] Becauſe theſe three heroes had all been indulged with the privilege of viſiting the infernal regions; Menippus, conſequently, might paſs and repaſs there unmoleſted.

PHI-

PHILONIDES.

And why ſo, pray? for I cannot conceive any reaſon for changing, either your habit, or your name.

MENIPPUS.

The reaſon is plain enough. As they had gone down to hell in their life-times, long before us, he imagined, to be ſure, if we appeared like them, we might eaſily deceive Æacus's guards, and get there without any interruption, as this heroic dreſs would be ſo much more familiar to them.

At length day appeared; we went down to the river, and prepared to embark; the boat was ready, the ſacrifices, milk and honey, and every thing elſe that was neceſſary for the ceremony: thus prepared, we ourſelves went on board, not without melancholy faces, and ſhedding many tears. After being a little time on the river, we came to the lake, into which Euphrates, emptying himſelf, diſappears; and paſſing that, arrived at a certain deſert, woody, and dark region, where, as ſoon as we entered, (for Mithrobarzanes went firſt), we dug a ditch, killed our ſheep, and ſprinkled the blood round it; the magician, in the mean time, holding a lighted torch, and roaring as loud as he could, called upon the Dæmons, and Furies, and nocturnal Hecate, and lofty Proſerpine, with a mixture of ſtrange and barbarous names, of I know not how many ſyllables long.

Immediately the whole place ſhook; the earth was rent by the power of magic; the barking of Cerberus was heard from afar, and every thing round us, beyond meaſure, dreary and terrible!

* And Pluto trembled in his dark abode.

For now the fiery lake, Periphlegethon, and the palace of Pluto appeared: down, however, we plunged, through the gulph, where we found Rhadamanthus, half dead with fear: Cerberus barked, and raged moſt furiouſly; but I immediately ſtruck my lyre, and quickly lulled him to ſleep with the ſound. When we came to the lake, we were very near being overſet, the boat being heavy laden, and full of dreadful lamentations: for all on board were wounded, one in the head, another in the thigh, and a third in ſome other part, as if, which I ſuppoſe was the caſe, they had juſt come from a battle. My friend, Charon, ſeeing my lion's ſkin, took me for Hercules, carried me over very willingly; and, when we came out, ſhewed us the right way on. Mithrobarzanes, however, as we were in the dark, kept the

* *Pluto, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, Υ. l. 61.

lead:

lead: I ſtuck cloſe behind him, till we came to the great mead of daffodils, where a croud of buzzing ghoſts hovered round us: proceeding a little further, we arrived at the tribunal of Minos, where we ſaw him ſeated on a high throne, with the avenging ſpirits, furies, and puniſhments of every kind, as his aſſeſſors. On the other ſide were the malefactors, bound together with a long chain, and dragged towards him: theſe were all adulterers, pimps, bawds, publicans, paraſites, informers, and the reſt of thoſe who corrupt and confound every thing in human life. In another part, by themſelves, were brought up the rich men, and uſurers, pale, pot-bellied, and gouty, each weighed down with his yoke and crow of two talents about his neck. We ſtood by, ſaw every thing that paſſed, and heard their ſeveral defences: a new and moſt extraordinary ſpecies of orators appeared to plead againſt them.

PHILONIDES.

For heaven's ſake, who were they? I ſuppoſe you can inform me.

MENIPPUS.

You have ſeen the * ſhadows of bodies made by the ſun?

PHILONIDES.

Certainly.

MENIPPUS.

Theſe, after death, are our accuſers, bear witneſs againſt us, and lay open every action of our lives: they may, indeed, for the moſt part, be relied on, as they are never abſent from our bodies, and perpetually about us. Minos, therefore, after the ſtricteſt examination, diſmiſſed them to the regions of the wicked, every one according to his deſerts; treating thoſe above all with moſt ſeverity, who, puffed up by avarice and ambition, had expected little leſs than adoration amongſt men. To ſhew his abhorrence of their ſhort-lived pride and oſtentation, which made them forget that they were mortals, and periſhable themſelves, as well as every thing that belonged to them; no ſooner were they diſrobed of their finery, for ſo I call riches, rank, and power, than, ſtanding naked, with dejected countenances, they began to look back on all the happineſs of this life but as a dream. For my own part, I rejoiced to ſee them in this condition; and, when I met with any of my acquaintance, came ſilently up to, and whiſpering, put him in mind, how "he uſed to ſtrut about in his life-time, when crouds of attendants ſtood at his door, to watch his coming out in the morning, after, perhaps,

* *Shadows of bodies.*] See the Gorgias of Plato.

haps, being denied admittance, and thruſt out by his ſervants, whilſt he, ſcarce obſerving them, dreſſed in purple, or gold, or ſome robe of various colours, at laſt, would condeſcend to make them happy, by ſtretching forth his hand or breaſt for them to kiſs." This diſcourſe of mine galled them moſt ſeverely.

Whilſt I was there, one remarkable cauſe was determined by Minos, on the favourable ſide. Dionyſius, of Sicily, who had been accuſed by Dion of many heinous crimes, and condemned by the Stoic porch, was juſt on the point of being chained to the Chimæra; when Ariſtippus, the Cyrenian, who is highly revered, and has the moſt powerful influence in the infernal regions, procured a reverſion of the ſentence, by alleging that he had been liberal to learned men, whom he frequently relieved by his bounty.

We now left the ſeat of judgment, and proceeded to the place of puniſhment: where a thouſand dreadful objects preſented themſelves to us. On every ſide, together were heard the ſound of whips, and the groans of thoſe who were ſcorching in the fire; together were ſeen the wheels, the collars, the preſſes, and other inſtruments of torture. Chimæra tearing ſome, Cerberus devouring others, all ſuffering their deſerved puniſhment, kings and ſlaves, ſatraps and beggars, rich and poor, one with another. Not one of them but repented of their crimes. Some of thoſe, we obſerved, who were but lately dead, hid themſelves, and retired from us, and, if by chance we diſcovered them, looked ſneaking and ſervile; thoſe, particularly, you may ſuppoſe, who in their life times were moſt proud and haughty. The poor had half their puniſhment remitted, and, after intervals of reſt, were again chaſtiſed for their miſdemeanors.

There did I ſee the famous Ixion, and Siſyphus, and Phrygian Tantalus, in all his miſery, and the earth-born Tityus: O Hercules, what an immenſe creature! ſtretching himſelf over a whole field. Leaving theſe, we came to the Acheruſian Mead, where we found the demi-gods and heroines, with another croud of ghoſts, divided into nations and tribes, ſome old, withered, and, as Homer calls them, * feeble ghoſts. Others looked youthful, and ſtrong; particularly your Ægyptian carcaſes, I ſuppoſe, from

* *Feeble ghoſts.*] Νεκυων αμενηνα καρηνα. Pope calls them wan ſhades, and feeble ghoſts. See the Odyſſey, book x. Concerning the true ſenſe of the epithet αμενηνα, the critics are much divided.

the nature of their * pickle. It was no eaſy matter to know one from another: for, when their bones are laid bare, they are all alike; nor were we able, till we had for a long time reviewed, to diſtinguiſh them, as they laid one upon another, without any of thoſe marks, or that finery, which we knew them by whilſt upon earth; ſo that, when a heap of ſkeletons were got together, all reſembled one another, with their ghaſtly terrifying looks, and ſhewing their naked teeth: I could not know Therſites from the beautiful Nereus, the beggar Irus from the king of the Phæacians, or Pyrrhias the cook from Agamemnon; for not the leaſt ancient mark remained; their bones were all alike, without ſo much as a title to diſtinguiſh them.

Reflecting on theſe things, I could not help comparing human life to a long † public ſhew, where Fortune, acting the Choragus, diſpoſes all things, and puts on the ſeveral habits of thoſe who walk in it: to one ſhe gives the tiara, appoints him ſatraps, and crowns him with a diadem; another ſhe clothes in the garb of a ſlave; one ſhe adorns, and renders beautiful; another ſhe makes deformed and ridiculous; for the ſpectacle muſt have variety: often, even in the middle of the ceremony, will ſhe change the dreſſes of ſome, and not permit them to go through the ſhew as they ſet out. Crœſus ſhe forced to take the habit of a ſlave; to Mæandrius, who had long walked in the proceſſion as a ſervant, ſhe transferred the monarchy of Polycrates, and ſuffered him for a while to ſtrut in the royal robe. When, at length, the ſhew is over, every one gives back his garment, and, laying it aſide, together with his body, becomes juſt as he was before, and in nothing differing from his neighbour. Some, when Fortune came to ſtrip them of their robe, were fooliſh enough to murmur and be angry, refuſing to give back, what was but lent them for a time, as if they had been deprived of ſomething which they conſidered as their own. So have you often ſeen the ‡ actors of the tragic ſcene, who appear ſometimes as Creons, then as Priams, then as Agamemnons, as the drama requires of them; and

* *Pickle.*] Lucian calls it ταριχεια, conditura; what the preparation was, which the Ægyptians made uſe of to preſerve their dead bodies, was a ſecret to the ancients, and, I believe, remains ſo to this day.

† *Public ſhew.*] This compariſon of Lucian's is to the laſt degree juſt, elegant, and beautiful, and cannot be ſufficiently admired.

‡ *The actors.*] This naturally reminds us of Shakeſpeare's compariſon:

Life—is a poor player,
Who ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more, &c.

the

the ſame man, it often happens, who but a little before has majeſtically repreſented Cecrops, or Erectheus, ſhall come forth as a poor ſlave, if the poet ſo commands him. The play at length finiſhed, every one of them puts off his gilded robes, lays aſide his maſk, and deſcending from his buſkins, walks about, like a poor and low fellow as he is, no longer called Creon the ſon of Menæceus, or Agamemnon the ſon of Atreus; but mere Polus the Servian, ſon of Charicles, or Satyrus of Marathon, the ſon of Theogiton. In ſuch a light, after theſe ſpectacle, appeared to me the actions of mankind.

PHILONIDES.

But, pray tell me, Menippus, thoſe who, here upon earth, have ſuch ſplendid and magnificent ſepulchres erected for them, who have their monuments, ſtatues, and inſcriptions, do they meet with more honours and reſpect amongſt the dead than the vulgar?

MENIPPUS.

Not they, indeed. I am ſure you would never have done laughing, had you ſeen Mauſolus himſelf, the Carian, ſo famous for his tomb, contemptuouſly thrown into a little dark hole, amongſt the common rabble: all that he ſeems to enjoy of the monument is, that he appears miſerably oppreſſed by the weight of it; for when Æacus, you muſt know, my friend, has allotted to every one his proper place (and he never gives them more than a foot a-piece), there they muſt lie content, and contract themſelves according to their ſtinted meaſure. You would have ſmiled to ſee ſome of our kings and ſatraps turned beggars there, or ſelling ſalt fiſh for their bread, or teaching ſchool, ſcoffed at, and buffeted like the meaneſt ſlaves. I could ſcarce contain myſelf, when I ſaw Philip of Macedon there, as they pointed him out to me, in a corner, * healing the wounds of old ſhoes: many others, likewiſe, did I ſee begging in the highway; your Xerxes's, Polycrates's, and ſo forth.

PHILONIDES.

What you have told me, about our princes and great men, is truly ridiculous, and almoſt incredible: but how was Socrates employed, and Diogenes, and the reſt of our philoſophers?

* *Healing the wounds.*] Ακεμενος τασαθρα, ſays Lucian: the expreſſion is moſt happily ludicrous. My author has given us here a better Pagan hell than any of the ancient poets, and dealt forth his rewards and puniſhments with more equity, as well as with much more wit and humour.

MENIPPUS.

Socrates was walking about, and diſputing with every body, accompanied by Palamedes, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, and all the old praters; his legs ſeemed to be ſwelled with the poiſonous draught which he had taken. As for my worthy friend Diogenes, he kept conſtantly with Sardanapalus the Aſſyrian, Midas the Phrygian, and the reſt of our magnifico's; and when he hears them groaning, and lamenting their loſt grandeur, laughs at, and diverts himſelf with them; ſometimes lying along upon the ground, and, with a moſt ſharp and piercing voice, drowning their cries; whilſt the poor creatures, thus tormented, conſult together how, by change of ſituation, they may, if poſſible, eſcape from him.

PHILONIDES.

Well; no more of this. What was that decree you were ſpeaking of juſt now againſt the rich?

MENIPPUS.

Well remember'd: I intended to have repeated it to you, but, I do not know how, have wandered quite away from it: as I ſtaid then, you muſt know, ſome time amongſt them, I heard the * Prytanes give out that there was to be an aſſembly on ſome public affairs; and ſeeing, ſoon after, a number of people, I mingled with them, and ſoon became myſelf one of the council. Many things were agitated, and at laſt came on the affair of the rich: a number of accuſations was brought againſt them, ſuch as pride, violence, oppreſſion, and injuſtice; when, at length, one of the demagogues roſe up, and read the following decree.

THE DECREE.

"WHEREAS the RICH are, in their life-time, guilty of many and very enormous abuſes, plundering, oppreſſing, and by every other means ſhewing their contempt of the poor; the ſenate and people do hereby enact, that when they die, the bodies of the ſaid rich men ſhall be puniſhed as the bodies of other miſcreants are, and their ſouls ſent back again into life, metamorphoſed into aſſes, in that ſtate to continue from aſs to aſs, five and

* *The prytanes.*] The *prytanes*, were officers appointed by the ſenate, to aſſemble the members, and to engrave on tablets any thing propoſed to be taken into conſideration, that all the ſenators might previouſly be acquainted with it; it was their duty likewiſe to draw up in writing any buſineſs which, after public diſcuſſion, was to be paſſed into a decree.

twenty

twenty myriads of years, bearing burthens, and driven by the POOR, after which they may be at liberty to die. Baldpate, the ſon of Skeleton, inhabitant of Ghoſtland, and of the tribe of the Bloodleſs, propoſed this Decree."

The Decree being read, the magiſtrates gave their votes, the populace held up their hands, Proſerpine howled her conſent, and Cerberus barked; for thus, whatever is propoſed here, muſt be confirmed, and made valid.

I have told you every thing that paſſed in the aſſembly; and now, addreſſing myſelf to Tireſias, whom I went down in ſearch of, I acquainted him with all my doubts and difficulties, and begged him to inform me which he thought the beſt rule of life: he ſmiled, and replied (for it is a little blind animal, with a feeble voice), "child, I know the cauſe of all your perplexity is, that your wiſe men are never agreed among themſelves about this matter: but I muſt not inſtruct you, it is forbidden by Rhadamanthus." Say not ſo, my little father, cried I, but tell me, do not leave me as blind as yourſelf with regard to this life. He then took me aſide, a good way off from the croud, and gently whiſpered in my ear: "The life of plain unlearned men is the beſt and wiſeſt: wherefore, laying aſide the folly of ſearching into ſublime truths, and ſpeculating on ends and principles, no longer ſwallowing the ſophiſms of the learned, but looking on them as idle trifles, ſeek after this alone, to manage as well as you can the preſent hour, and what lies before you; paſs eaſily through life, laugh at moſt things, and be not ſolicitous about any."

When he had ſaid this, he retreated to a beautiful meadow, thick planted with aſphodelus; whereupon, for it was now late, come, ſaid I, Mithrobarzanes, what ſhould we ſtay any longer for? let us return to the upper world. Take courage, replied he, my friend, for I will ſhew you a ſhort and eaſy way up: and immediately he led me to a path, darker than that which we were in, and, pointing to a ſmall glimmering light, at ſome diſtance from us, that ſhot as it were through a cranny, that, ſays he, is the temple of Trophonius, from which the Bœotians come down; get up there, and you will ſoon be in Greece. Rejoicing at the news, I embraced my good magician, and crept along, with ſome difficulty, through the mouth of the cavern, and here I am, I know not how, in Lebadia.

CHA-

CHARON,

OR, THE

SPECTATORS.

CHARON *is one of* LUCIAN's *beſt* Dialogues, *abounding in true Wit and Humour, great Eaſe and Elegance of Language, with moſt judicious Obſervations, and ſound Morality.*

CHARON, MERCURY.

MERCURY.

CHARON, what makes you ſo merry? how happens it that you leave your boat, and come thus into open day-light, you, who never uſed to trouble yourſelf about any thing in theſe upper regions?

CHARON.

I wanted, you muſt know, Mercury, to ſee what was going forward in human life, how mortals employ themſelves in it, and what thoſe precious things are which they ſo much lament the loſs of, when they come down to us; for not one ferries over with me but weeps bitterly: wherefore, begging Pluto's leave of abſence only for a day, like the Theſſalian youth, you ſee me ariſen to light, and happy am I to have lit on you, as I know you will walk about with, and ſhew me every thing; for there is nothing here but what you are well acquainted with.

MERCURY.

Indeed, ferryman, I am not at leiſure: I have ſome little earthly buſineſs to tranſact for my maſter Jupiter, which I muſt go about immediately; he is pretty haſty, and if I delay it, I am afraid, may conſign me entirely over to darkneſs, and give me leave to wait on nobody but yourſelf; or, perhaps, take me by the heel, as he formerly ſerved * Vulcan, and throw me head-long

* *Vulcan.*] This uncivil treatment of poor Vulcan is generally attributed to the fiery Juno, as mentioned by himſelf, in his ſpeech to Juno, in the firſt book of Homer's Iliad,

Once, in your cauſe, I felt his matchleſs might,
Hurl'd headlong, downward, from th' æthereal height;

Toſt

long out of heaven: then may I turn cup-bearer, and hop about for the entertainment of the company.

CHARON.

And would you let me come up here for nothing; a friend too, a brother ſailor, and colliegue, as you are? In good truth, ſon of Maia, you ought to remember that I never made you labour at the oar, or ſet you to ſteer the boat; you lay, ſtretched out at your eaſe, at the ſtern, with thoſe broad ſhoulders of yours, or, perhaps, if you lit on ſome goſſiping ghoſt, kept prating with him all the way: whilſt I, a poor old fellow, was left to tug you over by myſelf. I beſeech you, therefore, by your honoured father, my dear little Mercury, do not deſert me, but lead me through life, and let me ſay, when I go back, that I have ſeen ſomething: if you leave me, I ſhall be like the blind; as they totter about and ſtumble in the dark, ſo ſhall I in the light: grant me this favour, then, good Cyllenius, and I will for ever acknowlege it.

MERCURY.

This affair will certainly coſt me ſome blows; my circumambulation will be rewarded with a few ſtripes: however, I muſt conſent; what can one do, when a friend inſiſts upon it? but as to ſeeing every thing, and completely too, my good ferryman, it is impoſſible; that would be a work of years: Jupiter, then, would have me cried as a runaway; beſides, that it would put a ſtop to all your buſineſs below: if you left off tranſporting the dead for ſuch a length of time, it would be very prejudicial to Pluto's empire, and Æacus would be in a rage, when not a farthing came into his coffers; but I muſt endeavour to ſhew you at leaſt the heads of things as well as I can.

CHARON.

I leave you to judge in what manner we ſhall proceed; for, as to myſelf, being a ſtranger in theſe parts, I know nothing of the matter.

MERCURY.

In the firſt place, then, Charon, we muſt find out ſome eminence, from which we may view every thing. If you could have gone up to heaven,

> Toſt all the day, in rapid circles round,
> Nor, till the ſun deſcended, touch'd the ground;
> Breathleſs I fell, in giddy motion loſt,
> The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coaſt.
>
> See Pope, book i. l. 760.

now,

now, I ſhould not be at a loſs; from our ſpying-place there, we might have overlooked the whole world: but, as it is not lawful for you, who are always in the ſhades, to viſit the regions above, we muſt ſearch for ſome high mountain.

CHARON.

You know, Mercury, what I uſed to tell you when we were on board of ſhip: if the wind blew hard, and the waves roſe high upon us, ſome of you, who knew nothing of the matter, would be for furling the ſails, letting the ſheet looſe, or running with the wind, whilſt I, who was a better judge, told you to be quiet. Now here, my friend, Mercury, you are the pilot, therefore, do what you like: I ſhall ſit ſtill, as paſſengers ought, and obey you in every thing.

MERCURY.

You are right; I believe I know beſt in this caſe, and ſhall look out, therefore, for a proper obſervatory. Let me ſee; Caucaſus, or Parnaſſus, which is higher, or Olympus, which is higher than either of them: and, now we talk of Olympus, ſomething comes into my head that may be of ſervice to us; but in this I ſhall want both your aſſiſtance, and implicit obedience alſo.

CHARON.

Command, and to the beſt of my power I will obey you.

MERCURY.

The poet Homer tells us, that * the two ſons of Alous, when they were little boys, tore up Oſſa by the roots, and wanted to put it upon Olympus,

* *Two ſons, &c.*] Otus and Ephialtes. Homer tells us they were nine ells, that is eleven yards and a quarter in height, when they were only nine years of age.

The wond'rous youths had ſcarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their tow'ring head,
And full nine cubits broad their ſhoulders ſpread,
Such were the youths; had they to manhood grown,
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.

Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, book xi. l. 311.

And well, indeed, he might, if they could move Pelion and Oſſa, thoſe immenſe mountains, with ſo much facility. Longinus calls this ſtrange fable, an inſtance of the true ſublime in his favourite poet. Lucian, with much more reaſon, treats it as abſurd and ridiculous. Though Homer is by no means anſwerable for the improbability of the ſtory, which he only gives as he found it. It was undoubtedly one of thoſe fictions which the Grecians invented, to repreſent the building of the tower of Babel, as it is at large explained and illuſtrated by the ingenious and learned Bryant. See the beginning of the third volume of his Mythology.

after

after which they were to have placed Pelion upon Oſſa, and ſo to make a proper ladder and get up to heaven: the children, indeed, for they were wicked rogues, ſuffered for it; but why ſhould not we (for we have no deſign to do the gods any harm by it) build up ſomething of the ſame kind, by piling mountain upon mountain, till we get to a proper height for our proſpect?

CHARON.

And do you think, Mercury, that we two, by ourſelves, could lift up Pelion or Oſſa?

MERCURY.

Why not? Do you imagine we are not as able as thoſe two boys? We, who are gods too?

CHARON.

Certainly: and yet the thing appears to me ſo difficult, that it is almoſt incredible.

MERCURY.

Very poſſibly: but you are a novice, Charon, in theſe affairs, and what is worſe, no poet: the noble * Homer put his mountains together ſo expeditiouſly, that, by the help of two verſes only, he ſcaled heaven. I am ſurpriſed you think this ſo miraculous, when you know how Atlas alone bears up heaven, and carries us all upon his ſhoulders. You may have heard, perhaps, too, of my brother Hercules, how he got under, in the room of Atlas, and eaſed him of his burthen for a little time.

CHARON.

All this I have heard, moſt certainly: but you and the poets can beſt tell whether it be true or no.

MERCURY.

All true, Charon, you may depend on it: how could ſuch wiſe men ever tell lies? Firſt, therefore, as Homer the architect, and his verſes direct us, let us root up Oſſa, then ——

On Oſſa, Pelion nods, with all his wood.

Do not you obſerve how eaſily and poetically this is done? Get up here, then, and ſee if this will do, or whether we muſt pile up ſome more: excellent, indeed! we are got to the bottom of heaven already, for I can juſt ſee Ionia and Lydia from the eaſt, Italy and Sicily from the weſt, from the north only thoſe parts that are near the Danube, and a very little of Crete

* *Homer.*] See the paſſage above referred to, in the eleventh book of the Odyſſey.

to the ſouth of us; therefore, look you, my friend, we muſt remove Oeta, and put Parnaſſus on top of all.

CHARON.

With all my heart; but let us take care how we weaken the building, by raiſing it too high, leſt, if we chance to fall with it, and break our heads, we ſhould prove Homer a bitter bad architect.

MERCURY.

Courage, good Charon, and every thing will go well. Do you move Oeta, and roll Parnaſſus upon it: now I will get up again: all is right; I can ſee every thing: come, mount yourſelf.

CHARON.

Mercury, lend me a hand, for this is no little hill that I am to climb up, I aſſure you.

MERCURY.

If you have a mind to ſee any thing, get up; to be a lover of ſights and run no hazard is incompatible: but come, lay hold of my hand, and take care you do not ſlip; very well: you are up; and now, as Parnaſſus has two tops, do you ſit down upon one, and I the other, and we may look about us: caſt your eyes down upon the world below, and you will ſee every thing.

CHARON.

I ſee a great deal of land, and a kind of large lake round it, with mountains, and rivers, wider than Phlegethon or Cocytus; men too, that appear very ſmall, and ſome of their little hiding places.

MERCURY.

Thoſe little hiding places, as you call them, are their cities.

CHARON.

Do you know, Mercury, we have been doing nothing all this while? heaping Parnaſſus, Oeta, Caſtalia, and all your mountains one upon another to no purpoſe?

MERCURY.

How ſo?

CHARON.

Becauſe from this eminence I can ſee nothing diſtinctly. Beſides, I wanted to take a view, not of cities and mountains only, as we may in a map, but of mankind; to know what they do, and what they ſay: ſomething like what happened to me when I met you firſt, and you aſked me why I laughed ſo: for I had heard a thing that had delighted me prodigiouſly.

MER-

MERCURY.

What was that?

CHARON.

A man was invited by one of his friends to ſupper: I will come to morrow, ſays he, for certain: in the mean time, a tile from the houſe falls upon his head and kills him. I laughed at the fool for not keeping his promiſe. But that I may ſee and hear the better now, I will even get down again.

MERCURY.

Be eaſy where you are, and I will take care to ſharpen your ſight with a certain charm that I have from Homer: as ſoon as I have pronounced the verſes, obſerve now, how clearly you will ſee every thing without any obſtruction.

CHARON.

Repeat away.

MERCURY.

* From mortal miſts I purge thy ſight,
That men from gods thou may'ſt diſcern aright.

CHARON.

How is this?

MERCURY.

Now do you ſee?

CHARON.

Perfectly: Lynceus was blind in compariſon to me; now inſtruct me, and anſwer when I aſk you any thing: but ſhall I queſtion you out of Homer, to ſhew you I am not ſuch a ſtranger to him as you imagine?

MERCURY.

How ſhould a ſailor, and a ferryman, like you, know any thing of Homer?

CHARON.

You cannot help being ſevere upon my profeſſion; but when I ferried him over, after his death, I heard ſeveral of his ſongs, and remember ſome of them ſtill. We had a terrible ſtorm, I know, at the time; for as he was repeating one of his rhapſodies, an unfortunate one for the poor ſailors, and telling us how Neptune gathered the clouds together, threw his trident,

* *From mortal miſts, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book v. l. 127. Pope has tranſlated it,

From mortal miſts I purge thy eyes,
And ſet to view the moving deities.

Which (as in many other places), is not the ſenſe of the original.

like a hook, into the ocean, and raiſed up ſo many tempeſts; the ſea, as if diſturbed by his rhapſodies, roſe in ſuch a manner upon us, that, what with ſtorm and darkneſs, our veſſel turned topſy-turvy. The poet grew ſick, and vomited up a heap of verſes on Scylla, Charybdis, and the Cyclops.

MERCURY.

It was eaſy enough, indeed, for you to preſerve a little, out of ſo plentiful an evacuation.

CHARON.

But tell me now ——

* What chief is that, with giant ſtrength endu'd,
Whoſe brawny ſhoulders, and whoſe ſwelling cheſt,
And lofty ſtature, far exceed the reſt?

MERCURY.

Milo, the Crotonian, a famous wreſtler: the Grecians are applauding him for carrying a bull over the courſe, a whole furlong.

CHARON.

How much better, Mercury, ſhall I deſerve their applauſe, when I put this ſame Milo on board my little boat, as I ſhall ſoon, when he comes down to us, laid low by the great conqueror, Death, and wondering who it was that tripped up his heels. Then will the memory of theſe crowns and acclamations make him weep and lament: though now he plumes himſelf thus, becauſe he is held in admiration for carrying a bull. What think you? Does he ever expect that he is to die?

MERCURY.

What! in the height of his proſperity, think of death?

CHARON.

Well, let him alone, he will make us a good laugh when he comes down amongſt us, and, inſtead of a bull, will not be able to carry ſo much as a gnat. But tell me who is that other venerable figure? No Grecian, I ſee, by his dreſs.

* *What chief, &c.*] Theſe are the words of Priam to Helen, when he enquires of her concerning the Grecian heroes, in the third book of the Iliad, and are there applied to Ajax. See Pope's tranſlation, book iii. l. 290. As ſoon as Charon has informed Mercury how he came by ſo much learning, he begins to ſhew it in his quotations. The lines ſuit one hero as well as they did the other.

MER-

MERCURY.

That, Charon, is Cyrus, the ſon of Cambyſes, who tranſported the empire of the Medes to the Perſians, conquered the Aſſyrians, took Babylon, and is now planning an excurſion into Lydia, to ſubdue Crœſus, and be maſter of the univerſe.

CHARON.

And where is Crœſus?

MERCURY.

Caſt your eyes towards yonder fortreſs, with three walls round it; that is Sardis: do not you ſee Crœſus there, ſitting on his golden throne, and talking with Solon the Athenian? Shall we liſten and hear what they are about?

CHARON.

By all means.

CRŒSUS.

Now, my Athenian gueſt, after ſeeing all my riches and treaſures, what quantities of gold and precious furniture I am poſſeſſed of, tell me, whom do you think the happieſt of men?

CHARON.

What do you think Solon will ſay to him?

MERCURY.

Be eaſy about that: nothing unbecoming a great mind, I will anſwer for it.

SOLON.

Very few in this world, Crœſus, are happy: but of all whom I know, Cleobis and Biton, the prieſt's ſons, in my opinion, deſerve to be ranked amongſt the happieſt of all mankind.

CHARON.

He means the men of Argos, who lately died, after drawing their mother in her chariot to the temple.

CRŒSUS.

Well: grant them the firſt place, who deſerves the ſecond?

SOLON.

* Tellus, the Athenian, who lived well, and died in the ſervice of his country.

* *Tellus, &c.*] The converſation of Solon and Crœſus is not a fiction of Lucian's, but related by ſeveral ancient authors. See Plutarch's life of Solon, Herodotus, and Diogenes Laertius. Tully calls it *nota tabula*, though it might, after all, have been invented by one of them, and, as many other good ſtories are, retailed by all the reſt.

CRŒ-

CRŒSUS.

And am not I, thou wretch, do not I deſerve to be called happy?

SOLON.

Of that, Crœſus, I cannot determine, till your * life is ended: death is the only criterion by which we can judge in theſe matters.

CHARON.

Excellent Solon, for remembering me! my boat, after all, is the beſt place for ſettling ſuch affairs. But who are thoſe that Crœſus is ſending out, and what have they got upon their ſhoulders?

MERCURY.

Some ingots of gold, which he is making a preſent of to the Pythian, for certain oracles, which in the end will be his deſtruction: for he is a mighty lover of prophets.

CHARON.

And is that ſhining ſtuff, of a paliſh red colour, gold? I have often heard of it, but never ſaw any before.

MERCURY.

That is the famous thing that men quarrel ſo much about.

CHARON.

I ſee nothing in it ſo extraordinary, except that thoſe who carry it ſeem to be heavy laden.

MERCURY.

This is the ſource of wars, murthers, robberies, frauds, long voyages, merchandiſe, ſlavery, falſhood, and perjury.

CHARON.

What! this! that ſeems little better than braſs; for that, you know, I am acquainted with, by receiving a farthing from every paſſenger.

MERCURY.

True: but there is plenty enough of braſs, and therefore it is not eſteemed: but this is dug out from a vaſt depth, and in ſmall quantities, by the induſtrious labourer: the earth produces it as it does other metals.

* *Life.*] A ſentiment no leſs trite than true. Ovid, with his uſual elegance, has turned it thus,

—— Ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, ſupremaque funera debet.

CHARON.

Men, by your account, muſt be great fools, to be ſo fond of ſuch pale heavy ſtuff as this.

MERCURY.

But Solon, you ſee, does not ſeem to covet it; he laughs at Crœſus, and derides the vanity of the Barbarian: he is going to aſk him ſomething, let us liſten.

SOLON.

Tell me, Crœſus, do you think the Pythian ſtands in need of theſe ingots?

CRŒSUS.

By Jove, does he: there is not ſuch an offering in his whole temple.

SOLON.

And you really think, that in the midſt of all his treaſures, theſe golden ingots will make the god happy?

CRŒSUS.

Why not?

SOLON.

There muſt be great poverty in heaven, if the gods want gold to be ſent them out of Lydia.

CRŒSUS.

Where can they get ſo much as from hence?

SOLON.

Have you any iron here?

CRŒSUS.

None at all.

SOLON.

Then you want the more valuable metal.

CRŒSUS.

How can iron be better than gold?

SOLON.

If you will argue fairly, and without paſſion, I will ſoon convince you.

CRŒSUS.

Proceed then.

SOLON.

Which is the greateſt, the preſerver, or the preſerved?

CRŒSUS.

The preſerver, moſt indiſputably.

SOLON.

If, therefore, Cyrus ſhould attack the Lydians, would you make golden

ſwords

ſwords for your army, or do you think iron ones would not be more neceſſary?

CRŒSUS.

Iron, no doubt.

SOLON.

Yes, or your gold would be carried captive into Perſia.

CRŒSUS.

Good words, I beſeech you, man.

SOLON.

Heaven forbid it ſhould be ſo: you ſee, however, that iron is confeſſedly better than gold.

CRŒSUS.

And would you have me preſent iron ingots to the deity, and call my gold back again?

SOLON.

He ſtands no more in need of one than the other: but whether you give him gold or braſs, or any thing elſe, it will only fall to the ſhare of the Phocians, the Bœotians, the Delphians themſelves, or, perhaps, to ſome royal plunderer: for the god himſelf cares very little for your gold-makers.

CRŒSUS.

You are always railing at, and envying my riches.

MERCURY.

You ſee, Charon, the Lydian cannot bear truth and freedom: it appears ſtrange to him that a poor man ſhould talk ſo openly to him without fear or trembling: but the time will ſoon come when he ſhall remember Solon, when he ſhall be taken priſoner by Cyrus, and aſcend the funeral pile: for, but the other day, I heard Clotho reading over the deſtinies of men, where it was written that Crœſus ſhould be led captive by Cyrus, and Cyrus himſelf ſlain by the Maſſagete: ſeeſt thou that Scythian woman, on the white horſe?

CHARON.

I do.

MERCURY.

That is Tomyris, who ſhall kill Cyrus with her own hand, and throw his head into a veſſel of blood. But do you ſee yonder, that youth? it is his ſon Cambyſes: he ſhall ſucceed his father in the empire, and after many misfortunes in Lydia and Æthiopia, kill Apis, and die raving mad.

CHARON.

O ridiculous! who can bear to ſee theſe men looking down ſo contemptuouſly

ouſly on their fellow-creatures: or who would think that one would ſo ſoon be a wretched captive, and the other have his head thrown into a veſſel of blood?

CHARON.

But who is that, Mercury, with the diadem and purple robe? * the cook is preſenting him with a gold ring that he found in a fiſh's belly.

Ev'n in a † ſea-girt iſle—he ſeems to boaſt
Of royal pomp.

MERCURY.

Well applied, Charon: that is Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, who thinks himſelf completely happy; but he ſhall fall in a moment from the ſummit of felicity, be betrayed by his ſervant Mæandrius, given up to Orætes the ſatrap, and hanged on a gibbet: for this alſo did I learn from Clotho.

CHARON.

Excellent Clotho! go on, moſt noble Clotho; hang ſome, behead others, that they may know themſelves to be but men: raiſe them to the utmoſt height, that their fall may be the greater, and their puniſhment the more ſevere. I ſhall laugh hereafter, when I ſee them in my boat, ſtripped of every thing, without their purple, their tiaras, or their golden thrones.

MERCURY.

That you moſt certainly will. But do not you obſerve a large multitude yonder, ſome fighting, others ſailing, ſome going to law, others to plough, ſome getting money by uſury, others by begging?

CHARON.

I ſee all life full of trouble and labour, crouds of people of every kind, and their cities like ſo many hives, where every man is armed with a ſting to wound his neighbour, and ſome of them, like great hornets, are per-

* *The cook, &c.*] Polycrates having, as Herodotus tells the ſtory, been remarkably ſucceſsful in every thing he undertook, was adviſed by Amaſis, king of Egypt, by way of ſacrifice to Fortune, to part with ſomething which he held moſt valuable, he, accordingly, took a ring from his finger, of immenſe value, and threw it into the ſea; when lo, to his great aſtoniſhment, but a few days after, the very ſame ring came again to his hands, his cook finding it in the belly of a fiſh, which had been preſented to the tyrant, and which he immediately carried to him. The ſtory adds, that Amaſis, hearing of the event, foretold that Polycrates ſhould die a violent death. Imagining, we are to ſuppoſe, that ſuch extraordinary good fortune muſt, ſome day or other, be followed by an equal calamity.

† *Sea-girt iſle.*] Charon quotes part of one verſe in Homer, and part of another, making up one whole hexameter.

petually driving about and haraſſing their inferiors: but what are thoſe that hover thus round them unſeen?

MERCURY.

Thoſe, Charon, are Hope, Fear, Pleaſure, Folly, Love of Money, Anger, Hatred, and the reſt of the paſſions, which are mingled together, and ſcattered amongſt men, without their knowlege; and in the ſame city you will find them all. Fear flies aloft, and then deſcending, ſtrikes terror and amazement into their hearts. Hope, in like manner, hovers over their heads, and, whilſt every man eagerly catches at it, flies away, and leaves the fools gaping with open mouths behind: juſt as you have ſeen Tantalus ſerved in the infernal regions. But, if you look narrowly, you may obſerve the Parcæ above, turning ſome ſpindles with ſlender threads hanging down over the heads of every one of them, like ſpider's webs.

CHARON.

I ſee a little thread tied up on each.

MERCURY.

You do ſo; and the reaſon is, becauſe the Fates have decreed that one ſhould be killed by one, and another by another. He whoſe thread is longeſt ſhall be heir to him that has the ſhort one; and he ſucceeded by another who has a ſtill longer than himſelf; their being entangled together forebodes ſomething of this kind. You ſee what a ſlender thread they all hang by; behold him who is ſo exalted above the reſt: in a very ſhort time he ſhall find himſelf unequal to the weight he ſuſtains, the cord will break, and he ſhall fall with a mighty noiſe: the other, who is raiſed but a little way from the earth, ſhall drop in ſilence, and even his neareſt neighbour ſhall ſcarce hear his fall.

CHARON.

It is really pleaſant enough.

MERCURY.

O, it is impoſſible to ſay how ridiculous theſe mortals are: mark their care and ſolicitude, and obſerve how ſuddenly death lays hold on them; ſee what a heap of miniſters he has, Agues, Fevers, Conſumptions, Peripneumonies, Sword, Poiſon, Thieves, Judges, and Tyrants; and yet not one of theſe do they ever think on whilſt they are in proſperity; but, when affliction comes upon them, then it is, O me! and alack, and alas! Whereas, if they had conſidered in early youth that they were but mortals, doomed to

wander

wander for a little while on earth, and quickly to awaken from life, as from a ſhort dream, and leave every thing behind, ſurely they would live more prudently, and die with leſs reluctance: but now, fondly imagining they ſhall for ever enjoy their preſent poſſeſſions, when the miniſter of death calls upon them, and they are ſnatched away on a ſudden, they cannot bear to part with life, becauſe they ſo little expected to be torn from it. Obſerve that man, who is urging on the workmen to finiſh his houſe with all diligence, what would he not rather do, if he knew that he muſt die and leave it to his heir, before he had himſelf once ſupped in it? Look on him who rejoices that his wife has brought him a ſon, and entertains his friends on the event, and calls the boy by his own name; if he knew that the child ſhould die in his ſeventh year, would he, think you, be ſo happy at his birth? But he is thinking of one of his neighbours, who is happy in a ſon that has conquered at the Olympic games; and pays no regard to another, who is carrying out his to the laſt fire. Mark what a croud of uſurers there is yonder, * heaping up their gold; before they will be able to enjoy it, they will be called away by thoſe ſame meſſengers whom I before mentioned to you.

CHARON.

I ſee it all, and am reflecting within myſelf, what there can be in life ſo very deſireable, that the loſs of it ſhould appear ſo dreadful to them.

MERCURY.

Take the happieſt of their ſovereigns, thoſe who are placed, as we may ſay, out of the reach of fortune, you will find more wretchedneſs than felicity amongſt them: ſurrounded as they are with tumults, fears, conſpiracies, hatred, wrath, quarrels, flattery, and diſquietude, to paſs over thoſe ſorrows and diſtempers, and that perturbation and anxiety of mind, which they have in common with the vulgar: it would take up, in ſhort, as much time to recount their miſeries as thoſe of their inferiors.

CHARON.

I tell you what, Mercury, I think the lives of men may very properly be compared to; you muſt have ſeen thoſe bubbles that riſe from the rapid

* *Heaping up, &c.*] Agreeable to the reflection of the holy Pſalmiſt,

"Man walketh in a vain ſhadow, and diſquieteth himſelf in vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who ſhall gather them."

torrent, and ſwell into a foam: ſome of them, that are ſmall, quickly break and diſappear, others laſt longer, and meeting with more in their paſſage, grow to a larger ſize; but theſe alſo, in a little time, burſt, and are diſſolved into nothing; nor can it be otherwiſe: ſuch are the lives of men; ſome long, ſome ſhort, ſome ſwelled up for a time by a momentary blaſt, others ceaſing to be, almoſt as ſoon as they exiſt: for all muſt break and vaniſh.

MERCURY.

Your compariſon, Charon, is as good as Homer's, who compares them to the * leaves of trees.

CHARON.

And yet, ſuch as they are, how do men employ them, how eagerly do they contend for honours, wealth, and empire; all which they muſt leave behind them, and come down to us at laſt with a ſingle farthing! As we are ſeated on an eminence, ſuppoſe I ſhould call out to them as loud as I can, and exhort them to leave off their idle purſuits, and, in the midſt of life, ever to have death before their eyes: "Fools, as ye are, would I ſay to them, why do you ſeek after theſe things with ſo much anxiety? Ceaſe from your labours, for you cannot live for ever: none of thoſe things, which now appear ſo deſirable to you, are eternal; nor, when you die, can you carry them along with you: naked you muſt all depart hence; your houſes, fields, and riches muſt go to others, and ſoon change their maſter." By talking thus to them, could I make them hear, might not, think you, human life be improved, and men grow wiſer?

MERCURY.

Bleſs you, friend; you know not what ſlaves they are to ignorance and error: you may bore their ears through before they will hear you: they ſtop

* *Leaves, &c.*] Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following ſpring ſupplies,
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe;
So generations in their courſe decay,
So flouriſh theſe when thoſe are paſs'd away.
See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book vi. l. 181.

There is the ſame thought in the book of Eccleſiaſticus, "As of the green leaves of a thick tree, ſome fall and ſome grow: ſo is the generation of fleſh and blood; one cometh to an end, and another is born."

them

them up with wax, as * Ulyſſes did thoſe of his followers, that they might not hear the ſongs of the Syrens. You may ſtrain your voice, therefore, till it cracks again: ignorance is to them, what Lethe is to you. Some few, indeed, there are amongſt them, whoſe ears are not ſhut againſt truth, who ſee into things with penetration, and know what they are.

CHARON.

Shall I call out to them?

MERCURY.

That would be unneceſſary, becauſe it would be only telling them what they know already: you ſee how, withdrawing themſelves from the vulgar, they laugh at the follies of others, not delighted with any worldly enjoyments, but meditating their flight from life to the regions below: ſhunned and hated by all thoſe whoſe errors they condemn.

CHARON.

Noble and generous ſouls: but theſe, Mercury, are very few indeed.

MERCURY.

Theſe, however, muſt ſuffice: but let us get down.

CHARON.

One thing more, Mercnry, I would fain know, and then our tour would be complete: I muſt take a view of the repoſitories for human bodies, which are dug in the earth.

MERCURY.

You mean, what they call monuments, tombs, and ſepulchres: do you obſerve, cloſe to the cities, thoſe heaps of earth, columns, and pyramids? thoſe are all receptacles for dead bodies.

CHARON.

Why muſt they hang garlands upon them, and anoint them with ſweet ointments? Some are making fires about the graves, digging foſſes, pouring wine and † honey into them, and conſuming, if I ſee right, magnificent entertainments in the flames.

* *Ulyſſes.*] The ductile wax with buſy hands I mould,
Then ev'ry ear I barr'd againſt the ſtrain,
And, from exceſs of frenzy, lock'd the brain.
See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, book xii. l. 208.

† *Wine and honey.*] The ancients made libations to the dead of blood, honey, wine, &c. to render the ghoſts propitious. Honey was accounted θανατου συμβολον, a ſymbol, or emblem of death: hence, as ſome think, the ghoſts of the deceaſed came to be termed, μειλιαι, the infernal gods μειλιχιοι, and their oblations μειλιγματα. See Potter.

MER-

MERCURY.

In truth, Charon, I cannot conceive what buſineſs the dead have with theſe things: but they believe that the departed ſouls return from the ſhades, hover over the ſuppers, and, attracted by the fumes, as it were, partake of it, and drink the wine and honey out of the foſs.

CHARON.

What! dead men eat and drink, whoſe heads have no moiſture in them! but it is ridiculous to talk ſo to you, who carry them down every day, and muſt know whether, after they once get below the earth, they ever return to it again. I ſhould be fooliſhly employed, indeed, if, with all the buſineſs that I have, I ſhould be obliged, not only to carry them over, but to bring them back again to drink. Fools and madmen, as you are, not to know how wide the diſtance is between the living and the dead, and what paſſes with us below, where

* All are the ſame, the man who hath a tomb,
Or hath it not; in equal honour there
Is the poor Irus, and the great Atrides,
Therſites, or the fair-hair'd Thetis' ſon,
All dry and wither'd are the ſculls that dwell
In the fair fertile meads of aſphodel?

MERCURY.

O Hercules! what a quantity of Homer have you pumped up! and now, you put me in mind of it, I will ſhew you the tomb of Achilles; look, yonder it is, by the ſea ſide, near the cape of Sigæum; over againſt it Ajax was buried, in Rhætium.

CHARON.

It is not very magnificent: but ſhew me thoſe famous cities, which we hear ſo much about in our lower regions, Nineveh, the reſidence of Sardanapalus; Babylon, Mycene, Cleone, and Troy itſelf: I remember carrying over ſo many from thence, that, for ten years together, I could never get my boat aſhore, or have time to refit her.

MERCURY.

Nineveh is totally deſtroyed, nor is the leaſt veſtige remaining of her, to

* *All are the ſame, &c.*] This is a parody of Homer, conſiſting of paſſages and expreſſions, ſelected from different parts of his works, and humourouſly applied by Lucian to his ſubject.

point

point out where ſhe once ſtood. Yonder is Babylon, ſurrounded by an extenſive wall, and defended by many towers; in a few years, ſhe, like * Nineveh, will be no more, and you may ſearch for her in vain. As for Mycene, and Cleone, I am aſhamed to ſhew them to you, and, above all poor Troy: for I know, when you return, you will throttle the poor bard for his magnificent encomiums: theſe were all in their time flouriſhing and happy, but they are gone; cities, like men, muſt periſh: and, what is more aſtoniſhing, whole rivers alſo, inſomuch that not the leaſt remains of Inachus are now to be found in Argos.

CHARON.

What, Homer, then avail thy pompous titles of ſacred Troy, ſo famed for her broad ſtreets,

Well built Cleone, &c.

But ſee, whilſt we are talking, who are thoſe yonder, that fight ſo, what is the cauſe of their quarrel?

MERCURY.

Thoſe, Charon, are the Argives and Lacedæmonians, with their dying general † Othryades, erecting a trophy, and writing his own name upon it in his own blood.

CHARON.

What is the cauſe of the war?

MERCURY.

The very field on which they fight.

CHARON.

O the folly of theſe mortals, who are ſo ignorant as not to ſee, that if every one of them were now maſters of all Peloponneſus, a little ſpot of ſcarce a foot long, muſt be all they ſhall receive from Æacus hereafter; another and another owner ſhall till this field, and with their ploughs tear up the trophy from its foundation.

* *Nineveh.*] Swift ſeems to have had this paſſage in his eye, when he wrote the following,

If neither braſs nor marble can withſtand,
The mortal force of Time's deſtructive hand;
If mountains ſink to vales, if cities die,
And leſs'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry;
When my old caſſoc (ſaid a Welch divine),
Is out at elbows, why ſhou'd I repine?

† *Othryades.*] See Ovid's Faſt. book ii. l. 665.

MER-

MERCURY.

It muſt, indeed, be ſo: but let us get down; put theſe mountains in their places again, and away, I to my buſineſs, you to your boat. I ſhall be with you ſoon, on my old errand.

CHARON.

Mercury, you have highly obliged me, you ſhall be enrolled amongſt the great * benefactors, and I will ſet you down amongſt my beſt friends, for helping me to this agreeable tour. What wretches are theſe mortals! kings, hecatombs, battles, riches, are all they talk and think of: but not a ſyllable of Charon.

* *Benefactors.*] The word ευεργετης, or benefactor, was frequently uſed in public inſcriptions, coins, ſtatues, &c.

ON

SACRIFICES.

In this little Tract ſeveral Parts of the ancient Theogony, *with many of the abſurd Stories propagated by the Poets, are ſeverely ridiculed.*

WHEN we conſider how ridiculouſly men act with regard to their ſacrifices, ſolemn feaſts, and ſupplications to the gods; what they pray for to, what they expect from, and what they think of them, I know not whether any of us, be he ever ſo grave or melancholy, can refrain from laughing, who beholds the folly of it. But, before he laughs, might he not aſk himſelf, whether thoſe ſhould be called good and pious, or rather, on the contrary, miſerable wretches, and enemies to the gods, who can ſuppoſe the divine nature ſo mean and illiberal as to want the aid of man, to rejoice in flattery, and to be angry when neglected. For all the calamities of Ætolia, the misfortunes of the Calydonians, all the battles and ſlaughter, with the deſtruction of * Meleager, all, it ſeems, was the work of Diana, who was incenſed at being forgotten in the ſacrifices; ſo heinouſly did ſhe reſent the affront. I ſee her, methinks, left all alone in heaven, whilſt the reſt of the gods were gone to Oeneus, lamenting her fate, and complaining what a noble feaſt ſhe had been diſappointed of. Thrice happy, on the other hand, muſt we eſteem thoſe Æthiopians, whom Jupiter ſo kindly remembered; becauſe, as we read in the beginning of Homer's poem,

* *Meleager.*] The ſtory is briefly thus: Oeneus, king of Calydon, a city of Ætolia, made a ſacrifice to all the gods, in gratitude for a year of remarkable plenty in his kingdom; but happening, either by chance, or deſignedly, to forget Diana, ſhe reſented the neglect, and ſent a furious wild boar, who ravaged the whole country. Meleager, the ſon of Oeneus, deſtroyed the boar; but a quarrel afterwards aroſe, ſtirred up, it ſeems, by the goddeſs, between the Curetes and the Ætolians, about the head and ſkin of the beaſt: each party claiming them as the reward of their valour: the Ætolians were worſted, and on the brink of deſtruction, but were ſaved at laſt by the valour of Meleager. For a full account, ſee Ovid. Met. book viii. Homer's Iliad, book ix. and the firſt book of Apollodorus.

they feaſted him, and the reſt of the gods whom he carried along with him, for twelve days. Thus, nothing, it ſhould ſeem, of all they do, will they do without being paid for it, but ſell all ſorts of good things to mankind: one, perhaps, buys health of them for the ſmall price of a heifer; another gets riches for four oxen; a third purchaſes a kingdom with a hecatomb; for * nine bulls a man may return from Troy, ſafe and ſound to Pylos; but the paſſage from Aulis to Ilium will coſt a † royal virgin. ‡ Hecuba purchaſed the redemption of Troy, of Minerva, for twelve oxen, and a fine garment. Many things, however, we muſt ſuppoſe will come cheaper, and may be bought of them for a cock, a garland, or even a little common incenſe. For this reaſon, I ſuppoſe, Chryſes, the high-prieſt, an old man, and well ſkilled in divine matters, after his unſucceſsful attack on Agamemnon, expoſtulates with Apollo, whom he had bribed high for his favour, aſks a proper return for it, and, ſcarce refrains from abuſe, when he ſays, § "Thy temple, O good Phœbus, unadorned before, with garlands often have I crowned with them, and with the thighs of many a bull and goat have I fattened thy altars; but thou thinkeſt no more of me, who have ſuffered ſo much, and holdeſt in no eſteem him who has deſerved ſo well of thee." This ſpeech made the god ſo much aſhamed of himſelf, that he took up his arrows, placed himſelf on an eminence near the ſhips, and ſmote the Greci-

* *For nine bulls.*] When old Neſtor returned from Troy, to Pylos, his native country, he offered up ſeven oxen to Neptune, in gratitude, as Lucian intimates, for his ſafe delivery. Telemachus, when he landed at Pylos, found him engaged in this pious office. See Homer's Odyſſey, book iii. the beginning.

† *Royal virgin.*] Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon. This ſtory is too well known to ſtand in need of any illuſtration.

‡ *Hecuba, &c.*] See the ſixth book of Homer's Iliad, where Hector retires from the battle, on purpoſe to tell Hecuba to make this ſacrifice:

> Twelve young heifers, guiltleſs of the yoke,
> Shall fill thy temple with a grateful ſmoke:
> But thou, aton'd, by penitence and prayer,
> Ourſelves, our infants, and our city ſpare! Pope's Tranſlation.

§ *Thy temple.*] Alluding to thoſe lines ſpoken by Chryſes, in the beginning of the Iliad:

> If e'er with wreaths I hung the ſacred fane,
> Or fed the flames with fat of oxen ſlain;
> God of the ſilver bow, &c.

Lucian puts the words into proſe, and adds ſomething of his own, the better to turn it into ridicule.

ans,

ans, mules, dogs and all, with the peſtilence. And, now I am ſpeaking of Apollo, I will mention ſome things, which the learned report concerning him. To paſs over his unfortunate amours, the ſlaughter of Hyacinthus, and Daphne's contempt of him, he was condemned for killing the * Cyclops, was baniſhed, by † oſtraciſm, from heaven to earth, and ſentenced to live like a mere mortal: he ſerved in Theſſaly with Admetus, and in Phrygia under Laomedon; with the latter, indeed, not alone, but in company with Neptune, both of them making bricks, and hiring themſelves out, from mere want, to build walls, for which they ſay the Phrygians never paid them their whole wages, but to this day owe them above thirty Trojan drachmas.

How many things of this kind have the poets moſt gravely and pompouſly related concerning the gods; how many, ſtill more ſolemnly, about Vulcan, Prometheus, Saturn, Rhea, and almoſt all the family of Jupiter! and this they do, in the beginning of their poems, not without invoking the gods to aſſiſt them in their ſongs, where, inſpired, as it ſeems, by the deity, they recite, how Saturn cut off his father Heaven, and reigned in it, and eat up his children, like the Grecian Thyeſtes; and how, moreover, Jupiter, Rhea having privily put a ſtone in the room of him, was expoſed in Crete, and nouriſhed by a goat, as Telephus was by a hind, and Cyrus, the Perſian, by a dog; how, afterwards, he expelled his father, threw him into priſon, and took poſſeſſion of his kingdom: how he took many wives, and, laſt of all, Juno, his own ſiſter, according to the laws of the Perſians and Aſſyrians: how general a lover he was, and ſo given to venery, that he

* *The Cyclops.*] Apollo lamented much the death of his ſon Æſculapius, but, not being able to revenge his death on Jupiter, turned his reſentment againſt the Cyclops, who made the thunder and lightning which was ſuppoſed to have deſtroyed that famous phyſician. Pluto, it ſeems, had complained to Jupiter, that his dominions were thinned by the numbers of people whom Æſculapius had cured, and conſequently, kept upon earth. Jupiter, in compliment to his brother, immediately knock'd him o' the head. How few modern phyſicians run the hazard of Jupiter's diſpleaſure on this account!

† *Oſtraciſm*] Οστρακισμος, ſo called from the aſſemblies giving their votes in an οστρακον, or ſhell. This was a kind of popular judgment, or condemnation, peculiar to the Athenians, being a ſentence of baniſhment againſt perſons whoſe extraordinary power and influence were thought dangerous to the ſtate. It generally laſted for ten years, but the baniſhed perſon had, during the whole time, the enjoyment of his eſtate. No leſs than ſix thouſand citizens muſt be in the aſſembly when the decree was paſſed.

ſoon filled heaven with his offſpring; ſome of celeſtial breed, others of terreſtrial; moſt benevolently transforming himſelf into a bull, or a ſwan, or an eagle, or a ſhower of gold: more changeable than Proteus himſelf. How he begot Minerva alone, out of his own head, and conceived her in his brain: as to Bacchus, we are told, who was ſnatched, half-formed, from his burning mother, he hid him in his thigh, and when the labour-pangs were over, cut him out again.

Something of the ſame kind do they ſing concerning Juno, that, without knowlege of man, ſhe brought forth Vulcan, whom ſhe conceived by the * wind, that unfortunate dirty black-ſmith, a dealer in braſs and fire, living in perpetual ſmoke, ſurrounded with furnaces and flames, ſhort of one leg, and lame from the fall he received, when Jupiter threw him out of heaven; if the Lemnians, indeed, had not kindly received him, there would have been an end of our Vulcan, who had periſhed like Aſtyanax, thrown from the tower. All this is tolerable: but who has not heard of Prometheus, and what he underwent, for loving mankind too well! and how Jupiter ſent him to Scythia, hung him upon mount Caucaſus, and placed a vultur near him, to feed every day upon his liver.

He has ſuffered ſufficiently. Rhea too (for this likewiſe ſhould, perhaps, be mentioned); how indecently did ſhe act, and unworthy of herſelf, an old woman, as ſhe is, and worn out, the mother of ſo many gods, to love the boys, to be jealous, to put the lions to her car, and take her Attis about with her; one, beſides, who can be of ſo † little ſervice. If theſe things are ſo, who can be angry with Venus for her adulteries, or Luna for ſtopping ſo often half way to meet her Endymion?

But, to ſay no more of this, let us take poetical licence, and get up at once into heaven, by the ſame road as Homer and Heſiod travelled thither, and ſee how every thing above is adorned and beautified. That the outſide

* *The wind.*] Pliny believed conceptions of this kind to be probable, and relates them as matters of fact. It is told likewiſe of Spaniſh mares. This idea gave riſe to an excellent pamphlet, publiſhed ſome few years ago, abounding with wit and humour, under the title of Lucina ſine Concubita, to which I refer my readers, if it is now to be purchaſed.

† *Little ſervice.*]

Virilia enim ipſi ſibi excidunt: unde poſteà
Cybelis ſacerdotibus mos iſte. See Lactantius.

is

is * braſs, we know from Homer. As ſoon as you come in there, raiſe your head up, and peep about you, or lay along upon your back, and look at it, the light becomes more clear, the ſun emits a purer ray, the ſtars ſhine brighter, we meet with perpetual day, and a golden pavement. At the entrance of it are the Hours, who open the gates, then appear Iris and Mercury, the miniſters and meſſengers of Jove, then Vulcan's work-ſhop, filled with inſtruments of every kind: then comes the reſidence of the gods, and the palace of Jupiter: all the beautiful work of the lame deity.

† And now Olympus' ſhining gates unfold;
The gods, with Jove, aſſume their thrones of gold.

(For when you get into heaven you muſt ſpeak pompouſly), and look down upon earth, caſting their eyes on every ſide, to ſee if there are any fires lit, or any fumes from the fat riſing up before them: if any ſacrifices are going forward, they feaſt upon the ſmoke, and ſuck in the blood from the altars, like ſo many flies. When they ſup at home, they have nothing but nectar and ambroſia. Formerly, mortals were admitted to eat and drink with them; Ixion, for inſtance, and Tantalus; but they were inſolent, and told tales, for which they ſuffer to this day, and from that time heaven has been inacceſſible to men.

Such is the life of the gods. Agreeable to it, and ſuch as might be expected, is the religion of men; they hallow groves, dedicate mountains, make birds ſacred, and give to every god his favourite plant. Various nations worſhip various deities, and make them fellow-citizens; the Delphian and Delian has his Apollo, the Athenian his Minerva, (the ‡ name

* *Braſs.*] Thetis, in the firſt book of the Iliad, ſays to Achilles,

Then will I mount the *brazen* dome ——

But in the fourth book, Homer talks of the gods being met, χρυσεω εν δαπεδω, in golden pavements. Pope, for what reaſon I know not, has turned this pavement into a throne—they

Aſſume their thrones of gold.

Lucian probably mentions theſe two expreſſions on purpoſe to ridicule them, as contradictory to each other.

† *And now Olympus.*] See Iliad, beginning of book iv.

‡ *The name.*] The city of Athens took its name form Αθηνη, Athene, Minerva, its proteſtreſs.

ſufficiently

ſufficiently points out the affinity), the Argive his Juno, the Mygdonian his Rhea, the Paphian his Venus; and, as to Jupiter, the Cretans aſſert, not only that he was born and bred up amongſt them, but ſhew his tomb alſo: we have therefore been miſtaken all this time, in ſuppoſing that Jupiter thundered, and rained, and did every thing elſe, and forgot that he was dead, and buried with the Cretans.

When they have built temples for them, leſt they ſhould be without a houſe, or an altar, they procure images and reſemblances of them, calling in the aſſiſtance of a * Praxiteles, Polycletus, or Phidias: theſe, though how they came to the † ſight of the gods I know not, give you an exact repreſentation of them: Jupiter has a long beard, Apollo is for ever young, Mercury juſt approaching to manhood, Neptune has his blue hair, and Minerva her blue eyes. Thoſe who enter the temple, behold not the Indian ivory, or Thracian gold; but the very ſon of Saturn and Rhea is brought down upon earth by Phidias, and ordered to preſide over the Peſæan deſerts, and to think himſelf well off, if, at the Olympic games, once in ‡ five years, any one, perchance, ſhall honour him with a ſacrifice.

When the altars, and the edicts, and the luſtral vaſes, are prepared, they bring the victim; the huſbandman his plough-ox, the ſhepherd his ſheep, the goat-herd his goat; ſome offer a cake, or a little incenſe; and a very poor man, perhaps, appeaſes the deity only by kiſſing his hand. But, to return to the

* *Praxiteles, &c.*] The three eminent ſculptors of Greece.

† *To the ſight.*] Agreeable to this idea of Lucian's, is a very pretty epigram, which we meet with in the Anthologia, which pays no little compliment to one of the ingenious artiſts abovementioned, and which is thus tranſlated by Addiſon. Venus is ſuppoſed thus to addreſs Praxiteles.

> Anchiſes, Paris, and Adonis too,
> Have ſeen me naked, and expos'd to view:
> All this I frankly own, without denying;
> But where has this Praxiteles been prying?

‡ *Five years.*] The Olympic games, celebrated at Olympia, a city of Elis, in honour of Olympian Jupiter, returned every five years, becauſe, according to Pauſanias, the brothers, called the Idæi Dactyli, of whom Hercules, the founder of theſe games, was the elder, were five in number. They laſted alſo five days. For a full and comprehenſive view of this ſubject, I would refer my readers to the late learned Mr. Gilbert Weſt's Diſſertation, ſubjoined to his excellent tranſlation of Pindar.

ſacrificers;

ſacrificers; they crown the animal with garlands, firſt taking care that it is whole and perfect, that nothing impure and unworthy ſhould be offered up; they lead it then to the altar, and, in ſight of the god, murther it; the creature making a melancholy noiſe, which they interpret as a lucky omen, and accompany the dying ſounds with the flute: who can ſuppoſe but that the gods muſt be highly pleaſed with ſuch a ſight?

The edict ſets forth, "that none muſt dare to enter into the interior part of the temple with impure hands;" but the high-prieſt, himſelf, ſtands all over blood, like the * Cyclops, pulling out the heart and the entrails, † ſprinkling the blood upon the altars, and performing every thing that is good and pious; then, lighting the fire, he places on it the goat with his ſkin, and the ſheep with his wool on: then a holy fume, worthy of the deity, aſcends, and penetrates into, and diffuſes itſelf by degrees, all over heaven. The Scythian leaves all victims, which he thinks an ignoble ſacrifice, and offers up men at the altar of Diana: and with this the goddeſs is well pleaſed.

Theſe cuſtoms, perhaps, are not worſe than what we meet with amongſt the Phrygians, Lydians, and Aſſyrians. But if you go into Egypt you will ſee many things truly worthy of heaven and the gods: Jupiter with the face of a ram, the noble Mercury with that of a dog, Pan a goat all over; one in the ſhape of ‡ ibis, another of a crocodile, another of an ape.

§ But, if ſtill more it is thy wiſh to learn,

there you will hear ſophiſts, ſcribes, and prophets, with their heads ſhaved, who will tell you, (crying out beforehand, drive away the profane from theſe doors), that the gods, afraid of the rebellion of their enemies, the giants, fled into Ægypt; where, in hopes of being concealed,

* *The Cyclops.*] Polypheme. See Homer's Odyſſey, book xii.

† *Sprinkling the blood, &c.*] This part of the heathen ſacrifice, we find practiſed by the Hebrews in the Moſaic diſpenſation. "In the place where they kill the burnt-offering ſhall they kill the treſpaſs-offering, and the blood thereof ſhall be ſprinkled round about the altar." Levit. vii.

‡ *Ibis.*] Crocodilon adorat
Pars hac, illa paret ſaturam ſerpentibus Iberi.

For a full account of Ægyptian worſhip, I refer my readers to the Menſa Iſiaca of Pignorius.

§ *But if, &c.*] From a line in Homer.

they

they took the ſhapes, one of a goat, another of a ram, every one, in ſhort, that of ſome beaſt or bird; and that this was the cauſe of their appearing in ſuch forms to this day. Thus has it been written above ten thouſand years ago, in the inner parts of the temples.

With regard to the ſacrifices amongſt them, they are the ſame as the others, except that they ſtand round, and weep over the victim that is ſlain: others bury after they have deſtroyed it: but if Apis, the chief of their gods, dies, who is it that prizes their hair ſo much as not to cut it off immediately, and ſhew his naked grief upon his head, even if he had the purple locks of Niſus? Apis, you muſt know, is a god ſelected from the herd, voted ſo for his excellency, being handſomer and more venerable than the common oxen. Theſe tales are believed by the multitude, who want only an Heraclitus, or Democritus; one to laugh at their folly, the other to deplore their ignorance.

THE SALE OF PHILOSOPHERS.

A DIALOGUE.

The Title of this Dialogue *in the Original is* Βιων Πρασις, *which Tranſlators have interpreted,* VITARUM AUCTIO, *or, the* AUCTION OF LIVES: *but where there is no Bidding one upon another, we cannot, with any Propriety, call it an* Auction: *we have, indeed, no Authority to ſuppoſe the Ancients acquainted with this Method of ſelling Goods, at leaſt, according to our modern Idea of it; I have therefore called it, what it certainly is,* THE SALE OF PHILOSOPHERS, *whom* LUCIAN *thinks proper to put up, as ſo many Slaves, in the Market-Place. The abſurd Tenets, Modes, and Principles of every Sect are here expoſed with infinite Humour. It may not be improper to obſerve, that throughout this* Dialogue, *by the* Life *of the Philoſopher, (a peculiar mode of Expreſſion) is underſtood, the Philoſopher himſelf.*

JUPITER.

PREPARE the ſeats there, and get the place ready for the company; bring out the goods in order, but bruſh them up firſt, that they may appear handſome, and invite cuſtomers to purchaſe them. You, Mercury, muſt be crier, and give notice to the buyers to aſſemble at the place of ſale: we intend to ſell philoſophers of every ſect and denomination whatſoever: if they cannot pay ready money for them, they may give ſecurity, and we will truſt them till next year.

MERCURY.

A large croud is already aſſembled: we muſt have no delay.

JUPITER.

Begin the ſale then.

MERCURY.

Who ſhall we put up firſt?

JUPITER.

This Ionian, with the * long hair; he ſeems to be a reſpectable perſonage.

MERCURY.

You, Pythagoras, come down here, and ſhew yourſelf to the company.

JUPITER.

Now cry him.

MERCURY.

Here, gentlemen, I preſent you with the beſt and moſt venerable of the whole profeſſion. Who bids for him? Which of you wiſhes to be more than man? Which of you would be acquainted with the † harmony of the univerſe, and deſire to live a ſecond time in the world?

BIDDER.

The appearance of him is not amiſs; but what is his principal ſkill in?

MERCURY.

Arithmetic, aſtronomy, prognoſtics, geometry, muſic, enchantment: a tip-top prophet, I aſſure you.

BIDDER.

May I aſk him a few queſtions?

MERCURY.

Aſk him, and welcome.

BIDDER.

What countryman are you?

PYTHAGORAS.

A Samian.

* *Long hair.*] Pythagoras. Iamblichus calls him, Ὁ ἐν Ζαμῳ Κομητης, the Samian with the long hair. See alſo Diogenes Laertius.

† *Harmony of the univerſe, &c.*] Pythagoras aſſerted that the world was made according to muſical proportion; and that the ſeven planets, betwixt heaven and the earth, which govern the nativities of mortals, have an harmonious motion, and intervals correſpondent to muſical diatonics, rendering various ſounds according to their ſeveral heights, ſo conſonant as to make the ſweeteſt melody, or what we call the harmony of the ſpheres. He likewiſe told us, which we may believe or not as we think proper, how many ſtadia there are betwixt the earth and every ſtar; from the earth to the moon is 12600 ſtadia, and that diſtance, according to muſical proportion, is a tone; from the moon to Mercury, half as much, or a hemitone; from thence to Phoſphorus (the ſtar Venus), another hemitone; from thence to the ſun, a tone and a half: thus the ſun is diſtant from the earth, three tones and a half, or diapente; from the moon, two and a half, or diateſſaron; from the ſun to Mars, one tone, from thence to Jupiter, a hemitone; from thence to the higheſt heaven, another hemitone; from heaven to the ſun, diateſſaron; and from heaven to the top of the earth, ſix tones, or a diapaſon concord: he referred, moreover, to other ſtars, many things which the ancient muſicians treat of, and held that all the world was enharmonic. See Stanley's Life of Pythagoras.

BID-

BIDDER.

Where were you educated?

PYTHAGORAS.

In Ægypt, amongſt the wiſe men there.

BIDDER.

Well, and if I buy you, what will you teach me?

PYTHAGORAS.

I ſhall teach you nothing, but recall things to your memory.

BIDDER.

How will you do that?

PYTHAGORAS.

By firſt purifying your ſoul, and waſhing away the unclean parts of it.

BIDDER.

But ſuppoſe it is purified already, how are you to recall the memory?

PYTHAGORAS.

Firſt by long repoſe, ſilence, and ſaying nothing for * five whole years.

BIDDER.

This may be good inſtruction for the † ſon of Crœſus; but I want to talk, and not to be a ſtatue. And, after this five years ſilence, what is to be done next?

PYTHAGORAS.

You will be exerciſed in muſic and geometry.

BIDDER.

An excellent method, indeed; ſo we muſt be fidlers firſt before we can be wiſe men.

PYTHAGORAS.

Then you muſt learn figures.

BIDDER.

I can count already.

* *For five whole years.*] The injunction of five years ſilence, ſaid to be laid by Pythagoras on all his diſciples, probably meant no more, than a prohibition from attempting to teach or inſtruct others, till they had ſpent that portion of time in fully acquainting themſelves with every part of his doctrine: an injunction very proper in every age, and which would not be unſerviceable in our own, by preventing many of our raw young divines from expoſing themſelves in the pulpit, before they have read their Greek Teſtament.

† *Son of Crœſus.*] This alludes to the following ſtory. The ſon of Crœſus, king of Lydia, who was born dumb, and had continued ſo to the age of maturity, attending his father to battle, ſaw a ſoldier, in the heat of the engagement, lifting up his ſword over the head of Crœſus; the apprehenſion of a father's imminent danger worked ſo powerfully on the mind of an affectionate child as on a ſudden to looſen his tongue, which had been tied up for ſo many years, and he cried out immediately, "Soldier, do not kill Crœſus."

PYTHAGORAS.

How do you count?

BIDDER.

One, two, three, four ——

PYTHAGORAS.

There now; you ſee: what you call * four are ten, the perfect triangle, and our great oath.

BIDDER.

Now, by the great oath, the holy four, never did I hear ſuch ſacred and divine diſcourſe.

PYTHAGORAS.

After this, ſtranger, I will inſtruct thee concerning the earth, and the water, and the fire, what their action is, what their body, and how they are moved.

BIDDER.

Have fire, air, and water, a ſhape then?

PYTHAGORAS.

Moſt manifeſtly; for without form or body how could they be moved? hence you will learn that god himſelf is number and harmony.

BIDDER.

Wonderful, indeed!

PYTHAGORAS.

Beſides this, I ſhall convince you, that you yourſelf, a ſeeming individual, appear to be one, and in reality are another.

BIDDER.

How ſay you? that I, who now converſe with you, am not myſelf, but another?

PYTHAGORAS.

At preſent you are here, but formerly you appeared in another body, and under another name, and, hereafter, you ſhall be changed into a different perſon.

* *Four are ten.*] i. e. 1, 2, 3, 4, make up ten.—The Pythagoreans, ſeeing they could not expreſs incorporeal forms and firſt principles, had recourſe to numbers. Four, or the tetrad, was eſteemed the moſt perfect number, the primary and primogeneous, which they called the root of all things. Ten is the tetractys, or great number, comprehending all arithmetical and harmonical proportion. All nations, Greeks and Barbarians, reckon to that, and no further. Now the tetrad is the power of the decad, for before we arrive at the perfection of the decad, we find an united perfection in the tetrad, the decad being made up by addition of 1, 2, 3, 4. See Stanley's Hiſtory of Philoſophy, p. 381.

This whimſical kind of reaſoning, as practiſed by the Pythagoreans, was a fine fund of ridicule for the laughing Lucian.

BID-

BIDDER.

Sayeſt thou that I ſhall be immortal, and put on different forms? but enough of this. How are you with regard to diet?

PYTHAGORAS.

I eat no animal food; but abſtain from nothing elſe, except BEANS.

BIDDER.

And why do you hate beans?

PYTHAGORAS.

They are ſacred, and their nature is marvellous: in the firſt place, they are all over genitals: take a young bean, and ſtrip the ſkin off, and you will find it an exact repreſentation of the virile member and its appurtenances. Moreover, if you leave it in the open air for a certain number of moon-light nights, it will turn to blood. And what is more, the * Athenian law enjoins that their magiſtrates ſhall be choſen by a ballot of beans.

BIDDER.

Wonderful is all thou haſt ſaid, and worthy of a ſacred character: but ſtrip, for I muſt ſee you naked. O Hercules! he has got a † golden thigh: ſurely he is no mortal, but a ‡ god. I muſt buy him by all means. What do you value him at?

MERCURY.

Ten minæ.

BIDDER.

I will give it: he is mine.

JUPITER.

Write down the buyer's name, and whence he comes.

MERCURY.

He ſeems to be an Italian, and one of thoſe who inhabit that part of

* *The Athenian law.*] The moſt ancient way of determining matters in courts of juſtice was by black and white ſea-ſhells; they afterwards uſed pellets of braſs, which were at length exchanged for black and white beans, a mode of ballotting which we have ourſelves adopted. Lucian, after mentioning other ſuperſtitious notions of the Pythagoreans with reſpect to beans, humorouſly introduces this, which he ſuppoſes might be juſt as good a reaſon for abſtaining from beans as any of the reſt.

† *A golden thigh*] The ſtory of the golden thigh is mentioned by Porphyry, Jamblichus, and ſeveral other writers. Origen alone has turned the golden into an ivory one.

‡ *But a god.*] Alluding to the laſt of what are generally called the Golden Verſes of Pythagoras.

Εσσει αθανατος Θεος αμβροτος. ουκετι θνητος.
Thou ſhalt not be a mortal, but a god.

Greece

Greece which lies round about Croton and Tarentum: the truth is, he is not bought by one, but by three or four hundred of them, who are to poſſeſs him in common.

JUPITER.

Well, let them take him away: bring out another.

MERCURY.

Would you have that dirty fellow, from Pontus?

JUPITER.

By all means.

MERCURY.

Hark ye! you round-ſhoulders, with the ſatchel on your back, come this way, and walk round the bench. Here is a character for you, gentlemen, manly, noble, free: who bids here?

BIDDER.

What is that you ſay, cryer? ſell a freeman!

MERCURY.

Yes.

BIDDER.

And are not you afraid he ſhould ſummon you to the Areopagus for making him a ſlave?

MERCURY.

He never minds being ſold; for he thinks himſelf free in every place.

BIDDER.

But what uſe can I make of ſuch a dirty ill-looking fellow! unleſs I wanted a digger, or a water-carrier.

MERCURY.

O he is fitter for a porter at your door; you will find him faithful as a dog; * a dog, indeed, he is called.

BIDDER.

What ſort of a fellow is he; and what does he profeſs himſelf?

MERCURY.

Aſk him, that is the beſt way.

BIDDER.

I am afraid, by his fierce ſurly countenance, that he will bark at me when I come near him, or perhaps bite: do not you ſee how he takes up his ſtaff, knits his brow, and looks angry and threatening?

* *A dog indeed.*] For the appellation I refer the reader to a former note. Lucian's account of the Cynic philoſopher is excellent.

MER-

MERCURY.

Do not be afraid of him, he is quite tame.

BIDDER.

In the firſt place, then, good man, of what country are you?

DIOGENES.

Of all countries.

BIDDER.

How is that?

DIOGENES.

I am a citizen of the world.

BIDDER.

Who are you a follower of?

DIOGENES.

Hercules.

BIDDER.

I ſee you reſemble him by the club; have you got the lion's ſkin too?

DIOGENES.

My lion's ſkin is this old cloak: I wage war, like him, againſt pleaſures, not, indeed, by * command, but of my own free will, appointed to reform the world.

BIDDER.

A noble deſign: but what is your art, and in what does your principal knowlege conſiſt?

DIOGENES.

I am the deliverer of mankind, the phyſician of the paſſions, the prophet of univerſal truth and liberty.

BIDDER.

Well, Mr. prophet, if I buy you, in what manner will you inſtruct me?

DIOGENES.

I ſhall take you firſt, ſtrip you of all your finery, put you on an old cloak, keep you poor, make you work hard, lie upon the ground, drink water, and take what food you can get: if you have any riches, at my command you muſt throw them into the ſea: wife, children, and country you muſt take no notice of, deeming them all trifles: you muſt leave your father's houſe, and live in a ſepulchre, ſome deſerted tower, or a tub. Your ſcrip, however, ſhall be full of lupines, and parchments, ſcrawled over

* *By command.*] The labours of Hercules were all performed by command of Euryſtheus, at the inſtigation of Juno.

on

* on the outſide. In this condition you ſhall ſay you are happier than the † great king. If any body beats or torments you, you ſhall think it no hardſhip, nor complain of it.

BIDDER.

How! not complain when I am beaten: I have not the ſhell of a crab or a tortoiſe.

DIOGENES.

You ſhall ſay, with a very little alteration, what Euripides did.

BIDDER.

What's that?

DIOGENES.

‡ My mind is hurt, but my tongue ſhall not complain. But now, mind how you are to behave: you muſt be bold, ſaucy, and abuſive to every body, kings and beggars alike; this is the way to make them look upon you, and think you a great man. Your voice ſhould be barbarous, and your ſpeech diſſonant, as like a dog as poſſible; your countenance rigid and inflexible, and your gait and demeanor ſuitable to it: every thing you ſay ſavage and uncouth: modeſty, equity, and moderation you muſt have nothing to do with: never ſuffer a bluſh to come upon your cheek: ſeek the moſt public and frequented place, but when you are there deſire to be alone, and permit neither friend nor ſtranger to aſſociate with you; for theſe things are the ruin and deſtruction of power and empire. Do that boldly, before every body, which nobody elſe would do even in § private, and let your amours be as ridiculous as poſſible: at length, if you chuſe it, you may die with eating a raw || polypus, or an onion. And this felicity I heartily wiſh you may attain to.

* *On the outſide.*] People of faſhion never wrote but on the inſide of the parchment, though the poorer ſort made uſe of the outſide alſo. Juvenal alludes to this in his firſt Satire,

Scriptus et in tergo, &c.

† *The great king.*] The king of Perſia,

Μεγας δε βασιλευς ουχι δια τουτον κομα;

Ariſtophanes in his Plutus, ver. 170.

So Horace alſo,

Perſarum vigui rege beatior.

‡ *My mind, &c.*] See the Hippolytus of Euripides, v. 612.

§ *In private.*] Quid ego de Cynicis loquar? ſays Lactantius, quibus in propatulo coire cum conjugibus mos fuit? Sic Crates cum uxore palam in poecile rem habuit.

|| *A raw polypus.*] Alluding to the death of Democritus, who, ſome ſay, died in this manner. Laertius, however, aſſures us, that he lived to the age of a hundred, and died of old age.

BID-

BIDDER.

Away with thee: thy tenets are filthy, and abhorrent to humanity.

DIOGENES.

But hark ye, friend, after all, mine is the eaſieſt way, and you may go it without any trouble: it is a ſhort cut to glory, you will want no education, learning, or trifles of that ſort: be you ever ſo ignorant, a cobler, a ſauſage-monger, a black ſmith, or a ſutler, you will not be a whit the leſs admired, provided you have but impudence enough, and a good knack at abuſe.

BIDDER.

I want you not for ſuch things: you may ſerve, however, by and by, for a ſailor, or a gardener, if he will ſell you for two oboli.

MERCURY.

Aye, aye, take him; for he is ſo troubleſome, makes ſuch a noiſe, and is ſo abuſive and inſolent to every body, that we ſhall be glad to get rid of him.

JUPITER.

Come, call up another: let us have that Cyrenian there, in purple, with the garland on.

MERCURY.

Now, gentlemen, draw near: this a valuable commodity, indeed, and demands a rich purchaſer. The ſweet, the lovely, the thrice happy: which of you longs for pleaſure? Which of you buys my moſt * delicate of all philoſophers?

BIDDER.

Come this way, you, and tell me what you know; I will buy you if you are good for any thing.

MERCURY.

Do not diſturb him, friend, nor aſk him any queſtions; for he is ſo tipſy, and his tongue faulters ſo, he cannot anſwer you.

BIDDER.

What man in his ſenſes then would buy ſuch a debauched good-for-nothing fellow! How he ſmells of ointment! ſtaggers as he walks, and goes all a-wry! but tell me yourſelf, Mercury, what is he good for?

* *Moſt delicate, &c.*] Ariſtippus (ſee Stanley), chief of the Cyrenaic ſect of philoſophers: he leaned to the doctrine of Epicurus, and, from what we can gather concerning him, was rather of baſe principles. Pope, however, has put him into better company than Lucian, if now alive, would probably think him fit for,

—— Like Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
—— Grow all to all.

MERCURY.

To ſum up his character, he is a boon companion, and an excellent toper; very fit, in company with a fidler, to wait upon a luxurious and intriguing maſter; an expert cook, extremely knowing in dainties, and, in ſhort, a perfect maſter in the ſcience of luxury. He was brought up, and ſerved under the tyrants of Sicily, with whom he was in high eſteem: the whole of his philoſophy conſiſts in treating every thing with indifference, enjoying as much as he can, and induſtriouſly ſearching after pleaſure wherever it can be met with.

BIDDER.

You muſt look for another buyer amongſt the rich and great; I cannot afford to purchaſe ſuch a very merry companion.

MERCURY.

I fancy, Jupiter, he muſt ſtay with us, for nobody will buy him.

JUPITER.

Let him ſtand on one ſide. Bring out another, or let us have thoſe * two, one from Abdera, that is always laughing, the other from Epheſus, that is for ever crying: we will ſell them both together.

MERCURY.

Come down, you, and ſtand here in the middle. Take notice, gentlemen, I am putting up two of the beſt and wiſeſt philoſophers in the world.

BIDDER.

O Jupiter! what a contraſt! one never ceaſes laughing, the other ſeems to lament the loſs of ſomebody; for he is weeping perpetually. Hark ye, you, what do you laugh at?

DEMOCRITUS.

Can you aſk me? Every thing you have is ridiculous, and you yourſelves as ridiculous.

BIDDER.

Sayeſt thou ſo? You laugh at us all then, and think every thing we have is of no value!

DEMOCRITUS.

Moſt certainly: there is nothing ſerious in them: all is vanity: the ſport of atoms: all infinite, all undefinable.

BIDDER.

No ſuch thing: you are vain indeed, and undefineable yourſelf. What

* *Two.*] Democritus and Heraclitus.

inſolence!

insolence! you will never have done laughing—But now to you, friend, for you I had rather talk with: what is it you cry for?

HERACLITUS.

Stranger, I think all the affairs of men deserve our lamentation and our tears, nor is there any thing belonging to them that is not doomed to misery; therefore do I weep and lament. The present evil I hold not so great, but those to come are terrible indeed: the burning and total destruction of all things. I lament that nothing is firm and permanent, but all mixed, as it were, into one bitter potion, * painful pleasure, ignorant knowlege, great is small, and high is low, for ever turning about and changing in the childhood of human life.

BIDDER.

What then would you call life?

HERACLITUS.

A child playing, throwing marbles about, and quarrelling.

BIDDER.

What are men?

HERACLITUS.

Mortal gods.

BIDDER.

And what the gods?

HERACLITUS.

Immortal men.

BIDDER.

You talk in riddles and † griphi, friend; like the Loxian Apollo, you speak nothing clear or intelligible.

HERACLITUS.

I trouble not my head about you.

BIDDER.

Nobody, therefore, in their senses will purchase you.

HERACLITUS.

I command you all to weep, buyers or no buyers, great and small, one with another.

* *Painful pleasure.*] Τερψις ατερψιη. The followers of Heraclitus talked also of καιρος ακαιρος, ασοφος σοφια, ασεβης ευσεβια, with a hundred other quaintnesses of the same kind, merely to puzzle and perplex. Hippocrates, in his treatise De Diæta, gives a particular account of Heraclitus's philosophy, to which I refer my readers.

† *Griphi.*] The *griphi* were not very different from our riddles and conundrums, though they required, perhaps, a little more learning to unravel them. See Athenæus, book x.

BIDDER.

This borders upon melancholy madneſs. I will have nothing to do with either of them.

MERCURY.

Neither of theſe, then, will go off, I find

JUPITER.

Put up another.

MERCURY.

Would you have the Athenian? the prating man?

JUPITER.

Aye.

MERCURY.

Come hither, you Sir: here, gentlemen, is the good, the prudent, the moſt holy: who bids for him?

BIDDER.

Tell me, Sir, what are your perfections?

SOCRATES.

I am fond of boys, and a great proficient in the art of love.

BIDDER.

Then I muſt not buy you, for I wanted a tutor for my child, who is very handſome.

SOCRATES.

And who is fitter than myſelf to take care of a beautiful youth? I am no lover of the body; it is the beauty of the ſoul that I admire: be not alarmed, though they lie under the ſame * covering with me, they will tell you I never hurt them.

BIDDER.

A lover of boys, and think of nothing but their minds! under the ſame covering too. It is rather incredible.

SOCRATES.

By the † dog and plane-tree, but it is ſo.

* *The ſame covering.*] The ſtory, here alluded to, is told at large by Alcibiades, in the Sympoſium of Plato, to which I refer the curious reader. Lucian is not the only writer who has attacked the character of Socrates with regard to his pæderaſty. The ſilence, however, of cotemporary authors on this head, particularly Ariſtophanes, who treated him ſo ſeverely in other reſpects, ſeems to exculpate him from any crime of this nature.

† *By the dog.*] That is, by Cerberus; this is called Ραδαμενθινος ορκος, the oath of Rhadamanthus, who, it ſeems, made a law that his ſubjects ſhould ſwear thus (for a very good reaſon), υπερ τυ μη τυς θευς επι πασιν ονομαζειν, that they might not make uſe of the names of the gods on every trifling occaſion: Socrates, therefore, did it conſcientiouſly, and with a pious intention. Lucian's making him ſwear this ſtrange oath puts us in mind of Bobadil's ſwearing by the ſoot of Pharaoh, &c.

BID-

BIDDER.

O Hercules! what ſtrange kind of gods to ſwear by!

SOCRATES.

How! is not the dog a god? Knoweſt thou not how great Anubis is in Ægypt, and Sirius in heaven, and Cerberus in hell?

BIDDER.

You are right; I was miſtaken: but what is your manner of living?

SOCRATES.

I live in a certain city, which I built myſelf, in a new * republic, and abide by my own laws.

BIDDER.

I ſhould be glad to hear one of them.

SOCRATES.

I will tell you one that I made, the greateſt of them all, concerning women: it is enacted, that none ſhall be the property of any particular perſon; but that as many as pleaſe may come in for a ſhare of her after marriage.

BIDDER.

How is that! annul the laws againſt adultery!

SOCRATES.

Aye, by Jove, and put an end at once to all the idle talk about ſuch trifles.

BIDDER.

And what have you decreed with regard to boys in the flower of their youth?

SOCRATES.

Theſe are reſerved for the good and brave, as their reward after any noble and great action.

BIDDER.

What amazing generoſity! But what is your great diſcovery, the crown, as it were, of your wiſdom?

SOCRATES.

The ideas and reſemblances of things: for know, of whatever thou beholdeſt, the earth, and all belonging to it, heaven, and the ſea on the outſide of this world, there are certain inviſible images.

* *A republic.*] Alluding to Plato's famous tract De Republica. My readers will obſerve, that this account of Socrates is meant by Lucian as a ridicule on every part of the Platonic philoſophy.

BIDDER.

And where are they?

SOCRATES.

No where; * if they could be in any place, they would not be at all.

BIDDER.

I ſee no ſuch images as you talk of.

SOCRATES.

And no wonder; for the eyes of your ſoul are blinded: but I ſee the images of all things: I ſee another body of thine, not viſible to the corporeal eye, and another of myſelf: every thing, in ſhort, is double.

BIDDER.

You are ſo wiſe, and ſo ſharp-ſighted, I muſt purchaſe you—What do you aſk for him?

MERCURY.

You muſt give me two talents.

BIDDER.

I take him at that price. I will pay you the money preſently.

MERCURY.

What is your name?

BIDDER.

† Dion of Syracuſe.

MERCURY.

Take him away, and ſpeed you well with him. Now, Epicurus, I muſt call you. Who buys him? This, gentlemen, is a ‡ diſciple of the laughing philoſopher, and the drunken one, whom I juſt now put up to ſale: he has the advantage of them both in one thing, that he has more wickedneſs in him. Moreover, he is very good-natured, and a great lover of eating.

BIDDER.

What is the price of him?

MERCURY.

Two minæ.

BIDDER.

Take them: but tell me what food is he moſt fond of?

* *If they could, &c.*] See Stanley's Plato. The Platonic doctrine of ideas is, to ſay the truth, very obſcure and unintelligible, as may be ſeen by conſulting the works of that philoſopher, and Lucian has accordingly repreſented it in the moſt ridiculous light.

† *Dion of Syracuſe.*] See Cornelius Nepos's Life of Dion. Diodorus Siculus tells us, that Plato was ſold in Sicily for twenty minæ. Book xv. p. 461.

‡ *A diſciple, &c.*] Epicurus is called a diſciple of Democritus, becauſe he adopted his theory of atoms; and of Ariſtippus alſo, becauſe his ideas of ſenſual pleaſure were ſuppoſed to coincide, in a great meaſure, with thoſe of that celebrated philoſopher.

MER-

MERCURY.

He lives upon ſweet things, ſuch as have the taſte of honey, particularly, figs.

BIDDER.

They are eaſily procured: I will buy him a load of—good * Carians.

JUPITER.

Call another: him yonder, with the bald pate and ſorrowful countenance, from the portico.

MERCURY.

Well thought on: for a number of people are got, I ſee, about the market-place, in expectation of him. I am now, gentlemen, going to ſell the moſt perfect of all men, virtue itſelf: which amongſt you is deſirous of engroſſing all knowlege?

BIDDER.

What ſayeſt thou?

MERCURY.

He alone is wiſe, he alone is beautiful, juſt, brave, a rhetorician, a legiſlator, a monarch, and what not?

BIDDER.

An excellent cook too, I ſuppoſe, a cobler, a ſmith, and ſo forth.

MERCURY.

So it ſeems.

BIDDER.

Come this way, friend, and tell me, for I am going to buy you, what ſort of a man you are: and firſt of all, inform me, whether you are not ſadly chagrined at being ſold thus for a ſlave.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Not at all: theſe things are not in our own power, and what is not in our power ſhould be indifferent to us.

BIDDER.

I do not underſtand you.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Not underſtand me? do not you know that ſome things are † preferable and others rejectable?

BID-

* *Carians.*] i. e. Carian figs: the beſt figs came from Rhodes, thoſe of Caria were an inferior ſort, and generally given to ſlaves, and for this reaſon, as being cheaper, they are preferred by the purchaſer of Epicurus, for whom he thinks they would be good enough.

† *Preferable.*] See Stanley's account of the Stoics. It would take up more time than either I or my readers have to ſpare, to explain all the tenets and opinions here alluded to. I muſt refer

BIDDER.

Still unintelligible.

CHRYSIPPUS.

May be ſo: you are not accuſtomed to our terms, nor have the faculty of cataleptic perception; but the learned, who underſtand the rationale of things, not only know this, but can tell the difference between the ſymbama and paraſymbama.

BIDDER.

Symbama and paraſymbama! in the name of philoſophy, I intreat thee let me know the meaning of them: for I know not how it is, but the harmony of theſe words ſtrikes my ear moſt ſurpriſingly: do not refuſe me.

CHRYSIPPUS.

I will not: ſuppoſe a man that is lame hits his lame foot againſt a ſtone, and is ſuddenly wounded, now the lameneſs which he had before was ſymbama, or the accident; and the wound which he got over and above is the paraſymbama, or accident upon accident.

BIDDER.

How ingenious! What elſe are you famous for?

CHRYSIPPUS.

Word-nets, which I catch every body in that talks to me: I hedge them in, and dumb-found them immediately; and this I do by my renowned ſyllogiſm.

BIDDER.

A moſt powerful and invincible faculty indeed!

CHRYSIPPUS.

Obſerve now: ſuppoſe you have a little boy.

BIDDER.

Well, what then?

CHRYSIPPUS.

If by chance, as he is rambling by the river ſide a * crocodile ſhould ſeize upon him, and promiſe afterwards to reſtore the child to you, on condition that you tell him truly whether he had determined at that time,

refer the curious, therefore, to Diog. Laertius, Cicero De Finibus, and, above all, to the excellent Stanley's Hiſtory of Philoſophers, and ſhall never enter into a full explanation of the terms but when it is abſolutely neceſſary.

* *A crocodile.*] This ſpecies of argumentation, quibble, quiddity, or whatever we may chuſe to call it, takes its name, like the reſt, from a ridiculous and improbable circumſtance, invented for the purpoſe, and is amongſt thoſe abſurdities, the bare mention of which, without any remark or illuſtration, renders it ſufficiently ridiculous.

in

in his own mind to reſtore him or not: what would you ſay was the crocodile's reſolution?

BIDDER.

You have aſked me a queſtion not eaſy to be reſolved, nor can I poſſibly anſwer it. I beſeech you anſwer it yourſelf; leſt, before I am able to do it, my boy ſhould be devoured.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Never fear: I will teach you more wonderful things than this.

BIDDER.

What are they?

CHRYSIPPUS.

* The reaper, the ruler, the Electra, and the maſk.

BIDDER.

What do you mean by the maſk, and the Electra?

CHRYSIPPUS.

I mean Electra, the famous daughter of Agamemnon; who knew ſomething, and at the ſame time knew it not. When Oreſtes ſtood before her undiſcovered, ſhe knew Oreſtes was her brother, but ſhe knew not that he who ſtood before her was Oreſtes.

But now you ſhall hear the maſk, that moſt admirable of all ſyllogiſms. Anſwer me, now, do you know your own father?

BIDDER.

Aye, ſure.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Suppoſe then a man ſtanding before you maſked, and I aſk you, do you know this man? What would you ſay?

BIDDER.

Certainly: that I did not know him.

* *The reaper, &c.*] "Sophiſmatis hujus (ſays the famous annotator M. du S.) meminerunt alii antiqui ſcriptores, nemo autem exemplum affert unde certo quid fuerit, conſtet:" and a little after, ſpeaking of the ruler, "hujus, ſays he, Diog. Laert. oblitus videtur, nec quid ſit, conjectura aſſequi poſſum." M. du S. we ſee fairly, acknowledges, with regard to both the reaper and the ruler, that he cannot tell what they were, nor does he know how to explain them. It is a taſk, therefore, which I ſhall not preſume to undertake: though, by raking painfully into the duſt of antiquity, all theſe ſtrange riddles might probably be ſolved: but the reader, I hope, will think with me, that, "il ne vant pas la peine." Chryſippus and his followers had, we are told, a great many more of theſe pretty ſophiſms of different appellations, ſuch as the Sorites, Achilles, Cornuta, Nemo, and ſeveral others, equally ridiculous with thoſe which Lucian laughs at: theſe were adopted and improved upon by our ſchoolmen in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

CHRYSIPPUS.

And yet that very man was your father: if you did not know him, therefore, it is plain you do not know your own father.

BIDDER.

True; but if he was unmaſked, I ſhould know him well enough. But, inform me; what is the end of all your wiſdom, and when you are arrived at the perfection of virtue, how will you act?

CHRYSIPPUS.

Follow nature, and enjoy her bleſſings, as riches, health, and ſo forth: but firſt we muſt labour hard, pore over ſmall written manuſcripts, collect commentaries, abound in * ſoleciſms and obſcurity; and, to crown all, you can never be a wiſe man without taking three draughts of hellebore.

BIDDER.

All this is noble, and worthy of a man; but, tell me, to be a uſurer (for ſo you ſeem to intimate), does that too become the man who is purged with hellebore, and arrived at the perfection of virtue?

CHRYSIPPUS.

Moſt certainly: only the wiſe ſhould be uſurers: for to † ſyllogize, you know, and to ſcrape together is the ſame thing: moreover, it becomes the wiſe man, not only to take intereſt, but intereſt upon intereſt: for knoweſt thou not that there is a firſt uſury, and likewiſe a ſecond uſury, the daughter of it? you ſee, therefore, what the ‡ ſyllogiſm ſays, if the wiſe man may take the firſt uſury, he may take the ſecond; now he does take the firſt, ergo, he may take the ſecond.

BIDDER.

We may ſay the ſame thing then with regard to the ſtipend you receive from your pupils, whence it plainly appears, that none but good men take a reward for teaching virtue.

CHRYSIPPUS.

You are perfectly right; nor do I take it for my own ſake, but for the

* *Soleciſms.*] See Watts's Logic.

† *To ſyllogize, &c.*] The wit of this depends on the ſimilarity of ſound between two Greek words of different ſignifications: but puns, as Addiſon obſerves, are untranſlatable.

‡ *The ſyllogiſm.*] Lucian's obſervation here is no leſs arch than true, and in ridicule of the ancient philoſophers, tends to ſhew, that by puzzling ſyllogiſm, and falſe reaſoning, men may prove any thing; and not only this, but immediately after, by the ſame method, prove the direct contrary, as appears in the example of the ſtone which follows.

ſake

ſake of him that gives it to me; for as one man muſt be the pourer in, the other the pourer out, is is proper I ſhould be the former, and my diſciple the latter.

BIDDER.

I thought you ſaid juſt the contrary: that the young man took every thing in, and that you, who alone are rich, were the pourer out.

CHRYSIPPUS.

You make a jeſt of it: but take care I do not ſhoot at you with my * indemonſtrable ſyllogiſm.

BIDDER.

And what am I to fear from that arrow?

CHRYSIPPUS.

Eternal doubt, everlaſting ſilence, and total diſtraction of mind. This moment, for inſtance, if I have a mind, I can prove you to be a ſtone.

BIDDER.

Into a ſtone, ſay you? You are a † Perſeus then, it ſeems.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Thus, then, I proceed: is a ſtone a body?

BIDDER.

Certainly.

CHRYSIPPUS.

And what is an animal, is not that a body?

BIDDER.

No doubt of it.

CHRYSIPPUS.

And are not you an animal?

BIDDER.

So it ſeems.

CHRYSIPPUS.

If you are a body, therefore, you muſt be a ſtone.

BIDDER.

By no means: but for heaven's ſake ſet me free, and make me a man again, as I was before.

CHRYSIPPUS.

So I will, with all the eaſe in the world: anſwer me now, is every body an animal?

* *Indemonſtrable.*] See Diogen. Laert.

† *A Perſeus.*] Alluding to the well-known ſtory of the Gorgon's head, which turned the beholder into ſtone.

BIDDER.

No.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Is a ſtone an animal?

BIDDER.

No.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Are you a body?

BIDDER.

Certainly.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Being a body, you are an animal!

BIDDER.

True.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Being an animal, therefore, you cannot be a ſtone.

BIDDER.

Very well done, indeed; the vital ſpirit was juſt departing, and my limbs, like Niobe's, began to petrify. I will buy you, however: what is the price of him?

MERCURY.

Twelve minæ.

BIDDER.

Here, take the money.

MERCURY.

Do you purchaſe him for yourſelf only?

BIDDER.

No: for all theſe that you ſee here.

MERCURY.

A fine number of them, indeed, rare broad-ſhouldered fellows, and fit for * reapers.

JUPITER.

Come, let us have no delays; call out another.

MERCURY.

Come forth, you † Peripatetic there, the beautiful, the rich: now, gentlemen, who buys my wiſeſt of all philoſophers, ſkilled in every ſcience.

BIDDER.

What is he famous for?

* *For reapers.*] Τῳ θεριζοντος λογε αξιοι, ſays Lucian, i. e. digni qui collegant manipulas, aut opus agris faciunt: proper fellows for reapers, alluding to the ſophiſm above mentioned, called by that name.

† *Peripatetic.*] Ariſtotle.

MER-

MERCURY.

Temperance, juſtice, knowledge of life, and, above all, for his * double character.

BIDDER.

What do you mean?

MERCURY.

He appears one thing without, and another within; remember, therefore, before you purchaſe him, ſome call him eſoteric, and ſome exoteric.

BIDDER.

What are his principal tenets?

MERCURY.

That the † *ſummum bonum* conſiſts in three things, in the ſoul, in the body, and in externals.

BIDDER.

He ſeems to have great knowledge of mankind. What do you aſk for him?

MERCURY.

Twenty minæ.

BIDDER.

A great price!

MERCURY.

By no means, friend; for he ſeems to have ſomething rich about him, ſo that you would be no loſer by the purchaſe: beſides, he can tell you how long a flea lives, to what depth the ſea is lighted by the ſun, and what ſort of ſoul oyſters have.

BIDDER.

O Hercules! what a curious diſcuſſion!

MERCURY.

What would you ſay if you were to hear his infinitely more ſubtle diſcoveries concerning ſeed, and generation, and the formation of embryos in the womb; and how man is a riſible animal, and an aſs neither a riſible animal, nor a building, nor a ſailing one.

* *Double character.*] Alluding to Ariſtotle's τῆς λογῆς ἐσωτερικοὺς τῆς διαλεκτικῆς, ἐξωτερικῆς τῆς ῥητορικῆς, the doctrine of Ariſtotle, we are told, was of two kinds, exoteric, and acroatic: under the firſt were ranked rhetoric, meditation, nice diſputes on the knowledge of civil things; under the other, the more remote and ſubtle philoſophy, the contemplation of nature, and dialective diſceptations. See Stanley's Life of Ariſtotle.

† *Summum bonum.*] Ariſtotle held that the ſummum bonum, or greateſt poſſible beatitude, conſiſted in the function of perfect life, according to virtue; and the uſe of virtue, according to nature, without any impediment.

BIDDER.

Moſt wonderful doctrines, indeed, and amazingly uſeful! I will give you twenty for him.

MERCURY.

Very well. Who have we left? O, this Sceptic, you * Pyrrhian there, ſtand forth, that you may be ſold immediately: numbers are going away, I ſee, and the ſale muſt be amongſt a very few. Now, gentlemen, who buys him?

BIDDER.

I will: but firſt tell me, you, what do you know?

†PHILOSOPHER.

Nothing.

BIDDER.

What do you mean?

PHILOSOPHER.

That nothing appears to me to be certain.

BIDDER.

And are we nothing ourſelves?

PHILOSOPHER.

That I am not certain of.

BIDDER.

And do you know yourſelf to be nothing?

PHILOSOPHER.

That I am ſtill more in doubt about.

BIDDER.

Strange perplexity! but what are thoſe ſcales for?

PHILOSOPHER.

In them I weigh the reaſons on each ſide, and when I find the balance equal on both, conclude that I know nothing.

BIDDER.

And can you do any thing elſe well?

* *Pyrrhia.*] Meaning Pyrrho, the famous ſceptic; as he is putting up to ſale, he calls him Pyrrhia, the name of a ſlave.

† *Philoſopher.*] As nothing remains in the original but the initial letters ΦΙΛ. the commentators are in doubt whether Lucian meant the contraction Phil. for Philoſopher, or the famous ſceptic Philo. I have preferred the former, becauſe Pyrrho, the founder, had been mentioned before, and Lucian did not mean to change the perſon, but only to call him by the general name of philoſopher; it is a matter, however, of no great conſequence which name we call him by.

PHILOSOPHER.

Every thing, but overtake a fugitive.

BIDDER.

And why not that?

PHILOSOPHER.

Becauſe, friend, I cannot * apprehend him.

BIDDER.

I believe you, for you ſeem very lazy, and very ignorant: but what is the ſum of all your knowlege?

PHILOSOPHER.

To learn nothing, to hear nothing, and to ſee nothing.

BIDDER.

And ſo, you ſay, you are deaf and blind.

PHILOSOPHER.

Aye, and, moreover, without ſenſe or judgment, and in nothing differing from a mere worm.

BIDDER.

With all theſe good qualities, I ſhall certainly buy you: what do you think him worth?

MERCURY.

An Attic mina.

BIDDER.

There it is: what ſay you, friend, have I † bought you?

PHILOSOPHER.

That remains a doubt.

BIDDER.

By no means, for I have bought and paid for you.

PHILOSOPHER.

That I muſt conſider on, and call in queſtion.

BIDDER.

Follow me, however, as a ſervant ought.

PHILOSOPHER.

Who knows whether you ſpeak truth or not?

* *Apprehend him.*] ϑ καταλαμϐανον. "Καταλαμβανειν, ſays a learned commentator, ad intellectûs facultatem creberrime referunt Sceptici, negantque aliquid a ſe COMPREHENDI." The word apprehend, luckily anſwers exactly to the original in its double ſenſe.

† *Have I bought you.*] The Sceptic's doubting, after all, whether he was bought or not, and whether any body was preſent, are fine ſtrokes of true humour. The whole ſatire on the abſurdity of univerſal Scepticiſm, is, indeed, inimitable.

BID-

BIDDER.

The crier there, my money, and every body here preſent.

PHILOSOPHER.

And are there any preſent?

BIDDER.

I ſhall throw you into the * mill, and convince you that I am your maſter, by † chirology.

PHILOSOPHER.

Of that I beg leave to doubt.

BIDDER.

By heaven, but I have determined it already.

MERCURY.

Ceaſe contradicting, and follow your maſter. I invite you all here, gentlemen, tomorrow, when I ſhall ſell you ſome common people, lawyers, mechanics, and ſo forth.

* *The mill.*] This was a common puniſhment, both amongſt the Greeks and Romans. Terence always ſends his ſlaves ad piſtrinum.

† *Chirology.*] The critics explain this paſſage, by telling us that the κρειττω λογος, or beſt kind of argument, was that which, by dint of ſophiſms, could make the weaker cauſe appear the ſtrongeſt; and, on the contrary, the ηττω, or χειρω λογος, was the worſt, or weakeſt kind of argument, which made even a good and juſt cauſe appear to be a bad and unjuſt one: and this is the argument by which the buyer was to convince the philoſopher that he was in the wrong. Lucian, however, ſeems to me, in this place, though it is not ſuggeſted by any of his commentators, to play upon the word χειρω, and to intimate that the philoſopher ſhould be convinced by the hand argument (in the ſame manner as we ſay argumentum baculinum), or a good beating, which I have ventured to render by the word chirology, which may be applied to both meanings.

THE

FISHERMAN,

A DIALOGUE.

The excellent Satire of the preceding Dialogue, *apparently aimed at the falſe Philoſophers of Antiquity, who, to ſpeak in the Language of* Scripture, profeſſing themſelves to be wiſe, became Fools, *had ſo alarmed the whole indignant Race, that they fell upon* LUCIAN, *we may ſuppoſe, as the Heroes of the* Dunciad *did on* Pope, *with no ſmall Degree of Acrimony and Reſentment. In the following Anſwer to their Accuſations, he defends himſelf in ſuch a Manner, as muſt convince every impartial Reader, that he was an Enemy, not to true, but falſe Philoſophy. This* Dialogue *is called the* FISHERMAN, *from a very laughable Circumſtance, introduced towards the End of it. The whole abounds with good Senſe, Wit, and Humour.*

SOCRATES.

PELT, pelt the raſcal with ſtones upon ſtones; at him again with clods; cover him with ſhells, bruiſe him with ſtaves: do not let him get away from you: at him, Plato; at him, Chryſippus; and you, and you: let us make a phalanx of ſhields, and fall upon him all together:

* Let ſtaves on ſtaves, on pouches pouches fall,
Each ſtrengthen each, and all encourage all.

He is our common enemy, and there is not one of us whom he hath not abuſed. Now, Diogenes, if ever, uſe your club, and do not ſpare him: let the blaſphemous wretch ſuffer the puniſhment he has deſerved:

† Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.

* *Let ſtaves, &c.*] A parody on that verſe in Homer,

Ως φρητρη φρητρηφιν αρηγη, φυλα δε φυλοις. Il. book B'. 363.
In tribes, and nations, to divide thy train,
His ſeparate troops, let every reader call,
Each ſtrengthen each, and all encourage all.
Pope's Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 431.

† *Now call to mind.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xi. l. 287.

Ariſtotle, make more haſte: that is right: the wild beaſt is taken: we have got you, raſcal, and will teach you ſoon who it is you have calumniated. What ſhall we do with him? Let each of us find out a different way of killing him, ſo we ſhall all be revenged: he ought to ſuffer * ſeven deaths from every one of us.

PLATO.

† Let him be crucified.

SOCRATES.

But firſt, by Jupiter, I will have him whipped.

CHRYSIPPUS.

Dig out his eyes.

PYTHAGORAS.

Better pluck his tongue out.

SOCRATES.

What ſay you, Empedocles?

EMPEDOCLES.

Throw him into the furnace of mount Ætna, that he may take heed for the future how he abuſes his betters.

PLATO.

O, beſt of all! like Orpheus, or Pentheus, let him be torn to pieces amongſt the rocks, that every one of us may take a bit of him before we go.

LUCIAN.

O do not, do not! ſpare me, I entreat you, by ſuppliant, befriending Jove.

SOCRATES.

It is decreed, and nothing can ſave thee. Hear what ‡ Homer ſays—and expect nothing but

* *Seven deaths.*] That is, ſeven deaths from each of the ſeven philoſophers whom he had abuſed: thus each man was to revenge, not only his own cauſe, but that of every one of his brethren, who had ſuffered the ſame indignity: this, no doubt, was the ſummum jus, which is ſo often and ſo truly called ſumma injuria.

† *Let him, &c.*] The tranſcribers of Lucian have here, in my opinion, much injured the original, by putting all the puniſhments into the mouth of Plato, as the ſatire is certainly more pointed by dividing them, as I have done in the tranſlation: Plato is for hanging, Socrates for whipping, Chryſippus for digging out his eyes, and Pythagoras (who the reader will remember enjoined ſilence to his followers), is for cutting out his tongue: whereas, by making Plato ſpeak the whole, all the humour and propriety is loſt.

Swift had probably this paſſage of Lucian in his view, in his humorous account of the poiſoning Edmund Curl.

‡ *Homer ſays.*] Part of Achilles' furious ſpeech to Hector, when he is going to kill him. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xxiii. l. 338.

Such

Such leagues as men and furious lions join.

LUCIAN.

Let Homer, then, ſpeak for me alſo; perchance you will revere his words, and not deſpiſe the reciter.

* Spare a good man, and, for the life I owe,
Rich heaps of braſs ſhall in thy tent be told,
And ſteel, well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold;
Which ev'n the wiſeſt love.

PLATO.

Homer will ſupply us with an anſwer too: for inſtance,

† Think not to live, tho' all thy gold be ſhown:
Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife,
To riſk, more bravely, thy now forfeit life?

LUCIAN.

Wretch that I am! even my beſt hope, my Homer, fails me. I muſt fly to Euripides; he, perhaps, may ſave me.

O ſave the ſuppliant man! for him, thou know'ſt,
'Tis impious to deſtroy.

PLATO.

And does not the ſame Euripides ſay,

Shall not the evil-doer ſuffer ill?

LUCIAN.

And muſt I then be killed for a few words only?

PLATO.

By Jove, you ſhall; for, as he ſays in another place,

‡ The ſure reward of an unbridled tongue,
And impious pride, is miſery, and woe.

LUCIAN.

If by no art, or ſubterfuge whatever, I can eſcape, and you are determined to make an end of me, at leaſt inform me what irremediable injury I have done you, that you ſhould thus ſeize upon, and condemn me.

* *Spare a good, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xi. and other places; the words, "Which ev'n the wiſeſt love," are not in Homer, but added by Lucian.

† *Think not to live.*] From Diomed's ſpeech to Dolon. See Pope's Iliad, book x. l. 517.

‡ *The ſure reward, &c.*] See the Bacchæ of Euripides.

PLATO.

Aſk thyſelf, villain, what thou haſt done; aſk thoſe * fine books thou haſt written, where thou haſt traduced Philoſophy herſelf, and ſhamefully abuſed us; putting up to public ſale philoſophers, and, what is more, freemen: incenſed at this, as well we may be, we have got leave of Pluto to leave the infernal manſions; Chryſippus here, and Epicurus, and myſelf, and Ariſtotle, and ſilent Pythagoras, and Diogenes, and all thoſe, whom thou, in thy writings, haſt ſo inhumanly torn to pieces.

LUCIAN.

Now I begin to breathe again; for I am ſure you will not kill me when you know how I have really behaved towards you; therefore, throw away your ſtones, or rather, if you pleaſe, keep them for thoſe who deſerve them better.

PLATO.

Nonſenſe: I tell you, die you muſt, and this very day,

† Prepare for death, thy deeds have well-deſerv'd it.

LUCIAN.

And would you, good men as you are, kill your familiar friend, one who wiſhes you well; one whom you ought rather to commend, who thinks with you; one, who if it is not too much arrogance to boaſt of it, may be called the patron and promoter of your ſtudies, and has laboured ſo much in your ſervice. Take heed you do not act like the philoſophers of theſe our days, who are angry with, and ungrateful to, the man who has deſerved every thing from them.

PLATO.

What impudence! as if we were indebted to you for your abuſe, and you really thought you were converſing with ſlaves, and all your calumny and reproach, it ſeems, is a favour conferred upon us.

LUCIAN.

Where, and when, have I ever abuſed or reproached you? I, who, through all my life, have praiſed and admired philoſophy; always extolling you, and ſtudying your works: whence have I borrowed every thing I ſay, but from you? taſting, like the bee, your flowers, and producing the honey to man-

* *Thoſe fine books, &c.*] The Sale of Philoſophers.

† *Prepare, &c.*]

Δαινον εσσο χιτωνα, κακων ενεκ' ὁσσα εοργας.

Homer's Iliad, book iii. l. 57.

kind:

kind: They know from whom it comes, diſtinguiſh every flower, and admire, praiſe, and envy him, who gathered it: though, in truth, their praiſes are due to you alone, and to that fertile meadow which produces them in ſuch infinite numbers and variety, as requires a ſkilful hand, ſo to blend and unite them, that they may recommend and adorn each other. And can he, who thus enjoys your bounty, ſpeak ill of thoſe to whom he is ſo much obliged; thoſe, to whom alone he is indebted for his character, and reputation? unleſs he were of the ſame diſpoſition with * Thamyris, or † Eurytus, of old, who pretended to vie with the very Muſes, that inſpired him; or contend with Apollo himſelf, and aim a dart at him, who taught him the uſe of the quiver.

PLATO.

This is all rhetorical declamation, directly contrary to the truth, and only makes your inſolent behaviour more unpardonable; to the injury, you have done us, it adds ingratitude alſo; for receiving, by your own confeſſion, arms from us, you turned them againſt us; made us your butt, and ſaid every thing you could againſt us. This was the reward we met with, for opening our field, and permitting you to fill your boſom with our ſpoils: and for this, you but the more deſerve to periſh.

LUCIAN.

Obſerve, now, how you give ear to reſentment alone, unmindful of juſtice. Little did I think that ever anger would thus ſubdue Plato, Ariſtotle, Chryſippus, or any of you; you, whom, of all men, I looked upon as far from ſuch weakneſs. Surely, however, my moſt venerable adverſaries, you will not kill me unheard, and unconvicted: do not determine any thing by force, or violence; but hear the arguments on both ſides, and decide according to equity and truth. Appoint, therefore, a judge, let all accuſe me, or any one of you whom you ſhall chooſe by vote, and I will anſwer to the crimes alleged againſt me. If it appears that I have done

* *Thamyrus.*] Thamyris was ſo renowned for his ſkill in muſic, as to rival his maſter Apollo, who, growing jealous, took his eyes and lyre away from him.

† *Eurytus.*] Eurytus was king of Oechalia, and famous for his ſkill in archery. He propoſed his daughter, Iole, in marriage, to any perſon that could conquer him at the exerciſe of the bow. This, probably, gave riſe to the ſtory of his rivalling Apollo, and being ſlain by him. Homer calls him, vain Eurytus,

—— whoſe art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he periſh'd in his prime.

See Pope's Odyſſey, book viii. l. 257.

you

you any wrong, and juſtice condemns me, I am content to ſuffer the puniſhment deſerved: and you will do no violence. If, on the trial, I ſhall be found innocent and irreprehenſible, the judge will acquit me, and you will turn your reſentment towards thoſe who deceived, and ſet you againſt me.

PLATO.

What! turn the * horſe into the field; ſo you may deceive the judges, and eſcape. It is well known you are an able orator, a ſubtle pleader, and rather too knowing in diſputation: what judge can we have whom you will not bribe (for you are capable of any baſeneſs), to give ſentence in your favour?

LUCIAN.

Be ſatisfied with regard to that: I want no partial, or ſuſpected judge, none who will ſell me their opinion; for, behold I have brought with me, and here appoint your own Philoſophy, herſelf, to be our umpire.

PLATO.

But, if we are judges, who is to be the accuſer?

LUCIAN.

You ſhall yourſelves be both; nor am I fearful of the event: ſo much have I the better of the cauſe, and infinitely more than is neceſſary in my favour.

PLATO.

What ſay you, Socrates and Pythagoras? The man deſires nothing unreaſonable, when he thus provokes the trial: how muſt we act?

SOCRATES.

What can we do, but proceed to the tribunal, and, taking Philoſophy with us, hear what he has to ſay in his defence: for to condemn without trial, becometh not men like us, but fools alone, the ſlaves of anger, and thoſe who meaſure juſtice by the ſtrength of their arm: if we ſtone him unheard, and unconvicted, we ſhall give our enemies occaſion to ſpeak ill of us; we, more eſpecially, who profeſs ourſelves lovers of equity: what ſhall we ſay of Anytus and Melitus, of my accuſers, or of my judges, if this man is condemned by us, without giving him the chance of the † hour-glaſs?

PLA-

* *Turn the horſe.*] A proverbial expreſſion, (ſee Eraſmus), as much as to ſay, "Turn a horſe looſe, and catch him again if you can." The proverb, we ſee, is very applicable to the occaſion.

† *The hour-glaſs.*] In the Athenian courts of judicature, the plaintiff, being placed on the left hand of the tribunal, and the defendant on the right, both of them ſpoke ſet orations in their

PLATO.

Socrates, you are right: let us go in ſearch of Philoſophy; ſhe ſhall be the judge, and we will abide by her determination.

LUCIAN.

This, O wiſe and prudent men, is certainly the beſt and moſt legal method: keep your ſtones, however, as I adviſed you, for you will want them ſoon at the tribunal. But where ſhall we find Philoſophy? for I do not know where ſhe lives; though I have been looking out for her houſe a long time, in hopes of meeting with her there. In my way I lit on ſeveral men with long beards, and cloaks, who ſaid they had juſt come from her; imagining, therefore, that they muſt know her place of abode, I enquired of them, but they, who knew no more than myſelf, either gave me no anſwer, in order to conceal their ignorance, or directed me from one door to another, ſo that to this day I could never find the houſe. Many a time, either led by my own fancy, or following ſome guide, I viſited certain places, where I thought myſelf ſure of catching her, attracted thither by the multitude of comers and goers, who all appeared with ſevere countenances, grave habits, and looks, that carried with them the appearance of deep thought and meditation. With theſe I crouded myſelf in, unobſerved, and gained admiſſion. There ſaw I a woman, who, though ſhe ſeemed to have dreſſed herſelf with a kind of ſtudied neatneſs, had not the true air of ſimplicity about her. Her hair, it was too viſible, which ſhe wiſhed to appear looſely flowing, ſhe had taken care to adorn, nor was her robe put on without affectation: her whole dreſs was plainly an artful imitation of eaſy negligence; the paint and varniſh, notwithſtanding, appeared through all; her diſcourſe was looſe, like that of a harlot; ſhe ſeemed happy when her lovers praiſed her beauty, and, if they made her any preſent, accepted it with greedineſs: would ſit always near the rich, but took no notice of the poor amongſt them. When ſhe was uncovered, I obſerved a gold necklace, as thick as a dog-chain: when I ſaw this, I retired immediately, not with-

their own behalf; and leſt, by the length of their ſpeeches, they ſhould weary the judges' patience, and hinder them from proceeding to other buſineſs, they were limited to a certain ſpace of time, which was meaſured by a κλεψύδρα, or hour-glaſs, differing from ours in this, that, inſtead of ſand, they made uſe of water. To prevent fraud, there was an officer appointed to diſtribute the water equally to both ſides; when the glaſs was run out, they were permitted to ſpeak no farther If other buſineſs intervened, the glaſs was ſtopped for the time; and if any perſon had finiſhed his ſpeech, before all his water was run out, he might make over the remainder to another.

out pitying thoſe miſerable wretches, who ſuffered themſelves thus to be led by her, not by the noſe, but by the beard, and, like Ixion, embraced a cloud for a Juno.

PLATO.

So far you are right; for the door is not eaſily found, nor open to every one: neither, indeed, is there any neceſſity of going to her houſe, for we ſhall meet her here in the Ceramicus, on her return from the Academy, when ſhe comes to walk in the portico, as ſhe uſually does every day: and behold! here ſhe is: obſerve her decent habit, the mildneſs of her aſpect, how ſlow ſhe walks along, and ſeems wrapped in thought.

LUCIAN.

I ſee ſeveral, whoſe gait and habit are the ſame, and yet but one of them can really be Philoſophy.

PLATO.

True: but when ſhe comes to ſpeak, you will ſoon know which it is.

PHILOSOPHY.

Ha! Plato, Chryſippus, Ariſtotle, and all of you, my beſt and nobleſt followers, here! What brought you again to life? Who has injured you in the regions below? for ye all ſeem angry: who is this priſoner you are dragging along with you? Is he a murtherer? Has he ſtripped the dead, or robbed a temple?

PLATO.

O Philoſophy, he is worſe, and more wicked than all of them; for he has dared to aſperſe thy moſt venerable character, and abuſed us all, for what we learned of thee, and left in our writings to poſterity.

PHILOSOPHY.

And are you ſo highly enraged at him for ſpeaking evil of me? Know you not what I ſuffered from Comedy, at the * feaſt of Bacchus, and yet I never called her to account, or reproved her for it; ſhe is at liberty to ſport, it ſuits a feſtival; and well I know, that nothing truly good and valuable is ever the worſe for the ridicule thrown upon it, but comes out, like gold from the hammer, only more bright and ſplendid. You are angry and provoked, ye know not why. What makes you pull him ſo tight? you will ſtrangle him.

* *Feaſt of Bacchus.*] Alluding to the Comedy of the Clouds, by Ariſtophanes, repreſented during the ſolemnity of that feſtival, when Philoſophy ſuffered ſo much in the perſon of Socrates, from the indecent raillery of that celebrated poet.

PLATO.

PLATO.

We have got leave for a day, and came up on purpoſe to inflict on him the puniſhment which he deſerves, as ſoon as we heard what he had publiſhed againſt us.

PHILOSOPHY.

And would you put him to death unheard, and before any trial? He ſeems as if he wanted to ſay ſomething in his own defence.

PLATO.

No: we have referred every thing to you; your opinion muſt decide the controverſy.

PHILOSOPHY.

What ſay *you?*

LUCIAN.

To you, my divine miſtreſs, I ſubmit, for you alone can diſcover truth; but, with much intreaty, ſcarce could I prevail on them to refer the cauſe to your determination.

PLATO.

Now, raſcal, you can call her your miſtreſs: but a little while ago, in a full aſſembly, you pronounced her moſt contemptible, and would ſell all her doctrines for two pence.

PHILOSOPHY.

But, ſuppoſe he meant only to expoſe, not Philoſophy, but ſome impoſtors, who committed bad actions in my name.

LUCIAN.

That you ſhall ſoon be aſſured of, if you will attend to what I ſhall ſay in my defence: but let us ſtep aſide a little to the * Areopagus, or rather to the Acropolis itſelf, whence, as from a watch-tower, we may ſee every thing about the city.

PHILOSOPHY.

You, my friends, in the mean time, may walk about the † Portico; I will come to you again, as ſoon as this affair is determined.

LUCIAN.

Who are theſe? by their mein and deportment they ſeem to be moſt truly reſpectable.

* *Areopagus.*] The great Athenian court of judicature, called the Areopagus, or Mars's Hill, as fables tell us, from the arraignment of Mars, who was the firſt criminal tried in it.

† *Portico.*] The Ποικιλη, or Pœcile, ſo called from the VARIETY it contained of curious pictures, done by the greateſt maſters, was the famous Portico where Zeno taught philoſophy, and inſtituted the Stoic ſect, ſo called from στοα, ſtoa, another name for this portico.

PHILOSOPHY.

That maſculine figure is, Virtue, the other, Wiſdom, the other, Juſtice; ſhe who goes before them is, Education; that colourleſs, and almoſt imperceptible form, is, Truth.

LUCIAN.

I cannot ſee her.

PHILOSOPHY.

Do not you obſerve that ſimple, unadorned figure, naked, and that ſeems to withdraw itſelf, and ſlide away from you?

LUCIAN.

Now, I have juſt a glimpſe of her: but why not carry them with us, as aſſeſſors? it will make the court more full and complete: Truth I would wiſh above all to appear as an advocate for me.

PHILOSOPHY.

Come then, follow me: one cauſe will not be much trouble to you, eſpecially where I am ſo nearly concerned.

TRUTH.

Go you along: there is no occaſion for me to hear, again, what I am already ſo well acquainted with.

LUCIAN.

But to me your preſence will be highly neceſſary, to point out every thing to them.

TRUTH.

I muſt bring, then, my two attendants, who are my beſt friends.

PHILOSOPHY.

Carry as many as you pleaſe.

TRUTH.

Follow me then, Liberty, and Freedom of Speech, that we may ſave this little man, my friend, and admirer, who is brought into peril without a cauſe. You, Conviction, may remain here.

LUCIAN.

By no means, my honoured miſtreſs; ſhe, if any, ſhould certainly come with us: for I muſt contend, not with beaſts, but with the moſt inſolent of men; men who will not eaſily be argued out of their opinion, but are perpetually finding ſome ſubterfuge, or evaſion. Conviction, therefore, will be neceſſary.

PHI-

PHILOSOPHY.

Moſt certainly: it will be ſtill better if you take Demonſtration alſo.

TRUTH.

Follow me, all of you, as your preſence will be neceſſary at the trial.

ARISTOTLE.

Obſerve, Philoſophy, he has gained over Truth againſt us.

PHILOSOPHY.

And are Plato, Ariſtotle, and Chryſippus afraid that Truth herſelf ſhould bear falſe teſtimony in his favour?

PLATO.

By no means: but he is an artful flatterer, and may over perſuade her.

TRUTH.

Take courage, for nothing unjuſt can be done, where Juſtice herſelf, is preſent: let us be gone.

PHILOSOPHY.

But tell me firſt, what is your name?

LUCIAN.

My name is Parrheſiades, or, the Free Speaker, the ſon of Alethion and Eleuxicles, or, Truth and Conviction.

PHILOSOPHY.

Of what country are you?

LUCIAN.

I am a Syrian, and born near Euphrates; but that is nothing to the preſent purpoſe, for many of my adverſaries here, I know, are Barbarians as well as myſelf; their learning and their manners, however, are not from Solea, from Cyprus, from Babylon, or Stagyra: beſides, that, with you, a foreign accent is no fault, where the opinion is juſt and good.

PHILOSOPHY.

True: I need not have aſked you thoſe queſtions. But what is your profeſſion? For that it much imports us to know.

LUCIAN.

I am a hater of pride, impoſture, falſehood, and oſtentation: I hate, in ſhort, all wicked men, of whom, you well know, there are but too many.

PHILOSOPHY.

By Hercules, a moſt invidious occupation yours.

LUCIAN.

It is indeed: you ſee what hatred I incur by it, and what dangers I am liable to: but I have another buſineſs alſo, the very oppoſite to that; the buſineſs I mean, of love, eſteem, and approbation. I am the friend of truth, of honour, beauty, of ſimplicity, of every thing that is amiable and good; but few there are who deſerve this love: whereas, of thoſe who merit my hatred there are millions. Thus, there is no little danger of loſing all my ſkill in one profeſſion, for want of opportunities to exerciſe it; and of being too great a proficient in the other.

PHILOSOPHY.

Never fear: you may do both, without dividing the buſineſs; they ſeem, indeed, to be two different profeſſions, but in reality are but one.

LUCIAN.

You are the beſt judge of that: my maxim, however, is to hate the bad, and to love and praiſe the good and virtuous.

PHILOSOPHY.

Well: we are at the place appointed, we will determine this affair in the temple of Minerva. Do you, prieſteſs, diſpoſe the ſeats: we, in the mean time, will pay our adorations to the goddeſs.

LUCIAN.

Come, now, O guardian of Athens! to my aſſiſtance, againſt theſe proud and wicked men; thou, who, every day, art witneſs to their perjuries, thou alone, who ſeeſt all things, haſt beheld their actions; now is the time to puniſh them. But, if I ſhould be overcome, and the black balls prevail, O throw in thy ſuffrage, and preſerve me.

PHILOSOPHY.

Now, we are ſeated, and ready to hear your pleadings. Chooſe one amongſt you, who has the beſt hand at an accuſation, to make out the indictment; do you put your arguments together, and prove his guilt: but you muſt not all ſpeak at once. You, Parrheſiades, muſt afterwards endeavour to defend yourſelf.

PLATO.

Which of us is moſt fit for this undertaking?

CHRYSIPPUS.

That ſublimity of ſentiment, that truly Attic eloquence, ſo full of grace, and perſuaſion; that prudence and ſagacity, that power of words in demonſtration

ſtration, ſo attractive and commanding, which all unite in Plato, ſufficiently point out the proper perſon: you, therefore, muſt open the cauſe, and ſpeak for us all. Now call to mind, and bring together, all the good things you have ſaid againſt Gorgias, and Polus, and Prodicus, and Hippias: for this man is more formidable than either of them. Sprinkle, withal, a little irony, and ſome of thoſe pretty interrogatories, in which you ſo abound. Add, moreover, if you pleaſe, that inexpreſſible charm, which will put the great Jupiter, who drives the ſwift chariot, into a paſſion if he is not condemned.

PLATO.

By no means appoint me, but rather one of theſe much ſharper orators, Diogenes here, or Antiſthenes, or Crates, or you, Chryſippus: we do not want elegance or ſtrength of ſtyle upon this occaſion, but a regular judicial proceſs. We will leave oratory to Parrheſiades.

DIOGENES.

Well then: I will begin the accuſation; nor will there be need of any long ſpeeches about it. I have moſt reaſon, for he has treated me worſe than any of you, and ſold me for two oboli.

PLATO.

Diogenes, O Philoſophy, will ſpeak for us all: but, remember, my worthy friend, in your accuſation, to have an eye, not only to yourſelf alone, but to the common cauſe: if we happen to diſagree amongſt ourſelves in opinion, you are not to enter into examination, or determine which is in the right; but confine your reſentment to the injuries done to Philoſophy herſelf, abuſed and calumniated by Parrheſiades: and, leaving our diſſenſions untouched, defend ſtrenuouſly what we have in common one with another: remember, we have appointed you alone to act for us, we truſt our all to you, and on you it will depend, whether what we do ſhall appear fair and honeſt, or be deemed what he has thought fit to call it.

DIOGENES.

Never do you fear: I ſhall omit nothing, but ſpeak as well as I can for you all: if, perchance, Philoſophy, overcome by his eloquence, for ſhe is of a mild and gentle diſpoſition, ſhould, after all, acquit him, it ſhall not be my fault; I will ſtick cloſe to the cauſe, and endeavour to convince him, that I do not bear the * ſtaff in vain.

PHI-

* *Staff.*] Diogenes is always deſcribed as carrying a large club, or ſtaff in his hand: this, ſays

PHILOSOPHY.

We want not your ſtaff here, but your arguments; let us have no more delay: for the water is already poured out, and the court waits for you.

LUCIAN.

Let Diogenes alone accuſe me; the reſt may ſit with you, and give their ballot.

PHILOSOPHY.

Are not you afraid they will give it againſt you?

LUCIAN.

Not at all: but I would wiſh to carry it by a great majority.

PHILOSOPHY.

Nobly ſaid: come ſit ye down: do you, Diogenes, begin.

DIOGENES.

Who, and what we are, you, O Philoſophy, well know; words, therefore, are unneceſſary on this occaſion; for, to ſay nothing of myſelf, who can be ignorant of how much benefit to mankind have been the works of Pythagoras, Plato, Ariſtotle, and the reſt of us? Againſt characters thus reſpectable, I will now proceed to ſhew what this execrable Parrheſiades has wickedly ſuggeſted: renowned for oratory, in which it ſeems he excelled, he left the courts of juſtice, and the reputation he acquired there, to ſummon all his forces againſt us, whom he is perpetually employed in calumniating, calling us hypocrites, and impoſtors, and perſuading the multitude to laugh at and deſpiſe us, as men of no account or eſtimation. Already he has brought upon us, and on you, O Philoſophy, univerſal hatred; calling all you do madneſs and folly. What you had taught us to look upon as ſerious, he has turned into jeſt and laughter; only to inſult us, and gain applauſe to himſelf from the ſpectators: for ſuch is the nature and diſpoſition of the vulgar, that they are ever delighted with the ſcoffer and calumniator, eſpecially when things the moſt ſacred and reſpectable are laughed at by them: and therefore was it that formerly they were ſo pleaſed with Eupolis and Ariſtophanes, who brought our Socrates on the ſtage, to ridicule him, and invented ſo many ſtrange fables concerning him: all this they did againſt one man, at the feaſt of Bacchus; it was part, indeed, of the ſolemnity: he is

ſays he, which, in his new character of firſt counſel in the cauſe, he conſiders as a ſtaff of office, I ſhall not carry in vain, i. e. in caſe of conviction, he ſhould exerciſe it on the delinquent.

a laugh-

a laughter-loving god, and rejoices, perhaps, in this kind of diverſion. But this man, with malice prepenſe, and after long preparation, calls all the great people together, makes up a large volume of abuſe, and, with a ſounding voice, pours it forth upon Plato, Pythagoras, Ariſtotle, Chryſippus, myſelf, and all of you, without any ſpecious excuſe of a public feſtival, or the leaſt provocation from us; had he been injured, indeed, it had been more pardonable: but, which is worſe than all, he pretends to do theſe things in your name, and, taking Dialogue, our intimate friend and acquaintance, makes uſe of him as a brother-actor, and fellow-combatant againſt us. Moreover, he has prevailed on our companion, Menippus, to join in farces with him: you will pleaſe to obſerve, that he alone, of all our companions, is not here to aſſiſt in the accuſation, but has betrayed the common cauſe, and abſented himſelf on purpoſe.

For all theſe crimes, moſt noble judges, it is meet he ſhould ſuffer condign puniſhment. What, indeed, can he ſay in his defence againſt the proof of ſo many witneſſes? Beſides, that it will be right to make an example of him, and deter others from the like contempt of Philoſophy hereafter: whereas, if you quietly ſubmit to the injury, it will be deſervedly called, not temperance and moderation, but indolence and folly. For who would bear ſuch an affront as the laſt which he put upon us, when he brought us into the market-place, like ſo many ſlaves, appointed a crier, and ſold ſome of us for an Attic mina, ſome for more; me, in particular, the raſcal diſpoſed of for two oboli, to the no ſmall diverſion of the ſpectators. Theſe, O Philoſophy, are the reaſons of our returning thus to earth, to ſhew our indignation againſt him, and, affronted as we have been, to requeſt that you will revenge us.

PLATO.

Well argued, Diogenes; you have ſaid every thing, and moſt excellently, that could be ſaid for every one of us.

PHILOSOPHY.

Let us have no encomiums, but * pour in for the defendant. Parrheſiades, it is your turn to ſpeak: your water flows now; therefore, without farther delay, begin immediately.

* *Pour in.*] i. e. Pour the water into the hour-glaſs. See note on the Clepſydra.

PARRHE-

*PARRHESIADES.

Know then, O Philoſophy, that Diogenes has not advanced every thing againſt me which he might have done, but, for what reaſon I know not, has paſſed over many accuſations, much heavier than any he has yet produced: for my own part, ſo far am I from denying any thing I have ſaid, or thinking that it ſtands in need of a defence in this place, that I had reſolved, before I came here, that whatever he might forget to mention, or I had not thought of before, I would now take the opportunity to add, that you might be a better judge what kind of men I put up to ſale, and branded with the name of boaſters and hypocrites: above all, I muſt beg you to obſerve, that I have ſaid nothing of any man but what is true: and, if the reflections appear harſh or cruel, thoſe who do the evil are to blame, and not I, who accuſe them of it. At my firſt ſetting out in the law, I perceived ſo much deceit, lying, impudence, noiſe, quarrelling, and a thouſand more things, neceſſarily attendant on the profeſſion, that, diſguſted at them, as I muſt naturally be, I threw it aſide, turned my mind, O Philoſophy, towards thy beauties, and reſolved, like one eſcaped from ſtorm and tempeſt, into a peaceful haven, to ſpend the reſt of my life under your patronage and protection. No ſooner did I become acquainted with, but I admired both you, and theſe guides to happineſs and virtue; ſtretching out their hands to all who are willing to meet you; inculcating the beſt and moſt ſalutary precepts in the minds of thoſe who will not depart from them, but, keeping their footſteps firm, and their eyes always fixed on the rules preſcribed by you, direct their lives according to them, which, indeed, but few, even of your followers, are able to perform. But when I beheld ſuch numbers, not ſmitten with the love of Philoſophy, but from a thirſt after that glory and honour, which accompany her; by thoſe external appearances, which all may eaſily put on, aping the good and great in their beard, their habit, or their walk; and, at the ſame time, in their lives and manners, belying their profeſſion, debaſing its dignity, and acting in direct oppoſition to your precepts; I muſt own, I could not look upon them without indignation. They ſeemed to me like ſome tragic actor, who, though ſoft and effeminate himſelf, ſhould play the part of Achilles, or Theſeus, or Her-

* *Parrheſiades.*] i. e. Lucian, who had taken upon him the name of Parrheſiades, or the Free Speaker. Seneca, in like manner, calls Democharis, Parrheſiades, "ita, ſays he, ob nimiam & procacem linguam appellatus." See Seneca de Tran. lib. iii.

cules,

cules, without any thing of the hero, either in his voice or gait, and delicate and enervated, under the maſk of ſtrength and valour, Helen and Polyxena, would never bear ſuch baſe reſemblances, and the victorious Hercules would ſoon, with his club, deſtroy the hero, for thus ignominiouſly making a woman of him.

In the ſame manner, when I ſaw you miſrepreſented, I could not bear ſuch ſhameful acting; to behold our apes thus putting on the appearance of heroes; to ſee them imitating the aſs of * Cumæ, who, putting on the lion's ſkin, and roaring dreadfully, thought he might paſs among the Cumæans for a real lion, till the ſtranger, who often had ſeen both, and could diſtinguiſh one from the other, diſcovered, and drove him off with a good threſhing. But what appeared to me, O Philoſophy, of all things moſt intolerable, was, that when theſe men acted fooliſhly, wickedly, and unbecomingly, every body laid the blame on you, and immediately abuſed Chryſippus, Plato, Pythagoras, or whatever philoſopher's name they had aſſumed, or whoſe precepts they had pretended to adopt: from the bad lives of theſe men, the world formed a reſemblance of your's. Had you been alive this would never have happened; but you were long ſince departed, and theſe they every day ſaw living in a moſt ſhameful and diſhonourable manner; thus you are accuſed with them, and brought under the ſame condemnation. Theſe things I could not ſuffer; I attacked them, therefore, and endeavoured to diſcriminate you from each other; and for this, inſtead of thanking me for it, you bring me to juſtice. Were I to ſee any of the initiated dancing unſeemly † out of his place, and revealing the myſteries of the ‡ goddeſſes, and, being incenſed, ſhould fall upon and reprove him, would you call me impious? that would be the higheſt injuſtice. When any

* *The aſs of Cumæ.*] Cumæ was an ancient town of Campania, in Italy, where Tully had a ſeat, called Prædium Cumanum. Lucian here alludes to the known fable of the aſs in the lion's ſkin, which we meet with in Æſop, who, however, has not, as I remember, honoured him ſo far as to mention the place of his nativity.

† *Out of his place.*] See Lucian's Treatiſe on Dancing.

‡ *The goddeſſes.*] Ceres and Proſerpine. Lucian here alludes to the Theſmophoria, or Feaſts of Ceres the Legiſlatreſs, celebrated every five years. Cicero calls them μυστηρια, and initia, uſually divided into the great and the little, the former in honour of Ceres, the latter of Proſerpine. The perſon who initiated to the myſteries, was called the hierophantes, or chief prieſt, whoſe buſineſs, and whoſe alone it was, τα Ελευσινια ανοιξαι, i. e. to reveal the myſtery of Eleuſis: he had likewiſe the title of myſtagogus. If any perſon divulged the myſteries of theſe ſacred rites, it was accounted unſafe to abide under the ſame roof with him.

actor repreſents Jupiter, Neptune, or Minerva, and does not perform his part ſuitable to the dignity of the character, thoſe who preſide over the ſacred feſtivals frequently chaſtiſe them for it, nor are the gods angry with the executioners for puniſhing thoſe who thus miſrepreſent them, but rather favour and applaud their defenders: for to act vilely the part of a ſervant or meſſenger, is a ſmall fault; but to give the ſpectators a falſe idea of a Jove, or a Hercules, is moſt ſhameful and abominable.

The moſt abſurd thing of all is, that moſt of theſe men, who ſo diligently apply themſelves to the ſtudy of your doctrines, live, at the ſame time, as if they only read and admired, with the deſign of acting directly contrary to them. When they tell us, for inſtance, that they deſpiſe glory and riches, that nothing can be good that is not honeſt, that we ſhould never be angry, that we ſhould hold the great in contempt, and treat them as our equals, all this is right, and wiſe, and worthy of admiration; and yet the very men who teach theſe things, are paid for it, are perpetually gaping after wealth, and paying their court to the rich; more curſt than lap-dogs, more timid than hares: aſſes are not ſo lewd, cats ſo rapacious, or game-cocks ſo quarrelſome. How truly ridiculous it is to ſee them hunting one another from great men's doors; preſent at every good ſupper, and finding fault with every thing at it, and philoſophiſing in their cups, and ſaying the moſt fooliſh and diſagreeable things, when the wine is too much for them: whilſt the gueſts laugh, and are heartily ſick of ſuch philoſophy.

But the worſt of all is, to hear them crying out that they want nothing; that the wiſe man alone is truly rich: and, a little after, aſking for money, and being highly offended if you do not give it them: juſt as if a man with a tiara, a diadem, and all the enſigns of royalty about him, ſhould go a begging. When they receive any thing themſelves, you are ſure to have an oration about the equal partition of every good, and the vanity of riches: for what, ſay they, are gold and ſilver, are they not like the ſand on the ſea ſhore? But if an old friend or acquaintance comes to aſk them for any thing, then it is all poverty, ſilence, or denial, and every thing they had ſaid is retracted: all their fine ſpeeches about friendſhip and virtue are gone, we know not where, like ſo many birds, all fled; as if words were only meant to fight ſham battles with, in their ſchools and public meetings. As long as there is no gold or ſilver before them, they are very good friends; but ſhew them a ſingle farthing, and the peace is broken immediately; there

is

is no longer any order or agreement amongſt them: they are juſt like the dogs; throw but a bone, they all ſally out, bite one another, and bark at him that carries it off.

Once, upon a time, a certain Ægyptian monarch, we are told, taught ſome apes to dance the * Pyrrhic dance; the beaſts (for they mimic every human action), ſoon learned their leſſon, and ſkipped about in maſks, and purple robes, and the ſight pleaſed for a long time; till an arch fellow, who came as a ſpectator, took ſome nuts out of his boſom, and threw a handful amongſt them, when the performers immediately forgot their profeſſion, and, from Pyrrhic dancers, returned to mere apes again, tore off their maſks and cloaths, and went to fighting for the fruit: thus was the celebrity at once diſſolved, to the great diverſion of the ſpectators. And juſt in the ſame manner do theſe men act. Theſe I have expoſed, nor will I ever ceaſe to detect their frauds, to laugh at, and to ridicule them: but of you, and ſuch as reſemble you (for many ſtill there are who follow true philoſophy, and obſerve your laws), I were mad indeed, to utter any thing ſevere, or diſreſpectful. What, indeed, could I ſay, or what is in there in your lives ſimilar to theirs? But, ſurely, to deteſt thoſe who are inſolent to men, and hateful to the gods, is meritorious. What is there in you, Pythagoras, or Plato, or Ariſtotle, or Chryſippus, that has the leaſt ſimilitude with them? As the proverb ſays, it is † Hercules and the ape: do they imagine themſelves like you, becauſe they wear long beards, put on auſtere faces, and philoſophize? I could even bear all this, if they acted their parts well; but a vultur more reſembles the nightingale, than they do the real philoſopher.

I have done; and now, O Truth, I call on thee to bear teſtimony for me, whether theſe things are ſo.

PHILOSOPHY.

Parrheſiades, retire a little.—And now, what are we to do? How do you think he has acquitted himſelf?

VIRTUE.

I muſt own, O Philoſophy, whilſt he ſpoke I was ready to ſink into the earth, ſo true was every thing he ſaid, and all the time knew very well whom he alluded to; ſuch a one, I ſaid to myſelf, did this; and another,

* *Pyrrhic dance.*] For an account of this, ſee Lucian's Treatiſe on Dancing.

† *Hercules, &c.*] A proverbial expreſſion, to ſignify two things as different as poſſible from each other.

that: he pointed out the men, as clearly as the painter who draws a perfect likeneſs, and with his pencil expreſſes, not only the features and limbs of the body, but the very ſouls of thoſe whom he would repreſent.

PHILOSOPHY.

In good truth, Virtue, I bluſhed alſo: but what is your opinion?

PLATO.

What can it be, but that he ſtands acquitted of the crimes imputed to him, and deſerves to be publicly acknowleged as our common friend and benefactor. Like the Trojans of old, we have raiſed up this tragedian againſt us, to ſing concerning our misfortunes; but let him ſing on, and declaim againſt thoſe who are hateful to the gods.

DIOGENES.

Philoſophy, I join my ſuffrage alſo in commendation of him, retract my accuſation, and henceforth ſhall place him in the number of my beſt and worthieſt friends.

PHILOSOPHY.

Parrheſiades, well done: you are unanimouſly acquitted, and now we admit you as one of us.

PARRHESIADES.

I began in an humble and beſeeching ſtyle, I muſt now riſe to tragic ſublimity, as more becoming my condition: therefore,

* Now, ſplendid Vict'ry, know me for thy own,
And with thy flow'ry wreath my brows adorn.

VICTORY.

Let us now taſte of the other cup, and puniſh thoſe who have abuſed us. Parrheſiades ſhall indict them one after another.

PARRHESIADES.

That is right: you, young Syllogiſm there, turn towards the city, and call up the Philoſophers.

† SYLLOGISM.

Silence, there! Do you hear, Philoſophers? You muſt come immediately to the Acropolis, to take your trials at the tribunal of Juſtice, Virtue, and Philoſophy.

* *Now ſplendid, &c.*] See the Oreſtes of Euripides, laſt ſpeech.

† *Syllogiſm.*] Making a perſon of Syllogiſm, and employing him as a crier, to ſummon the Philoſophers together, has no ſmall degree of humour in it. Lucian is remarkably happy in his dramatis perſonæ.

PARRHE-

PARRHESIADES.

You ſee how few of them obey the ſummons; they are afraid of Juſtice; beſides, that moſt of them are ſo buſy about the great, they cannot find time to come. If you have a mind to bring them all together, you muſt harangue them thus ——

PHILOSOPHY.

Well, do you call them then yourſelf.

PARRHESIADES.

Nothing ſo eaſy. Silence, there! Let all thoſe, who call themſelves philoſophers, and go by that name, repair immediately to the Acropolis, to partake of a public donation. To each man will be given two minæ, and a cake of Indian corn. Whoever has a very long beard, ſhall be intitled to a baſket of figs into the bargain. Of wiſdom, temperance, or juſtice, they need not bring any with them, as theſe things are totally unneceſſary; provided every one of them has at leaſt five ſyllogiſms, without which it is impoſſible to be wiſe:

* Before them, lo, two golden talents lay;
Who wrangles beſt, ſhall bear the prize away.

Look what a heap of them there is, ſhoving one another on, only at the ſound of the two minæ: ſome are got about the † Pelaſgicon, ſome about Æſculapius's temple, ſome round the Areopagus, and ſome to ‡ Talus's ſepulchre, others are planting ladders againſt the temple of the § Dioſcuri, and ſwarming up like bees, or ſo many cluſters of grapes: to ſpeak with Homer,

‖ Thick, as in ſpring, the flow'rs adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees ——

* *Before them*, &c.] A parody of two lines in Homer's deſcription of Achilles' ſhield, in the 19th book of the Iliad, l. 507. Lucian has changed the words of the ſecond line, from

Τω δομεν—ὁς μετα τοισι δικην ιθυνεσκε ειπη

To Τω δ᾽ μεν—ὁς μετα πασιν εριζεμεν εξοχος ειη.
Qui reliquos rixa ſuperaverit omnes.

† *The Pelaſgicon.*] The north wall, or Pelaſgicon, ſo called from its founders the Pelaſgi, cloſe to the citadel, which was adorned with innumerable edifices, ſtatues, and monuments.—See Potter's Deſcription of Athens.

‡ *Talus's ſepulchre.*] See Οεχ, cap. 49. and Φιλοψ, cap. 29.

§ *Dioſcuri.*] The Ανακειον, or temple of the Dioſcuri (Caſtor and Pollux), who were called Ανακες. In this place ſlaves were expoſed to ſale.

‖ *Thick as*, &c.] See Pope's Homer, book ii. l. 551.

In

In a very little time the Acropolis will be full; what a buſtle they make! Beards, flattery, ſcrips, impudence, clubs, gluttony, ſyllogiſms, and avarice, all crouding together. The few that were come up at the firſt ſummons are ſcarce to be ſeen; having no particular mark, they are loſt in the croud, and from the ſimilitude of habit, are eaſily concealed. This, indeed, is ſhameful, and what moſt people blame you for, Philoſophy, that you put no mark on theſe men, to diſtinguiſh them by: the impoſtors, to ſay the truth, to all outward appearance look moſt like philoſophers.

PHILOSOPHY.

This may be done by and by; in the mean time let us receive a few of theſe gentlemen.

A Croud of PLATONICS.

We, Platonics, ought to be taken firſt.

PYTHAGOREANS.

No: we Pythagoreans; for Pythagoras was firſt in order of time.

STOICS.

Nonſenſe and folly: we, from the Portico, are better than all of you.

PERIPATETICS.

No ſuch thing, when money is concerned; we * Peripatetics, are certainly the firſt to be conſidered.

EPICUREANS.

Give us Epicureans, the cakes; we will wait for the minæ, and you may give them to us the laſt.

ACADEMICIANS.

Where are the two talents? we, Academicians, will ſoon convince you we are the beſt diſputants.

STOICS.

Not whilſt we Stoics are preſent.

PHILOSOPHY.

Let us have no quarrelling: you, Cynics, there, do not croud ſo, nor beat one another with your clubs; you are called here for a very different purpoſe. Virtue, Truth, and myſelf ſhall now examine you, and ſee which of you are true philoſophers: thoſe amongſt you who ſhall be found to live according to our dictates, ſhall be happy, and meet with our approbation;

* *We Peripatetics, &c.*] Becauſe riches were by this ſect ranked amongſt the bona, or moſt valuable things in this life: for the ſame reaſon the Epicureans, who were fond of good eating, take the cakes.

but

but the wicked, and the hypocrite, who do not belong to us, we ſhall treat as they deſerve, that they may not for the future, from pride and affectation, pretend to ſuch things as are above them.--How is this? By Jove, they are all fled, jump'd, I know not how many of them, down the precipice, and gone off; the Acropolis is empty, and none left but two or three, who are not afraid of Juſtice. Boy, take up that ſcrip the Cynic dropped in his flight: let us ſee what it contains, ſome lupines, perhaps, or a book, or a ſcrap of black bread.

PARRHESIADES.

No ſuch thing; but ſome gold, a box of ointment, a * knife for a ſacrificial feaſt, a looking-glaſs, and a pair of dice.

PHILOSOPHY.

Well done, Philoſopher; are theſe the implements of your profeſſion? thus provided, you think yourſelf enabled to inſtruct your pupils, and abuſe every body elſe.

PARRHESIADES.

Such they are in general: but as this is not known to every body, it lays upon you to diſtinguiſh and point out which amongſt them are really good men, and which the contrary: you, O Truth, muſt find this out; for it concerns you nearly, to prevent Falſehood's prevailing againſt you, and the bad, through ignorance and error, mingling with the juſt and honeſt.

TRUTH.

With your leave, Philoſophy, we will let this office devolve on Parrheſiades, who has ſhewn himſelf our truſty friend, and your moſt faithful admirer: let him, therefore, taking Proof and Conviction along with him, judge and determine concerning theſe men, who call themſelves philoſophers: whenever he finds one really and truly ſo, crown him with an olive garland, and call him to the † Prytaneum: if, on the other hand, he ſhould light on a raſcal, (and many ſuch there are, who only play the part of philoſophers), let him take off his cloak, and with a knife, ſuch as they ſhave goats with, ſlice off his beard cloſe to the ſkin, then put a mark on

* *A knife, &c.*] The Cynics, like our modern Methodiſts, pretended much to ſelf-denial, abſtinence, and ſobriety; but, as Lucian intimates, were, like them, mere pretenders; who indulged privately in the gratification of every ſenſual appetite.

† *Prytaneum.*] The common-hall, or court of juſtice, near the ſenate houſe at Athens.

his

his forehead, or burn it in between his eye-brows; and let the impreſſion be, a fox, or an ape.

PHILOSOPHY.

An excellent method! the proof, then, Parrheſiades, will be, like that of the eagles before the ſun; not that I mean they ſhould look againſt it, or be tried by that; but by gold, glory, and pleaſure; if, when you place theſe before them, you find any one that ſhall ſeem to deſpiſe, or is not attracted by them, let him be crowned with an olive-branch: but, if you ſee one fixing his eyes upon the gold, and graſping at it, be ſure you firſt cut off his beard, and then cauteriſe him.

PARRHESIADES.

It ſhall be done as you direct: you will ſoon ſee three parts of them marked with a fox, or an ape; and a few, perhaps, crowned with laurel: but, if you pleaſe, I will produce two or three of them.

PHILOSOPHY

What! bring thoſe back again that are ran away?

PARRHESIADES.

Yes: if your high prieſteſs there, will lend me that hook and line, which the fiſherman left as an offering in the * Piræum.

PRIESTESS.

There, take them, rod and all.

PARRHESIADES.

Cannot you give me a few figs too, and a little gold?

PRIESTESS.

There is ſome for you?

PHILOSOPHY.

What is he going about?

PRIESTESS.

He has baited his hooks with the gold and the figs, ſits o' top of the wall, and lets it down into the city.

PHILOSOPHY.

Parrheſiades, what are you fiſhing for? Stones from the Pelaſgicum?

PARRHESIADES.

Silence, I beg, and mark what I ſhall catch. Do thou, O fiſhing Nep-

* *Piræum.* The great Athenian haven, by the lower city.

tune,

tune, and thou, dear Amphitrite, grant me good ſport! I think I ſee a fine wolf, or rather a * chryſophrys.

ELENCHUS.

No, it is a ſea-dog: he gapes at the hook, he ſmells the gold: he comes near, he has got it, we have him: let us draw him up.

PARRHESIADES.

Put your hand upon the line: here he is. Now, my noble fiſh, what are you? let us ſee, O Hercules! this is a dog: what teeth he has got! So, I have caught you, my honeſt friend, feeding deliciouſly amongſt the rocks, where, I ſuppoſe, you thought you might lie hid with ſafety: but you ſhall be ſeen now, for I will hang you up by the gills: we will take off the bait: O ho! the hook is bare, the figs devoured, and the gold is gone down into his belly.

DIOGENES.

Then, by Jove, he ſhall give it us up again; the bait may ſerve for another.

PARRHESIADES.

What ſay you, Diogenes, do you know who he is? Does he belong to you?

DIOGENES.

Not he, indeed.

PARRHESIADES.

What is he worth? I valued him, I think, before, at two oboli.

DIOGENES.

It was a great deal too much: for he is not fit to eat, horribly ugly, very harſh, and, in ſhort, worth nothing: throw him down headlong from the rock, and try for another: but take care you do not break your rod.

PARRHESIADES.

O, never fear: they are light enough, they do not weigh more than a tad-pole.

DIOGENES.

True: they are, as you ſay, † moſt tad pole-like creatures, indeed: up with them, however.

* *Chryſophrys.*] A gold-fiſh, or, perhaps, what we call a cruſian, from the colour of it reſembling gold.

† *Moſt tad-pole like.*] Των αφυων ελαφροτεροι, ſays Lucian; to which Diogenes replies, αφυεστατοι γε. The original, we may obſerve, as the learned reader will perceive, is a pun on the words, and, conſequently, untranſlatable.

PARRHESIADES.

Here comes a fine broad * flat-fiſh, that looks as if he was cut in two: he gapes at the hook like a ſparrow; he has ſwallowed it, we have him: draw him up; who is it?

DIOGENES.

He calls himſelf a Platonic.

PLATO.

What, do you bite at the gold? raſcal.

PARRHESIADES.

Well, Plato, what ſhall we do with him?

PLATO.

Throw him down the ſame rock.

DIOGENES.

Come, now, let down your hook for another.

PARRHESIADES.

Yonder is a beautiful one coming, one may ſee him quite at the bottom, ſpotted all over with various colours, and ſcales of gold upon his back: ſee there: O this is an Ariſtotelian: here he comes, now he ſwims back again: obſerve him carefully; he is returned, he bites, he is caught: pull him up.

ARISTOTLE.

Do not aſk me about the fellow, I know nothing of him.

PARRHESIADES.

Then I ſhall down with him after the others.

DIOGENES.

See, ſee, yonder is a heap of them together, all of the ſame colour, prickly, monſtrous ugly, and harder to catch than † crab-fiſh. We muſt have a drag-net for them; but there is never a one at hand: well, let us catch one, that will be ſufficient: the boldeſt of them, perhaps, will bite.

ELENCHUS.

Let down your line, but you had better cover it firſt with iron, or they will ſnap it in two with their teeth.

* *Flat-fiſh.*] Lucian calls it, ὁ πλατυς, platys, which he meant for another pun, as bordering on Plato. The fiſh alludded to was, probably, what the Germans call halbeſche. With us, I believe, it goes by the name of a hollybutt, not unlike a turbot.

† *Crab-fiſh.*] The echinus, or erinaceus. Lucian ſays they are prickly, alluding to the thorny ſubtleties of the Stoics. Severitatem & ſpinoſas Stoicorum ſubtilitates carpit, ſays the commentator.

PARRHE-

PARRHESIADES.

There it goes: now, Neptune, be propitious. Oho! they are fighting for the bait: ſome are gnawing the figs, others lay hold of the gold: very well: look, one of the ſtrongeſt of them has got the hook in him: let me ſee, what do you call yourſelf? but I am a fool to expect a fiſh will talk to me; for they are all mute. Tell me, Elenchus, who is his maſter?

ELENCHUS.

Chryſippus.

PARRHESIADES.

True. I ſee it is; one might know that, indeed, by the * name. Do you, therefore, O Chryſippus, by Minerva, I intreat you, tell me, do you know theſe men, or did you teach them to act as they do?

CHRYSIPPUS.

You affront me, Parrheſiades, by that queſtion; can you imagine I have any thing to do with ſuch fellows as theſe?

PARRHESIADES.

Well ſaid, Chryſippus, ſpoke like a man: ſo down he goes headlong with the reſt. It is a prickly rogue, and would break any man's teeth who ſhould attempt to eat him.

PHILOSOPHY.

We will bait for no more, Parrheſiades, for fear one of them ſhould run away with the hook and gold together; and then you muſt apply to the † prieſteſs again. Come, we will even take our walk: do you return to the place from whence you came, that you may not ſtay beyond your limited time: you, Parrheſiades and Elenchus, muſt go about to them all, and either crown or ſtigmatiſe them, as I commanded you.

PARRHESIADES.

It ſhall be done: moſt noble friends, fare ye well. You and I, Elenchus, muſt go down and do as we are ordered. Which way ſhall we ſteer our courſe firſt? to the Academy, or the Portico? we will begin at the Lyceum: but it is no matter where; all I know is, wherever we go, we ſhall want very few crowns, but a number of hot irons to mark with.

* *By the name.*] Another pun. Chryſippus, from χρυσος, chryſus, gold; alluding to the bait they were ſo eaſily caught with.

† *The prieſteſs.*] The reader will recollect, that the gold they baited with was ſent them by the prieſteſs, as well as the rod and line, which Lucian tells us ſome fiſhermen had left as an offering in the Piræum.

THE TYRANT, A DIALOGUE.

In this Dialogue, *which is one of* LUCIAN's *beſt, the Cruelty, Extravagance, and Inſenſibility of the Rich and Great, with their fond Attachment to Life, and all its Follies, are painted in the livelieſt colours. The Characters of* MICYLLUS *is a fine Contraſt to* MEGAPENTHES. *His Burleſque of the Tyrant's Lamentation, perſonifying the Bed and Lamp, and bringing them in as Evidence, with ſeveral other Strokes of Humour, muſt divert the moſt phlegmatic Reader. This* Dialogue *is likewiſe called* Καταπλους, *or* THE PASSAGE *(from one World to the other), but, as the* TYRANT *is the principal Perſonage concerned, and one Title is ſufficient, I thought it moſt proper to retain that only.*

CHARON, CLOTHO, MERCURY, and Others.

CHARON.

WELL, ſay no more, Clotho, for my boat is ready to put off, the pump is clean, the maſt raiſed, the ſails ſpread, the oars all hang in their proper places, and nothing, as far as I am concerned, prevents our weighing anchor immediately: but Mercury is tardy, who ought to have been here long ago. There are no paſſengers, you ſee: by this time we might have been thrice over and back again. It is almoſt dark already, and not a farthing have I taken yet. Pluto, I know, will think it is owing to my neglect, when ſomebody elſe is in fault: but this excellent conductor of the dead having taſted, I ſuppoſe, ſome Lethean water above, the ſame as we drink here below, has forgot to come back to us: he is wreſtling with the boys, playing on his pipe, teaching rhetoric, ſhewing ſome of his tricks, or, perhaps, pilfering, for that is one of the arts he profeſſes; and this is the reaſon why he thus plays looſe with us; though he is, properly ſpeaking, at leaſt * half our own.

CLO-

* *Half our own.*] Charon ſeems to have had a fair right to call him ſo, as half Mercury's buſineſs was to conduct the ſhades to hell and back again, and carry on the intercourſe between Jupiter and Pluto: in conſequence of which there are figures of him, repreſenting his face half white

CLOTHO.

How do you know, Charon, but he may be detained about buſineſs. Jupiter, perhaps, may want him on ſome particular occaſion in the regions above; and he, you know, is his maſter.

CHARON.

I grant you, he is; but that is no reaſon why he ſhould perpetually employ a ſervant that is in common to us both: we never keep him back when he has done his buſineſs here; but I know the bottom of it: we have nothing for him but aſphodelus, and libations, and * ſalt cakes, and funeral offerings, with clouds and darkneſs: whilſt, in heaven, all is light and chearful: there he has good ambroſia, and nectar in plenty, and there he likes to ſtay longeſt: away he flies from us as from a priſon; but when he is to come down again, he paces it very ſlow, and it is with much ado we can get him at laſt.

CLOTHO.

Do not be in a paſſion, Charon, for here he comes, with a large tribe for us, driving them before him with his rod, like ſo many goats: but what is here? one of them I ſee bound, another laughing, another with a ſatchel on his ſhoulder, and a club in his hand, looking fiercely, and puſhing on the reſt: and yonder is Mercury himſelf, all over in a ſweat, puffing, and blowing, his feet covered with duſt, and half out of breath. What is the matter, Mercury? Why all this buſtle? You ſeem mightily diſturbed.

MERCURY.

How ſhould I be otherwiſe, when this raſcally run-away has ſo haraſſed me in purſuing him, that I had like not to have reached you to-day.

CLOTHO.

What could he mean by endeavouring to eſcape you?

MERCURY.

The meaning is plain enough: he wanted to continue longer in the land of the living: he is ſome king or tyrant, I ſuppoſe, by his crying and lamenting the great happineſs he has been deprived of.

white and half black, to ſignify that he was ſometimes employed in heaven or earth, and ſometimes in the infernal regions. He had more buſineſs than all the gods put together, had a variety of offices, with names expreſſive of them, and was, indeed, a perfect *Mungo* amongſt the deities of antiquity.

* *Salt-cakes.*] The πόπανα were round broad and thin ſalt-cakes, which uſually made a part of the funeral offerings to Hecate, or the moon. No oblation, it is obſervable, was thought acceptable to the gods without ſalt.

CLO.

CLOTHO.

And ſo the fool thought, by flying, to return to life again, after his thread had been ſpun by me.

MERCURY.

Aye, and had got off too, if that brawny fellow there with the club had not helped me to catch and bind him. All the way he came, from the time when Atropos delivered him to me, he ſtruggled, and hung back, held faſt by the earth, and could ſcarce be dragged along; ſometimes would endeavour, by ſupplications, and mighty promiſes of what he would give, to perſuade me to let him go for a little while: but I, as it was my duty, remained inflexible, when he aſked what was impoſſible to be granted. As ſoon as we came to the mouth of hell, where Æacus, according to cuſtom, called over the dead, from the liſt which your ſiſter had ſent him, all on a ſudden we diſcovered that the raſcal had ſtole away, one of our ſhades was wanting; when Æacus, frowning ſeverely at me, cried, Mercury, you muſt not practiſe your thieving every where, you have played tricks enough already in heaven, we are more regular and exact here below, nor can things be ſo eaſily concealed; the account, you ſee, ſays, one thouſand and four, you have brought me one leſs; and now, I ſuppoſe, you will tell me it is the miſtake of Atropos. Bluſhing at this ſpeech, and recollecting what had paſſed on our journey, I looked about for my king, and finding he was decamped, purſued him as faſt as I could, in the path leading towards earth; my good friend there, of his own accord accompanied me, till, running like priſoners broke out of goal, at laſt we overtook him juſt at * Tænarus: ſo near was he getting clear away from us.

CLOTHO.

And all this while, Charon, we were blaming Mercury for it.

CHARON.

But what do we wait for now? We have had delays enough already.

CLOTHO.

Very true; let them come aboard. I will take my book, as uſual, ſit on the ſhip's ladder, mark them down as they enter, and enquire who they are, and whence they come, and what they died of; do you, Mercury, put them together, and ſort them: throw me in thoſe children firſt who cannot give me an anſwer.

* *Tænarus.*] A promontory in Laconia, from whence the ancients ſuppoſed there was a deſcent to Tartarus.

MER.

MERCURY.

There, take them, Charon; three hundred in all, including the deſerted and expoſed.

CHARON.

A noble capture, indeed! and a fine cargo of unripe fruit you have brought us.

MERCURY.

Now, Clotho, ſhall we ſend you in thoſe of our dead whom nobody laments?

CLOTHO.

The old folks you mean: aye, aye, in with them. I ſhall aſk no queſtions, we trouble not ourſelves about what was done * before Euclid. You that are above ſixty there, come forward: hei, hei! how is this? they hear me not: all deaf, I ſuppoſe, from old age. Come; off with them too.

MERCURY.

There is four hundred of them for you, waſted, withered, and not gathered, you ſee, till they were rotten ripe.

CLOTHO.

So it ſeems, for they look like ſo many dried grapes. Now, Mercury, hand me thoſe who died of their wounds; but ſtay, I will examine them by the liſt here: yeſterday, in Media, were to be killed in battle eighty-three, and amongſt them Gobares, the ſon of Oxyartes.

MERCURY.

Here they are.

CLOTHO.

Seven, aye, let me ſee, ſeven died for love; beſides Theagenes the philoſopher, who killed himſelf for a harlot of Megara.

MERCURY.

Here.

CLOTHO.

Where are the two heroes who ſlew each other in fighting for a kingdom?

MERCURY.

There they are, cloſe to you.

* *Before Euclid.*] The thirty tyrants, who ruled over Athens after the Peloponneſian war, were expelled, and the kingdom reſtored to its ancient freedom, in the archonſhip of Euclid; and, that the memory of ſo ſhameful a ſlavery might be obliterated, a law was made, that whatever had been done before the time of Euclid ſhould be ακυρον ον ανεξεταστον, totally void, and of no force or validity. The reader will find this law again alluded to in the Hermotimus.

CLOTHO.

And he that was ſlain by his wife and the adulterer?

MERCURY.

You have them.

CLOTHO.

Now give me the condemned malefactors, thoſe who were beat to death with clubs, and thoſe who were crucified. Sixteen, I think, were murthered by robbers: where are they?

MERCURY.

There they are, covered with wounds, as you ſee. Shall I bring the women now?

CLOTHO.

By all means, and thoſe who were ſhipwrecked, for they all periſhed together, and in the ſame manner. Now, give me thoſe who died of fevers, and with them Agathocles the phyſician: but where is Cyniſcus the philoſopher, who was to die for eating Hecate's ſupper, ſacred eggs, and raw onions?

CYNISCUS.

I have been here ſome time: but wherefore, Clotho, would you leave me ſo long upon earth? my thread was well nigh ſpun, I often endeavoured to cut it, but, I know not why, could not ſucceed.

CLOTHO.

I had left you to take care of mankind, and cure them of their wickedneſs: but come along; you are welcome here, and happy may you be!

CYNISCUS.

I come; but let me firſt deliver ſafe to you our priſoner here: I am afraid his intreaties will over-perſuade you to releaſe him.

CLOTHO.

Let me ſee him: who is he?

MERCURY.

Megapenthes, the tyrant of Lacidos.

CLOTHO.

Come along.

MEGAPENTHES.

Spare me, good Clotho, and let me return to the other world, only for a ſhort time. I will come to you again preſently, without ſending for.

CLOTHO.

What do you want to go back for?

MEGAPENTHES.

Only to finiſh my houſe, that is but half-built.

CLOTHO.

Ridiculous! come along, I tell you.

MEGAPENTHES.

I aſk but for a little time, only permit me to ſtay one day, to give orders about ſome money to my wife: I have a treaſure hid, and would let her know where it is.

CLOTHO.

Your fate is determined; it is impoſſible.

MEGAPENTHES.

And muſt ſo much gold be loſt?

CLOTHO.

It will not be loſt, never fear: your relation, Megacles, will take care of it.

MEGAPENTHES.

O dreadful! my worſt and moſt inveterate enemy, whom I was ſo idle as not to deſtroy.

CLOTHO.

The very man: who will ſurvive you forty years and upwards, poſſeſs your concubines, be cloathed in your apparel, and enjoy all your treaſures.

MEGAPENTHES.

It is very unjuſt, thus to beſtow all I had on my greateſt foes.

CLOTHO.

Did not you do the ſame thing by Cydimachus, when you took all he had, killed him, and ſlew his children before his face, whilſt he was breathing his laſt.

MEGAPENTHES.

They were mine then, however.

CLOTHO.

And now they are your's no longer.

MEGAPENTHES.

I have ſomething to ſay to you, Clotho, that no body muſt hear; pleaſe to ſtep on one ſide. If you will let me go, I will give you a thouſand talents of ſtamped gold this very day.

CLOTHO.

Still thinking upon gold and talents? ridiculous!

MEGAPENTHES.

I will make you a preſent, moreover, of two cups, which I took from Cleocritus, when I ſlew him, both of the pureſt gold, of a hundred talents weight.

CLOTHO.

Lay hold on him; for he ſeems not very willing to come in.

MEGAPENTHES.

I call you all to witneſs there: my walls and my haven are yet unfiniſhed; if I were permitted to live but five days, they might be completed.

CLOTHO.

Do not concern yourſelf about them, they will be finiſhed by another.

MEGAPENTHES.

One thing, however, I have to aſk, which I am ſure you will not think unreaſonable.

CLOTHO.

What may that be?

MEGAPENTHES.

Only that I may live till I have ſubdued the Piſidæ, impoſed a tribute on the Lydians, and made them promiſe to erect a monument to me, on which ſhall be inſcribed the many noble military exploits I have performed in my life-time.

CLOTHO.

So, ſo; now you are for aſking, not one day, but, perhaps, twenty years.

MEGAPENTHES.

I will give you ſecurity for my immediate return, you ſhall have my only ſon as a hoſtage.

CLOTHO.

What! him whom you have ſo often prayed that he might ſurvive you! O thou wretch!

MEGAPENTHES.

Formerly, indeed, I wiſhed it might be ſo; but now I know better.

CLOTHO.

He muſt follow you ſoon himſelf, for he will be taken off by the preſent reigning tyrant.

MEGAPENTHES.

Grant me then, O Fate, but this one thing.

CLOTHO.

What is it?

MEGAPENTHES.

That I may know how my affairs will go after my deceaſe.

CLO-

CLOTHO.

You ſhall hear: but it will only make you more unhappy. In the firſt place, Midas will enjoy your wife, he who was formerly her gallant.

MEGAPENTHES.

That villain, whom I made free but to oblige her.

CLOTHO.

Your daughter will be one of the ſucceeding tyrant's concubines: the images and ſtatues of you, which the people had ſet up, will be all pulled down, the laughing-ſtock of the gaping multitude.

MEGAPENTHES.

And have I no friend that will reſent the injury?

CLOTHO.

What friends have you ever had, or how could you expect any? Know you not that all thoſe flatterers, who praiſed every thing you ſaid or did, were actuated by their hopes or fears, time-ſervers, and lovers not of you, but of your power and empire?

MEGAPENTHES.

And yet at our banquets they would roar out health and happineſs to me, pray for every good, and promiſe even to die for me, if required of them. I was their god, and they ſwore by me.

CLOTHO.

And ſupping, yeſterday, with one of them, you periſhed: the laſt cup you drank of ſent you hither.

MEGAPENTHES.

It was that then that taſted ſo bitter. What did they do it for?

CLOTHO.

You aſk a thouſand queſtions, inſtead of coming in.

MEGAPENTHES.

There is one thing which hurts me more than all, and makes me wiſh I could return to life.

CLOTHO.

What can that be? ſomething, I ſuppoſe, very extraordinary.

MEGAPENTHES.

My ſervant, Cario, came, the very evening I died, into the chamber where I lay, and ſeizing the opportunity, as nobody attended me, ſhut the door, and took poſſeſſion of my miſtreſs, Glycerium, whom, I believe, he

was before pretty well acquainted with; when he had ſufficiently diverted himſelf with her, he caſt his eyes upon me, and cried, Many a time, raſcal, have you beat me for nothing; ſo ſaying, he pulled me by the noſe, and ſlapped my face; then, ſpitting on me, and bidding me get away as faſt as I could to the habitations of the wicked, departed. I was not a little enraged, you may ſuppoſe, but, cold and lifeleſs as I was, could not revenge myſelf. The wicked jade, hearing a noiſe of people coming up, wetted her eyes with ſpittle, and pretended to cry, and repeating my name, as if in the greateſt diſtreſs, took her leave alſo. * If I could once catch them again ——

CLOTHO.

Let us have none of your threats, but come along: it is time for you to appear at the tribunal.

MEGAPENTHES.

And who will dare to accuſe a king?

CLOTHO.

Nobody will accuſe the king; but the dead man Rhadamanthus will take in hand, who, you will ſoon find, is a juſt judge, and determines impartially concerning every one. Let us therefore have no more excuſe or delay.

MEGAPENTHES.

Reduce me to a private ſtation, let me be a poor man, nay a ſlave, ſo as I do but return to life again.

CLOTHO.

Where is that fellow with the club? Drag him in, Mercury, with his feet foremoſt: for he does not chuſe to come of his own accord.

MERCURY.

Come along, you run-away: here, Charon, lay hold on him, and to make all ſure, let him be tied to the maſt.

MEGAPENTHES.

I expect to ſit in the firſt ſeat.

CLOTHO.

Why ſo?

MEGAPENTHES.

Becauſe I was a king, and had ten thouſand guards.

* *If I could, &c.*] This is exactly the
Quos ego —— of Virgil.

CLO-

CLOTHO.

And was not Cario right in pulling you by the noſe, ſuch a tyrant as you have been? but you ſhall now have a better kingdom, and taſte of the club.

MEGAPENTHES.

Shall Cyniſcus dare to lift up his ſtick againſt me? When thou wert bold and impudent, ſlave, and offered to find fault with me, was I not near beating thee to death?

CLOTHO.

And for that very reaſon you ſhall now be tied to the maſt.

MICYLLUS.

Pray, Clotho, why muſt I be treated ſo contemptuouſly? becauſe I am poor I muſt come aboard laſt.

CLOTHO.

Who are you?

MICYLLUS.

Micyllus, the cobler.

CLOTHO.

And are you ſorry to be detained from us, whilſt the tyrant, here, makes ſuch liberal promiſes, if we will but ſpare him ever ſo ſhort a time? I wonder the delay is not more grateful to you.

MICYLLUS.

But, my dear good Fate, attend a little: I never admired that Cyclop's generoſity, who promiſed * Outis, he ſhould be the laſt devoured; for firſt or laſt, the ſame teeth muſt make an end of him. Beſides, we differ greatly from the rich; our way of life, indeed, is † diametrically oppoſite. The tyrant, whilſt he lived, ſeemed happy, the dread and the admiration of all; but, when deprived of his treaſures, his fine cloaths, his ſumptuous entertainments, his horſes, and his beauteous concubines, had reaſon to complain, and might well lament his being ſo ſuddenly ſnatched away from them. The ſoul, I know not how, ſticks like bird-lime to theſe things, and cannot eaſily part with what it took ſo much delight in: the chain that binds them together is not to be broken: if they are ſeparated by violence, the ſufferer will cry out in agonies, and, brave as men may be in other things,

* *Outis.*] Alluding to that paſſage in the ninth book of Homer's Odyſſey, where Ulyſſes calls himſelf Ουτις, Nobody, and Polyphemus tells him,

> When all thy wretched crew have felt my pow'r,
> *No man* ſhall be the laſt I will devour.

† *Diametrically.*] A literal tranſlation of the original εκ διαμετρου.

when

when they travel towards theſe regions, they are all cowards: like unſucceſsful lovers, they ſtill turn back to look on the deſired object, and wiſh for what they left behind; as this fool juſt now did, who, in his journey hither, tried to eſcape, and, ever ſince he came, has been wearying you with perpetual prayers to releaſe him. But I, who have left nothing dear behind me, who had no lands, nor houſes, nor feaſts, nor honours, nor ſtatues, was ready prepared for you. At the firſt nod of Atropos, I leaped up with joy, threw aſide my knife and my leather, ſlip-ſhod as I was, my laſt in my hand, and without ſo much as waſhing off the black, I followed immediately, or rather led the way hither, never once looking behind me. Every thing here is agreeable to me, and, above all, the equality of condition, which I find in this place, where one is not above another: here no tribute is demanded, no creditors gather in their debts, here is no ſtarving in winter, no ſickneſs, no beatings; but peace on every ſide of us: things, in ſhort, are totally reverſed; for here the poor laugh, the rich groan and are tormented.

CLOTHO.

This, I ſee, diverts you, Micyllus: but what is it that moves your laughter moſt?

MICYLLUS.

I will tell you: when I was upon earth I lived near the tyrant, watched him attentively, and thought him, I own, moſt like a god. When I ſaw his purple garments, his numerous houſehold, his gold, his cups inlaid with gems, and his gilt beds, I deemed him the happieſt of men: the very ſmell of his pompous ſuppers overcame me: ſurely he muſt, I imagined, be more than mortal, handſomer, and taller by a royal cubit than the reſt of mankind, walking with ſuch ſolemnity, and ſtriking terror into all beholders: but after death, when ſtripped of all his finery, how ridiculous did he appear! how did I laugh at my own folly in admiring him, in eſteeming his felicity by the ſmell of his kitchen, and pronouncing him happy, becauſe the blood of a * ſhell-fiſh had ſtained his garment.

No leſs am I diverted with Gnipho, the uſurer, that poor miſerable creature, who never, whilſt living, enjoyed his riches, and now has left them to the extravagant Rhodochares, his heir at law. I could not refrain from laughter, when I called to mind his meagre, dirty face, and forehead,

* *A ſhell-fiſh.*] The murex, from which was extracted the purple dye. The kings of antiquity, and after them, every Dives was cloathed in purple.

wrinkled

wrinkled with care, rich only in thoſe fingers which handled his thouſand thouſand talents; ſcraping up thoſe treaſures which will ſoon be ſquandered away by his happy ſucceſſor. But why do not we ſet ſail? We may laugh at theſe wretches as we go along.

CLOTHO.

Come in then, that Charon may caſt anchor.

CHARON.

Holla, there! where are you coming? The boat is full. You muſt ſtay behind: we will carry you early to-morrow morning.

MICYLLUS.

It is uſing me very ill, Charon, not to take me now, when you know I died yeſterday. I will bring an indictment againſt you before Rhadamanthus. They are ſetting ſail, and I ſhall be left here by myſelf: but why ſhould not I ſwim after them? I think I am ſtrong enough, and, being dead already, I need not be afraid of ſuffocation: beſides, I have not a half-penny left to pay the ferryman.

CLOTHO.

What are you about? Stay, Micyllus, you muſt not come that way.

MICYLLUS.

Perhaps, I may be over as ſoon as you.

CLOTHO.

No, no, that muſt not be: we'll put in for him: help him in, Mercury.

CHARON.

And where can he ſit now? You ſee we are brim full.

MERCURY.

O, clap him on the tyrant's ſhoulders.

CLOTHO.

A good thought of Mercury's: come, get aſtride, and kick the raſcal's neck, and now a good voyage to us!

CYNISCUS.

Charon, I muſt even tell you the plain truth, I have not a half-penny to pay you for my paſſage; I have nothing but this pouch, which you ſee here, and my ſtaff. I will pump for you, however, if you pleaſe, or row, if you will help me to a good ſtrong oar.

CHA-

CHARON.

Row away, then: I will aſk nothing more of you.

CYNISCUS.

Shall I give the rowers a catch to encourage them?

CHARON.

By all means, if you have ever a ſailor's ſong.

CYNISCUS.

I know a great many: but theſe people here will only anſwer me with tears and groans, and my ſong will be ſadly interrupted.

One of the PASSENGERS.

O my riches, my riches!

ANOTHER.

O my lands!

ANOTHER.

How many talents of mine will my heir ſquander away!

ANOTHER.

O my poor infants!

ANOTHER.

Who ſhall gather my grapes, and take care of the vineyard I planted laſt year?

MERCURY.

Micyllus, have you nothing to moan after? We muſt not carry any body over that does not cry.

MICYLLUS.

Ridiculous! What ſhould I cry for, when I am glad to go?

MERCURY.

But you muſt lament a little, if it is only for decency's ſake.

MICYLLUS.

Well, if you inſiſt upon it, I will. O my bits of leather! my old laſts! my rotten ſhoes! Wretch that I am! no more ſhall I go from morning to evening without victuals; no more ſhall I ramble about half naked all the winter, my teeth ſhaking with cold: who ſhall inherit my knife, and my awl? But, come, now we have cried enough. We are almoſt over.

CHARON.

Give me my fare for your paſſage, every one of you: come, Micyllus, you half-penny.

MICYLLUS.

You are in jeſt ſure; you * write upon the water, as they ſay, Charon,

* *You write upon, &c.*] A Greek proverb, to expreſs any thing impoſſible.

to

to aſk Micyllus for money. I do not know whether a half-penny is round or ſquare.

CHARON.

I ſhall make a fine day's work of it, I ſee; but come, away with you: I muſt go for the oxen, dogs, and horſes, for they muſt be brought over too.

CLOTHO.

Here, lay hold o' theſe: I muſt return to the other ſhore, to look after Indopates and Heramithres, who died in a conteſt about the limits of their empire.

MERCURY.

Let us proceed: follow me, all of you.

MICYLLUS.

How dark it is here! Where is now the beautiful Migyllus? Who can tell in this place whether Phryne or Simmica is the handſomeſt? All are on a level, all of a colour; there is no ſuch thing as beauty, nor different degrees of it; the torn and ragged garment, that once was ſo diſguſtful, has equal honour here with the royal purple; for neither can be ſeen, where the ſame darkneſs conceals them both. Where are you, Cyniſcus?

CYNISCUS.

Here am I, Micyllus; if you pleaſe, we will walk together.

MICYLLUS.

So we will; give me your hand: and pray now, tell me, you are initiated, it ſeems, into the Eleuſinian myſteries, does not this place put you in mind of them?

CYNISCUS.

It does: and ſee, yonder comes a female with a torch in her hand, with a terrible and threatening aſpect! is not that one of the Furies?

MICYLLUS.

By the appearance it muſt be.

MERCURY. [Suppoſed to be ſpeaking to Tiſiphone.

Here, take theſe thouſand and four.

TISIPHONE. [To the Shades.

Rhadamanthus has expected you ſome time.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Bring them along there: you, Mercury, muſt be crier, and call them up.

CYNISCUS.

By thy great * father, I intreat thee, Rhadamanthus, let me be firſt examined.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Why ſo?

CYNISCUS.

Becauſe I have ſomething to ſay againſt a certain criminal, and could not expect to be credited before it appears who I am, and how I have lived myſelf.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Who are you?

CYNISCUS.

Cyniſcus, the philoſopher.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Come this way: you ſhall be tried firſt. Do you, Mercury, call in the witneſſes againſt him.

MERCURY.

Whoever has any thing to allege againſt Cyniſcus the philoſopher, let him appear.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Nobody appears. That, however, is not ſufficient: Cyniſcus, ſtrip yourſelf, that we may ſee if you have any marks.

CYNISCUS.

Where ſhould they be?

RHADAMANTHUS.

Whoever amongſt you is guilty of any crimes during his mortal life, bears about him certain marks of them in his breaſt not publicly ſeen.

CYNISCUS.

There then: now I ſtand naked before you: look, if you pleaſe, for the ſpots you talk of.

RHADAMANTHUS.

He is entirely innocent, except a few little blemiſhes, which are ſcarcely viſible: but ſtay, here are ſome remains of a few ſpots, that ſeem as it were to have been burned in, and now are, by ſome means or other, almoſt blotted out and obliterated: what is the meaning of this? how happens it, Cyniſcus, that you are thus wonderfully recover'd?

* *Great father.*] Rhadamanthus, we are told, was the ſon of Jupiter and Europa: he reigned in one of the iſlands of the Archipelago, and being a prince of remarkable probity and virtue, was, after his death, raiſed to the rank of one of the lord chief juſtices in Tartarus, where he preſided with univerſal approbation.

CYNIS-

CYNISCUS.

I will tell you how; formerly, from the want of education, I was very guilty, and contracted many ſtains; but from the time I took to philoſophy, by degrees I waſhed them all out.

RHADAMANTHUS.

You made uſe of the beſt and moſt powerful remedy. When you have given in your evidence againſt the tyrant, you may retire, and aſſociate with good men in the habitations of the bleſſed. Call up the reſt.

MICYLLUS.

With me, Rhadamanthus, you will not have much trouble; a very ſhort examination will ſuffice; for I have ſtood naked before you ſome time: look and ſee.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Who are you?

MICYLLUS.

Micyllus, the cobler.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Very well, Micyllus: you are clear, not a ſpot about you: you may join Cyniſcus. Now call the tyrant.

MERCURY.

Megapenthes, of Lachys, come into court: where are you going? You, tyrant, there, I call upon; ſtand forth. Tiſiphone, throw him headlong into the middle here: he comes; now, Cyniſcus, accuſe and convict him.

CYNISCUS.

There is no neceſſity of ſaying much on this occaſion; you ſee already, by the marks upon him, what he is; I will open him, however, to you a little: paſſing over, therefore, the crimes he committed whilſt a private man, I ſhall obſerve to you, that when he had raiſed an army of villains, as bold and impious as himſelf, he attacked the city, took poſſeſſion of the throne, and, without trial, put ten thouſand to death; and growing immenſely rich, by ſeizing all they were poſſeſſed of, indulged in every ſpecies of luxury and vice, behaved in the moſt ſhameful and cruel manner to the citizens, debauched their virgins, corrupted their youth, and, intoxicated with power, trampled on all beneath him: for all his pride, inſolence, and oppreſſion, there was no calling him to account, or procuring any ſatisfaction; as ſoon might you gaze upon the mid-day ſun, without winking, as dare to fix your eyes upon him. His ingenuity in deviſing new torments

who can deſcribe? He ſpared not even his moſt intimate friends and acquaintance. To prove the truth of my aſſertion, and that this is no idle calumny againſt him, you need only call in thoſe whom he has murthered; and, behold, here they are, ſtanding round, and torturing him: all theſe, Rhadamanthus, were cut off by that execrable villain; ſome for the ſake of their handſome wives, others for reſenting his ill treatment of their ſons, others becauſe they were rich, others becauſe they were ſenſible and ingenious, or too wiſe and honeſt to approve of his actions.

RHADAMANTHUS.

What anſwer, wretch, canſt thou give to this accuſation?

MEGAPENTHES.

The murthers I acknowlege; but my ill treatment of the young men, debauching virgins, adultery, and the reſt are all falſhoods of his own invention.

CYNISCUS.

Rhadamanthus, I can bring witneſſes to prove them all.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Where are they?

CYNISCUS.

Mercury, call in his bed and lamp: theſe ſhall bear teſtimony againſt him.

MERCURY.

Megapenthe's bed and lamp, make your appearance. O, very well; here they are.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Come, let us hear; what do you know of Megapenthes?

BED.

All that Cyniſcus has affirmed is true: but ſuch, Rhadamanthus, were the actions he committed on me, that * modeſty forbids me to reveal them.

RHADAMANTHUS.

The guilt of his actions is too plain when they will not bear even to be mentioned; now Lamp, for your evidence.

LAMP.

What he did by day-light I know not, and his nightly works I ſhould be ſorry to repeat; I was witneſs to ſome tranſactions beyond expreſſion infa-

* *Modeſty forbids me.*] Crebillon, who probably founded his famous Conte Moral, or rather immoral tale of the Sopha, on this thought of Lucian, ſeems to be of a different opinion.

mous:

mous: often would I have wiſhed not to drink the oil poured in upon me, and rejoiced to be extinguiſhed; but he would make me a witneſs of his deeds, and proſtituted the light I lent him to every kind of wickedneſs and pollution.

RHADAMANTHUS.

We have evidence enough againſt him: take off, however, your purple robes, and let us ſee what number of ſpots you have. O heaven! he is all over livid, black and blue with ſpots. How muſt we puniſh him? Shall we caſt him into * Phlegethon, or throw him to Cerberus?

CYNISCUS.

No: let me propoſe a new kind of puniſhment for him, one that ſhall be equal to his crimes.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Mention it, I ſhall be much obliged to you.

CYNISCUS.

It is uſual, I think, for all your dead to drink the water of † Lethe.

RHADAMANTHUS.

It is.

CYNISCUS.

Let him then be the only one not permitted to taſte of it.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Why ſo?

CYNISCUS.

Thus ſhall he ſuffer in the ſevereſt manner, by calling to remembrance what he was, the power he had whilſt upon earth, and all the pleaſures which he once enjoyed.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Good; very good indeed: thou art condemned: bind him, and away with him to Tantalus, with the full remembrance of all that paſſed in his whole life.

* *Phlegethon.*] A burning lake or river in the ancient hell, that ſurrounded the habitations of the damned.

† *Lethe.*] The puniſhment of the tyrant, by not permitting him to forget his former condition, is an excellent ſtroke of poetical juſtice.

ON

DEPENDANTS

IN

GREAT FAMILIES.

The Title in the Original is Περι των επι μισθω συνοντων, De mercede conductis potentium familiaribus, *or, thoſe who are Domeſtic Companions for Hire. In the Time of* LUCIAN, *it was cuſtomary for the great Men of Rome, who, as the Poet ſays,*

— Borrow'd arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdu'd.

to keep in their Houſes ſome indigent Greek Philoſopher, or Rhetorician, by way of Preceptor to their Children, or humble Companion for themſelves. In the following Eſſay, handed down to us in the Form of a Letter from LUCIAN *to his Friend, the Satiriſt deſcribes, with infinite Humour, the miſerable State of Dependants in great Families, and the Indignities which they were forced to ſubmit to. The many judicious Reflections in it, as they are founded on Experience, and the Knowlege of human Nature, may convey Inſtruction and Entertainment, as well to modern as ancient Times, and afford very good Leſſons to all the led Captains, Toad-eaters, and domeſtic Tutors of the preſent Age.*

WHAT * firſt, what laſt, my friend, ſhall I relate?

As the poet ſings, whilſt I deſcribe all that the hired dependants onthe great are forced to ſuffer and to act, to gain their friendſhip, if ſlavery like that deſerves the name. I am well acquainted with many circumſtances, with moſt, indeed, of thoſe which happen to men of this kind, not from my own experience (for never was I driven to it, and grant heaven I never may), but from numbers who have fallen into this way of life; from ſome, who long inured to it have ſtill lamented their misfortune, and from others, who, having eſcaped the dreadful priſon, have related their ſufferings to me, not without ſome degree of ſatisfaction: for happy were they in recounting the miſeries which they were delivered from. Thoſe witneſſes, however, ſeemed moſt deſerving of credit, who were ſkilled, as I may ſay, in all the myſteries, and had ſeen every thing from beginning to end. Not incuriouſly, therefore, nor

* *What firſt, &c.*] See the beginning of the ninth book of Homer's Odyſſey.

unat-

unattentive did I liſten to thoſe who, ſaved as it were from ſhipwreck, related their adventures, like thoſe happy few whom we behold in the temples, with * ſhaved crowns, talking over their perils by waves and ſtorms, promontories, throwings overboard, broken maſts and rudders, telling, withal, how † Caſtor and Pollux appeared propitious to them (for theſe are neceſſary attendants on tragedies of this kind), or ſome other god deſcending from his car, as they do on the ‡ ſtage, perched on the top-maſt, or ſtood at the helm, and guided the veſſel to ſome ſoft ſhore, where it was ſoon freed from every danger, and the paſſengers, ſaved by their protecting deity, returned to their homes in peace; where they tragedize moſt abundantly, and relating all their ſufferings, and how, with all their calamities, they ſeemed to be peculiarly favoured and beloved by the gods. In like manner did theſe men frequently entertain me with their domeſtic ſtorms and tempeſts, their three-fold, five-fold, aye, and ten-fold waves. Shewing how, when they firſt ſet off, the ſea was placid; and afterwards, what difficulties they went through in the voyage, from the ſalt water, thirſt, and ſickneſs; how they bulged on rocks, ſtaved their veſſel, and ſwam naked to ſhore, and in want of every neceſſary. I obſerved, moreover, that all this time they ſeemed purpoſely to conceal many circumſtances, which they were aſhamed to relate, and wiſhed to bury in oblivion. But theſe, and a great deal more, which I have collected on this ſubject, I ſhall make no ſcruple of imparting to you, my good Timocles, as I underſtand you have for ſome

* *Shaved crowns.*] Thoſe who were ſo fortunate as to eſcape from a ſhipwreck always cut off their hair as an offering to the deities of the ſea, who were ſuppoſed to have preſerved them, probably, becauſe they thought a few hairs no improper returns for ſaving the whole head, or, perhaps, for the reaſon aſſigned in the following epigram, which we meet with in the Anthologia.

Γλαυκω και Νερει, και Ινω, και Μελικερτη
Και συθιω κρονιδη και Σαμοθρηξι θεοις
Σωθεις εκ πελαγης Λευκιλλιος, ωδε κεκαρμαι
Της τριχας εκ κεφαλης.—Αλλο γαρ ουδεν εχω.

Which may be thus tranſlated, leaving out the names,

To thoſe kind gods, who deign'd his life to ſpare,
Lucilius offers up his votive hair;
He hopes this little boon they will receive,
For, in good truth, 'tis all he has to give.

† *Caſtor and Pollux.*] Suppoſed to be the tutelary deities of mariners, who always addreſſed their prayers to them in times of danger and diſtreſs.

‡ *On the ſtage.*] According to the practice of the ancient dramatiſts, of calling in ſome deity at the end of the play to unty the knot, and bring on the cataſtrophe, alluded to by Horace,

Nec deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus.

time

time paſt had an inclination to enter into this courſe of life: for, frequently, when the converſation turned upon it, and any of the company extolled the happineſs of thoſe who lived with any noble Roman, when he obſerved what elegant entertainments they partook of, without any expence, lived in fine houſes, travelled with eaſe and pleaſure, lolled in chariots drawn by white horſes, and, with all this, were paid well for their company, men who neither * ſow nor till, and yet enjoy every thing; how often, my friend, have I ſeen you gaping at theſe, and ſuch like ſtories, with your mouth wide open to ſwallow the bait! That you may not, therefore, lay the blame on me, or ſay, that when I ſaw you bite at this fig-baited hook, I did not endeavour to draw it back before you had ſwallowed it, but waited till nothing but mere force could extract it, and then ſtood ſtill, and only cried at your misfortune, leſt, I ſay, you ſhould bring this argument againſt me, which I could not refute, and my ſilence ſhould thus be injurious to you: I will tell you every thing from firſt to laſt, that you may remember there is but one way out of the net, and when you have conſidered that the hook is ſharp, and bent withal, and do not find, if you try it on your cheek, that it is intolerably painful, and hard to draw out, then mark me down as a fool, and as hungry after this bait as yourſelf, continue in your reſolution, and, if you will, gorge down the whole bait like a ſea-wolf.

Though my diſcourſe is deſigned principally for your ſervice, it will not be confined to philoſophers alone, or men of ſerious and grave profeſſions; but extend itſelf to grammarians, orators, muſicians, all thoſe, in ſhort, who think it not beneath them to become hirelings and dependants, under the character of teachers and companions. The ſame, indeed, is the treatment of all; but when philoſophers meet with it, it is certainly more reproachful and ignominious, as their maſters ſeldom uſe them better than they do other men. In the courſe of my remarks it will appear, that thoſe who do the injury, and thoſe who ſuffer it, are equally to blame. I ſhall, however, remain guiltleſs, unleſs truth and freedom are unpardonable. The vulgar herd of ſycophants and paraſites, who have low and little minds, I ſhall not attempt to diſſuade from this way of life, nor would they, indeed,

* *Who neither ſow, &c.*] Alluding to that paſſage in the Odyſſey, where Homer deſcribes the land of Cyclops,

Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe, or ſow,
They all their products to free nature owe.

See Pope's Odyſſey, book ix. l. 121.

eaſily

eaſily be diſſuaded by me: if ſuch do not leave their maſters after the worſt treatment, they are not worthy of reprehenſion; they are fit for, and deſerve the uſage which they generally meet with; they have no other way of employing themſelves, and if you take this buſineſs from them, they muſt remain idle, liſtleſs, and ſuperfluous members of ſociety: nor do I think ſuch creatures ſuffer any thing degrading to them, nor are their maſters barbarous or tyranical: it is only putting the veſſel, as we ſay, to its * proper uſe: for this they entered into the ſervice; and to bear every indignity is their calling and profeſſion. But with regard to thoſe whom I firſt mentioned, the men of liberal education, I cannot behold it without indignation, nor help endeavouring, if poſſible, to regain their liberty.

It may not be improper, therefore, previouſly to conſider the cauſes generally aſſigned for embracing this courſe of life, and to ſhew that they are neither cogent nor ſatisfactory: this will at once deſtroy their firſt great argument in favour of voluntary ſervitude. Moſt men plead poverty, and the want of neceſſaries, as a ſpecious reaſon for thus flying to ſhelter from them, and think it a ſufficient excuſe to ſay, that they endeavour to avoid penury, which of all things is the moſt oppreſſive: then comes in Theognis to back them, who is always ready with his,

† The man, by poverty ſubdu'd, &c.

To which they will add all the terrible things that lazy poets have ſaid about indigence. If I could perceive that their poverty was in reality removed by theſe means, I would not have the leaſt diſpute with them concerning liberty: but ſince, as a famous ‡ orator ſays, their food is only like a ſick man's diet, and they remain ſtill in the ſame ſtate, will it not follow, that they are ſadly miſtaken? For penury ſtill accompanies them; they are always receiving, and yet never lay by any thing, but, let what will be given, expend every farthing on their immediate exigencies. Surely it would better have become them to find out the means, not of thus prolonging poverty, by mere

* *Its proper uſe.*] Greek, εις την ἀμιδα ενεφαντες, ſi in matulam immingant: this explains the matter to the learned reader, the unlearned may eaſily gueſs the meaning, or, if he pleaſes, get it conſtrued for him.

† *The man, &c.*] The verſes on poverty, by Theognis, from which this is quoted, are ſtill extant, and inſerted in the notes in the original; but contain only a few common-place obſervations, not worthy of much attention. Lucian, indeed, ſeems to have treated them as ſuch, and only quotes to ridicule them.

‡ *A famous orator.*] Demoſthenes. See the end of the third Olynth.

temporary relief, but of entirely removing it. As it is, they might as well, indeed, * Theognis, take your advice, and leap into the deep ocean, or hurl themſelves down from the ſteep precipice! Moſt certain, however, it is, that he who is always poor, always begging, and always a ſlave, and yet fancies, all the time, he is eſcaped from poverty, can only be impoſing on, and deceiving himſelf.

Some allege that they ſhould not be under any fear of poverty if they could get their bread by labour, like other men; but that being incapable, from age and infirmities, they are forced to let themſelves out in this manner. Let us ſee, then, whether this be really ſo, and what reward they have for their labours, which are at leaſt as great, if not greater, than any other ſet of men whatever. To get money without toil, or trouble, would doubtleſs be moſt deſirable; but this is not the caſe here, for it is impoſſible to deſcribe the toil and labour they are obliged to go through in connections of this kind, that wear out the body and mind, and require a greater ſhare of health and ſpirits than any other employment. We ſhall make mention of theſe when we come to enumerate all their diſtreſſes. At preſent it may ſuffice to obſerve, that they are not to be credited who make this an excuſe for their proſtitution: the truth is, and which they never confeſs, they are drawn into the houſes of the great by the flattering hopes of pleaſure, † ſtruck with the ſight of gold and ſilver, and happy in the enjoyment of ſumptuous entertainments, and dainties of every kind, ſwallowing, in imagination, as much money as they pleaſe, and nobody to ſtop their mouths: theſe are the things that allure, and turn freemen into ſlaves: not the want of neceſſaries, as they allege, but a thirſt after what is unneceſſary, and the affectation of luxury and extravagance. Hence it is that their patrons treat them as proud miſtreſſes do their lovers, juſt grant them enough to keep up their affection, but with-hold the ‡ laſt favour, as well knowing that paſſion is ſatiated by enjoyment; they feed him, notwithſtanding, ſtill with hope,

* *Theognis.*] Who ſays in his two laſt verſes,

Τεθναναι —— πενιχρω βελτερονανδρι
Η ζωειν χαλεπην τειρομενον πενιη.

which means no more than that a man had better be dead, than live in poverty.

† *Struck.*] Greek, καταπλαγεντας, of which *ſtruck* is the literal tranſlation. This is one of the inſtances of the happy analogy between the Greek and Engliſh languages, ſo favourable to a tranſlator.

‡ *The laſt favour.*] Μεχρι φιληματος ακρε μεταδιδοντες, ſays the original, which is extremely elegant, but could not be literally tranſlated.

left

leſt deſpair ſhould entirely damp his ardour, and put an end to the attachment: they ſmile, therefore, and promiſe, and are always about to do ſomething very great; age in the mean time creeps on, and both grow too old either to impart happineſs or to receive it; and thus life is ſpent in nothing but vain hope, and fruitleſs expectation.

For thoſe, however, who are ſo fond of pleaſure, that they will go through every thing in purſuit of it, it may not be altogether ſo reprehenſible if they ſubmit to ſome indignities, though, at the ſame time, it is mean and baſe to ſell themſelves for it, as the pleaſure which liberty beſtows is infinitely ſuperior to every other. It may be pardonable, notwithſtanding, if, after all, they can really get poſſeſſion of it: but, for the mere hope of this bleſſing, to ſuffer ſo much, is ſurely the height of madneſs and folly. The difficulties which they have to ſtruggle through, they muſt perceive, are manifeſt and unavoidable; and what they hoped for, never yet has, nor, probably, ever may come to paſs. The companions of Ulyſſes, when they had taſted the ſweet * lotus, thought of nothing elſe, and neglected all that was right and good. Their negligence, perhaps, engaged as they were in that delightful employment, might in ſome meaſure be excuſeable; but for a famiſhed wretch to ſtand perpetually by another devouring lotus, and yet never offering him any, only with the diſtant hope, that in time he may chance to taſte of it; in the mean while, forgetting every thing that is good and virtuous, is ſurely moſt truly ridiculous, and worthy of Homeric ſtricture.

For this, or ſomething like this, it is that ſo many give themſelves up to the rich and great, to be treated as they think proper. Some, indeed, whom, perhaps, you will ſay, I ſhould have mentioned, do it merely for the honour and glory of keeping company with the rich, the noble, and the well-dreſſed: there are, who imagine this denotes ſomething grand, and above the vulgar caſt; though, for my own part, I would not aſſociate with a king, merely becauſe he was ſo, unleſs ſome advantage reſulted to me from it.

* *Lotus.*] The trees around them all their fruit produce,
Lotus the name: divine, nectarious juice,
——— which, whoſo taſtes,
Inſatiate, riots in the ſweet repaſts;
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his houſe, his country, and his friends.
See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, book ix. l. 105.

Having thus traced the cauſe, let us now conſider, firſt, the miſeries which they undergo, before they are admitted into this ſociety; in the next place, what happens to them when they are there, and laſtly, what, after all, is the cataſtrophe of the drama.

And firſt, then, there muſt be a great deal of running backwards and forwards, and waiting at the doors; you muſt riſe early, ſtay a long time, bear much, muſt be ſhut out, perhaps, or called impertinent by a blundering * Syrian porter, or an African nomenclator, whom you muſt take care to fee well, that they may not forget to give in your name: you muſt dreſs yourſelf, withal, beyond your circumſtances, according to the rank of your patron, and chuſe ſuch colours for your cloaths as are moſt agreeable to him, for fear he ſhould be affronted when he ſees you: then be ſure you follow him cloſe, or rather puſhed on by his ſlaves, join his train, walk before him, and make a part of his pompous attendance: and, after all, perhaps, for ſeveral days he may never ſo much as look upon you: if, at laſt, you are ſo happy as to be ſeen by him, if he ſhould call to you, and aſk you a queſtion, any thing, perhaps, that comes uppermoſt, then your head turns round, you ſweat and tremble, and all that are by laugh at your confuſion. If he aſks you who was king of the Greeks, you anſwer, they had a thouſand ſhips; this the good-natured will call modeſty, the bold and impudent will ſtyle it timidity, and the malevolent will attribute it to your ignorance: whilſt you yourſelf, finding, for the firſt time, how dangerous it is to be over-complaiſant, take your leave, heartily aſhamed of your fooliſh diffidence. When, at length, after you

> Long ſleepleſs nights in heavy arms have ſtood,
> And ſweat laborious days in duſt and blood,

as the † poet ſays, though not fighting for fair Helen, or Priam's Troy, but in hopes of getting five farthings, by the aſſiſtance of fortune, or ſome tragedy god, you come to the trial, and to be examined whether you are a man of letters; for the rich and great are fond of this kind of buſineſs, as it

* *Syrian porter.*] The great men of Rome, at that time, we may ſuppoſe, kept Syrian porters at their doors, as we, not long ſince, uſed to employ Swiſs in that office. What Lucian calls the ονομακλητωρ, was probably another kind of ſervant, who, like our footmen, announced the company as they came in. The appointing blundering foreigners to this employment was thought, as amongſt us, a mark of diſtinction amongſt their nobility, who were, in many of their cuſtoms, almoſt as proud and ridiculous as our own.

† *As the poet ſays.*] See Achilles' ſpeech, in the ninth book of the Iliad.

redounds

redounds to their honour. Then begins the affair to appear of the utmoſt conſequence to you, as if your very life and being were concerned in the determination. It is, indeed, a moſt ſerious matter; for if you are rejected as unworthy by your firſt patron, you can never be received by another. Your mind, therefore, muſt be diſtracted, and torn to pieces, partly from the envy you bear to thoſe who are examined with you (for we will ſuppoſe many others in the ſame ſituation), and partly from your fear of not acquitting yourſelf ſo well as you might have done; then ariſe hopes and fears in abundance, and you rivet your eyes upon him: if he ſeems to diſlike what you ſay, you look upon yourſelf as undone; but if he liſtens with a gracious ſmile, your hopes are raiſed, and you are mightily rejoiced. In the mean time, it is very probable, you may meet with enemies, that will traduce and ſend out their * arrows againſt you in ſecret; ſome man with a long beard and white hair ſhall be ſought for, and aſked if he knows of any thing particular, and there will always be found others that will give him credit. Then all your paſt life muſt be carefully enquired into; and if any of your good neighbours, either incited by envy, or who has received ſome ſlight affront from you, ſhall ſay you are a pathic, or adulterer, he ſhall be called a † witneſs from the court of Jove: but if, on the other hand, all unite to praiſe and recommend you, then they are looked upon as very doubtful evidence, or falſe and corrupted: you muſt be very fortunate, indeed, and meet with no oppoſition, if you ſucceed. We will ſuppoſe then, that every thing goes right, that the great man approves your ſpeech, and that his moſt reſpected friends, whoſe opinion he always takes on theſe occaſions, do not endeavour to ſet him againſt you; that his wife likes, that his ſteward and houſe-keeper do not oppoſe you, that no body finds fault with your life and manners, but that every thing is expiated and atoned for. At length then, happieſt as thou art of men, thou haſt conquered, thou art crowned at the ‡ Olympic games, or rather, as I may ſay, thou haſt taken Babylon, and the tower of Sardis is ſurrendered to thee: thou ſhalt poſſeſs the Amalthæan

* *Their arrows.*] Greek, εκ λογων τοξευων. The ſame metaphor is made uſe of by the Pſalmiſt, "They ſhoot out their arrows, even bitter words."

† *A witneſs, &c.*] This was a kind of proverbial expreſſion, to ſignify a ſtrong and inconteſtible evidence. The ex Jovis tabulis teſtis, is mentioned by Eraſmus in his Parœmia.

‡ *Olympic games.*] The conquerors at the Olympic games were crowned with a garland of the ſacred olive, were publicly applauded, had ſtatues erected at the expence of the community, and honours of every kind paid to them by their countrymen and friends. See Weſt's Diſſertation on the Olympic Games, ſect. xvi.

horn,

horn, and drink the milk of birds: for the labours thou haſt gone through, what rewards ſhould'ſt thou not inherit! not of leaves alone ſhould be thy garland: no ſmall or contemptible preſents art thou entitled to, ſuch as no doubt ſhould be paid without difficulty, and whenever you ſtand in need of them, beſides honours and dignities above the vulgar; now you may expect relief from all your toils and labours, your dirty walks, and waitings; the happineſs which you wiſhed for, of ſtretching your feet, and ſleeping at your eaſe, doing nothing but what you at firſt agreed to do, and which alone you were hired to perform. Nor for this, Timocles, would it be any great hardſhip to bear on your ſhoulders a light and eaſy yoke, and what is more, a golden one too; but the truth is, a great deal is ſtill behind, and, indeed, every thing: for, even when you are got into the family, there are a thouſand circumſtances highly diſguſtful to the free mind. Conſider within yourſelf, whilſt I recount them, whether they are ſuch as can be borne by any man of liberal education.

I will begin then with the firſt ſupper you are invited to, a ſpecimen of what is to follow. An upper ſervant is diſpatched to deſire your company; whom, that you may appear genteel, you muſt tip with at leaſt three drachmas: he will ſeem at firſt to be very angry, and cry out, what from you, Sir! by no means, till at laſt he ſuffers himſelf to be over-perſuaded, and leaves you with a broad grin. Then you put on your new cloathes, and being waſhed and dreſſed in the beſt manner, ſet out, afraid, perhaps, all the while that you ſhould get there firſt; for that would be an indecorum, as coming laſt is a mark of pride; carefully, therefore, obſerving the true medium, you nick the exact time, are uſhered in, and deſired to ſit down on the great man's right hand, and cloſe to two of your old acquaintance. And now, as if you had got into the palace of Jupiter, you begin to ſtare and wonder at every thing about you, for it all appears new and ſtrange: the family fix their eyes upon you, and the company watch your every action; the great man himſelf is not unobſervant of it, for he has already told the ſervants to mark how you behave towards his wife and children, and whether you frequently caſt your eyes upon, and admire them. The attendants laugh at your confuſion, and conclude, from the aukwardneſs of your behaviour, that you ſeldom ſup out, or rather, indeed, that you never had a napkin laid for you before. You muſt conſequently, therefore, be in a panick, afraid, if you are ever ſo dry, to aſk for the cup, leſt they ſhould call

call you a wine-bibber; and when fruit of every kind is placed before you, ſerved up in its proper form and order, you are at a loſs which to touch firſt: then you have nothing to do but look ſlily upon your next neighbour, whom you muſt take care to imitate, and learn of him the whole ceremony of a great ſupper. Struck with wonder at every thing about you, you are ſtill perplexed and uneaſy, envying the great man's condition, with all his riches and fine things, and lamenting your own; then, perhaps, comforting yourſelf with the proſpect of future happineſs in life, and the hope of participating his felicity; for you expect theſe Dionyſia will laſt for ever. The boys, withal, who wait at table, give you a flattering picture of the life you are to lead, and you cry out with Homer,

* No wonder ſuch cœleſtial charms,
Shou'd ſet th' ambitious world in arms.

I would do and ſuffer many things for ſuch a reward. Then comes the libation to friendſhip; ſomebody takes a great cup and drinks to the preceptor, the maſter, or by whatever name they think proper to diſtinguiſh you; you take another, and not knowing how to return the compliment, are laughed at for an ignoramus. By this, notwithſtanding, you gain the envy of your old friends and acquaintance, and thus, at your very firſt ſetting off, offend a number of people, who are all angry that a new gueſt ſhould be preferred to them, who have worn out ſo many years in the ſervice. This alone, will they ſay, was wanting to crown our misfortunes: that we ſhould be ſet aſide for one who is juſt come into the houſe. But Rome, ſays one, is open to none but theſe Greeks; and what is it they ſo much excel us in? Of what mighty ſervice are their miſerable ſpeeches? Do not you ſee, ſays another, how much he drinks, and devours every thing before him, an awkward † hungry fellow, who never thinks he has enough of white bread, pheaſants, and Numidian hens, and will ſcarce leave us ſo much as the bones to pick. Be quiet, you fools, ſays a fourth, in four or five days you will ſee him as miſerable as yourſelves: at preſent, indeed, like a new ſhoe, he is in ſome eſteem and taken care of, but when he is worn out and full of dirt, he may lay under the bed, worm-eaten like us. Thus will they be per-

* *No wonder*, &c.] The words of the old men on ſeeing the beauteous Helen. See Homer's Iliad, book iii. l. 156.

† *Hungry fellow.*] Græculus eſuriens. See Juv.

petually

petually prating, and ſome of them, perhaps, laying up a ſtock of ſtill ſeverer calumny againſt you.

The whole feaſt, therefore, may be called your's, as all the converſation is about you; and now, drinking more than you are uſed to, of light thin wine, you are very ill with it: to get up before the reſt of the company would be rude, and yet to ſtay longer is hardly ſafe. The drinking goes on, one ſtory ſucceeds to, and one entertainment comes on the back of another: in the mean while you ſuffer no ſmall uneaſineſs; neither able to ſee any thing that goes forward, or to hear the young men ſing and play; commend, however, you muſt, though you are wiſhing all the time that an earthquake would ſhake the room, or an alarm of fire frighten the company, and break up the entertainment.

Such, my friend, is your firſt ſweet ſupper. For my own part, I ſhould prefer an onion and ſalt, with the liberty to eat it when, and juſt as much of it as I pleaſed: for, not to mention the diſorders of the head and ſtomach which generally follows a debauch of this kind, you are to meet the day after to ſettle your ſalary, and the time of receiving it; two or three friends are called together, you are deſired to ſit down, and the great man begins: "You ſaw yeſterday in what manner I live, that there is no form and parade in my houſe, nothing * grand or ſuperb, but all plain and ſimple; and I would have you to underſtand that you are to look upon every thing here as belonging equally to us both: abſurd, indeed, to the laſt degree would it be, when I repoſe my whole mind, that greateſt of all truſts, on you; when I commit to you the care of my children (if he has any), to refuſe you any thing elſe; I know your moderation; know that happy diſpoſition of your's, which is always its own beſt reward, and am ſatisfied, that you did not come to live with me from any motives of ſelf-intereſt, but for the ſake of my friendſhip, and the regard which every body will have for you on that account: ſince, however, a certain ſum muſt be agreed on, let it be fixed: you ſhall name it yourſelf, if you pleaſe; but remember, my friend, the preſents which you may expect from me on the annual feſtivals, which, however, we determine this point, ſhall never be forgotten; you will obſerve this, and proportion your demand accordingly: but you ſcholars, I know, are ſuperior to all pecuniary conſiderations."

* *Nothing grand.*] The original ſays, α τραγωδητα, not pompous, or tragedy-like.. The expreſſion is ſtrong and remarkable, but would not admit of a literal tranſlation.

Theſe

Theſe fine ſpeeches feed you with hope, and you are ſoon brought over: you that but a little before had dreamed of a thouſand talents, whole acres, and houſes, begin to diſcover a little parſimony; you flatter yourſelf, however, with his promiſes, and ſuppoſe he muſt have been in earneſt when he talked of all things being in common between you: little thinking that ſuch things as theſe

* Juſt touch the lips, but never wet the tongue.

At length, out of modeſty, you ſubmit it to him: he will deny, perhaps, that he ſaid any ſuch thing, and refer it to ſome friend who was preſent, deſiring him to name a middle price, ſuch as can reaſonably be afforded by him who has a great many other expences upon him, and, at the ſame time, ſuch as may not be unworthy of your acceptance. Then ſteps in an old acquaintance, inured to flattery from his youth upwards; 'how happy may you eſteem yourſelf, cries he, to light on ſuch an offer immediately, which ſo many have been long wiſhing for, to be thought worthy of ſuch a table, and ſuch a connection, to be admitted into one of the firſt houſes in the Roman empire! it is a happineſs, if you know how to prize it as ſuch, beyond the talents of Crœſus, or the treaſures of Midas, when I know ſo many men of the beſt families who would be proud of living with him, and being called his friend and companion, merely for the honour of it; I cannot find words to expreſs your good fortune; when, over and above this happineſs, you are, withal, to receive a ſalary for it; I cannot but think, therefore, unleſs you are of all men the moſt unreaſonable, that you will be very well ſatisfied with' —— and here he mentions ſome paltry ſum, very inconſiderable, at leaſt in proportion to your expectations. Now, however, you muſt make the beſt of it, for you are caught in the net, and there is no getting out again. You take the bridle in, and ſhut your mouth quietly, ſubmitting patiently to your rider, who will not draw the bit tight, nor ſpur you hard, until you are grown quite tame.

Folks abroad, in the mean time, will envy you, ſeeing you have got poſſeſſion, and have free egreſs and regreſs, without let or moleſtation; though you may, perhaps, ſee no reaſon yourſelf why they ſhould think you

* *Juſt touch the lips, &c.*] From this line in Homer,

Χειλεα μεν τ' εδην', ὑπερωην δ' ουκ εδηνε.
Labra rigaſſe quidem, non humectaſſe palatum.

See Il. X'. l. 495. Pope has omitted it in his tranſlation.

ſo happy, you are ſtill, however, agreeably deceived, and imagine that things will go better for the future: but the direct contrary of what you expected comes to paſs; it is * Mandrabulus' buſineſs, as the old adage ſays, it grows leſs and leſs every day, and all goes backwards.

At length, by degrees, through a kind of glimmering light, you begin to perceive that all your golden hopes were nothing but water-bubbles, and your labours and miſeries but too real, inevitable, and perpetual. And what, you will ſay, are they? I ſee nothing in all this ſo miſerable or laborious. I will tell you, my friend, what there is; attend to me, and you ſhall hear, not only what there is in it ſo laborious, but how baſe alſo, mean, and ſervile is the employment.

And firſt, remember, that from this time you are no longer free or noble. Your liberty, your name, and family, were all left behind, the moment you entered thoſe doors as a voluntary ſlave. On ſuch mean and degrading buſineſs freedom would never deign to accompany you. A ſlave however you deteſt that name, you are, and muſt be; not of one, but of many, and muſt bend your neck to the yoke from morning to evening for paltry wages. And as you were not brought up to ſlavery, but learned the habit late in life, and voluntarily offered yourſelf when at years of maturity, you will be no great favourite of your maſter's, nor held in any degree of eſtimation by him; for the remembrance of former freedom ſpoils you for a ſlave, and renders you incapable of performing, as you ought, the offices of one. A ſlave, however, you certainly are, though not the ſon of † Pyrrhias or Zopyrion; nor ſold, like Bithynians, by public auction: for if, when the day of payment comes, you hold out your hand, like other ſervants, and take what you can get, you are to all intents and purpoſes a hired ſlave: there wants no crier to put up to ſale the man who ſells himſelf, and who, for a long time, has been in ſearch of a maſter.

Mean wretch! (for ſo I muſt call the man who pretends to be a philoſopher); if a pirate had ſold thee, thou would'ſt have lamented thy loſt free-

* *Mandrabulus.*] This was a kind of proverbial expreſſion, uſually applied to perſons or things growing by degrees worſe and worſe, and is ſaid to have derived its original from one Mandrabulus of Samos, who, having found a conſiderable treaſure, thought it his duty to offer up an annual ſacrifice to Juno. The firſt year, it ſeems, he gave her a golden ſheep, the ſecond only a ſilver, and the third a braſs one. The proverb, we ſee on the explanation of it, was happily applied.

† *Pyrrhias or Zopyrion.*] See the notes on Timon.

dom

dom as the worſt of calamities; if by violence thou hadſt been taken away and carried into ſlavery, thou wouldſt have raved, complained, appealed to the laws, and called heaven and earth to witneſs the indignity; and yet with all thy virtue and wiſdom, even at an age when, if thou hadſt been born a ſlave, it would have been time to look forward towards liberty, thou couldſt ſell thyſelf for a few pence; regardleſs of all that the noble Plato, Chryſippus, and Ariſtotle had ſaid in praiſe of liberty, and againſt ſhameful ſervitude: are not you aſhamed to herd with paraſites, and raſcals; to be ſeen amongſt Romans, the only one, perhaps, in a foreign garb, talking bald Latin, and frequenting noiſy feaſts, with crouds of men of bad characters? At theſe entertainments you praiſe without judgment, drink more than you can bear, and then, rouſed by the bell, before your ſleep is half out, riſe up early, run about from place to place, without wiping off the dirt of yeſterday from your ſhoes. Was there no pulſe, no wholeſome herbs, no fountains of living waters left, that you ſhould be driven to this neceſſity? But it is plain you do not chuſe pulſe and water; dainties, ſweet-meats, and ſcented wines are more alluring: theſe muſt be paid for ſome way or other; the collar, therefore, is put about your neck, and, like a monkey, you are ſhewn for diverſion: and, in the mean time, you comfort yourſelf that you can devour as many figs as you pleaſe; whilſt liberty, and her attendant virtues, are buried in oblivion.

But the loſs of your freedom is not the worſt of this buſineſs; if that were all it might be borne; for the labour, you will ſay, is not the ſame as that of common ſervants. And yet, let us examine whether your taſk is not harder than * Dromo's or Tibius's: that learning and knowlege, which, he ſays, induced him to make choice of you, he has in fact no notion of, nor does he trouble himſelf about it. What, indeed, as the † proverb ſays, has the aſs to do with a lyre? and yet how many there are who pretend to ſigh for the wiſdom of Homer, the gravity of Demoſthenes, the magnanimity of Plato! though, ſetting aſide their riches, there is nothing valuable about them, as their minds are full of nothing but pride, ignorance, ill-nature, and extravagance: he wants you not, therefore, for your learning or knowlege, but becauſe you have got a long beard, and a venerable aſpect, and wear a Grecian habit; becauſe you are known to be a grammarian, a phi-

* *Dromo's or Tibius'.*] The common names of ſlaves.

† *Proverb ſays.*] Aſinus ad Lyram. See Eraſmus in Adagio.

loſopher, or an orator; he likes to have a man of your character in his train, for then he may be thought fond of Grecian literature himſelf, and an admirer of thoſe doctrines which it inculcates. What is this then, after all, but to let out your beard and cloak for a few fine ſpeeches! You muſt always be ſeen with him, and can never ſtay behind, never quit your poſt, but be conſtantly at hand to perform your duty. He, perhaps, will condeſcend to throw his arm round, and joke familiarly with you, to ſhew the world that, even whilſt he is walking the ſtreets, he is not forgetful of the Muſes, but employs every leiſure minute to the beſt advantage. You, trudging along, ſometimes faſter, and ſometimes ſlower, through rough ways, up hill and down (for ſuch, you know, our city is), come in at laſt ſweating and out of breath, and whilſt he is chattering with ſome friend within doors, you ſtand without; there is no place to ſit down in, and, having nothing elſe to do, take out a book to divert yourſelf; at length, after paſſing the day without meat or drink, about midnight you get a little ſupper, not reſpected or attended as you were at firſt, but drove up into ſome corner, to make room for a new gueſt, gnawing your bone, like a dog, behind, or content with a dry leaf of mallow; if thoſe who were ſerved before you chance to leave any behind them: nor is this all the indignity you may ſuffer: for not an egg will they let you have to yourſelf; you muſt not pretend to like what ſtrangers are fond of, for that would be impudence in you; nor to expect the ſame fine birds as they have, plump and crammed; half a chicken, or a dry pigeon may ſerve you; which is, no doubt, the higheſt affront they can put upon you: but it often happens that if there is a ſcarcity, and a new gueſt comes in, the ſervant takes away what he had put before you, and carries it to him, whiſpering, perhaps, in your ear, "you are one of the family." If a ſtag, or a ſucking pig comes to table, you muſt depend on the mercy of a kind carver, or turn * Prometheus, and help yourſelf to ſome bones well-covered with fat: for your next neighbour who ſits above you, there is always a plate ready as long as he chuſes to eat, though nobody will help you to one: who, that had but the ſpirit of a deer, could tamely bear this? But another thing, which I have not yet mentioned is, that whilſt every body elſe is drinking good old wine, you muſt ſwallow that which is thick and good for nothing; you take care, therefore, to drink out of gold or ſilver, that it may not be known, by the colour of your li-

* *Prometheus.*] See note on Lucian's Prometheus.

quor,

quor, of how little conſequence you are in ſuch company; but even of this ſtuff you are not at liberty to drink as much as you pleaſe; for it often happens that when you call for it, the * boy will pretend he never heard you.

This, and more than this, every thing, in ſhort, muſt hurt you; but, above all, when the fiddler, the dancing maſter, and the little Alexandrian with his love-ſongs, is preferred before you; for you muſt never expect to be held in equal eſteem with theſe tempting minions: you have nothing to do, therefore, but to hide yourſelf in a corner, lament your fate, and accuſe cruel fortune for denying you ſuch allurements. How you wiſh now that you were a writer of love verſes, or even that you could ſing thoſe of others, when you ſee how much theſe talents are prized! you might ſtand your ground if you were only a conjurer, or fortune-teller, who promiſes eſtates, riches, and empires: for theſe you ſee are admitted into the friendſhip of the great, and rewarded with honours and dignities; but for all this you are totally unqualified: you muſt of neceſſity, therefore, be degraded, and weep your wretched condition in ſilence and ſorrow. If it ſhould be whiſpered that you are the only one who did not join in applauding your miſtreſs' ſinger, or dancer, let me tell you, you are in no ſmall danger: you muſt learn to roar like an old frog, till you are hoarſe, and take care that you lead up the chorus; for when every body elſe is ſilent, to throw in a ſtudied eulogium, will ſhew your ſkill in adulation: and yet to be crowned and anointed, and at the ſame time have neither victuals nor drink, is truly ridiculous. You are like the monument of a perſon lately dead, which the relations dreſs up, and pour ointments upon, whilſt they eat the meat, and drink the wine themſelves. Add to all this, that if your patron be jealous, his wife young, or his children handſome, if Venus and the Graces have not utterly renounced you, there may be no ſmall danger. The great have always a number of ears and eyes about them; eyes that ſometimes ſee, not only what is really done, but what they would have it thought you do; when you ſit at table, therefore, you muſt look down, as the Perſians do,

* *The boy, &c.*] This is painting from nature, which is the ſame in all times and places. I was myſelf, not long ſince, at a great man's table, and in company with an unhappy female dependant on the family, one Mrs. Gibbons, (for that name will ſerve the reader as well as her real one) who not having been taken notice of in the hob and nob round, took the liberty to ſignify her inclinations, juſt by ſaying in a low voice to the ſervant as he paſſed by her, I wiſh I had a glaſs of wine, John: to which John very coolly replied (but without helping her to one), I wiſh you had, Mrs. Gibbons.

for

for fear one of the eunuchs ſhould obſerve your glances, and another, perhaps, reprove you for gazing where you ought not.

At length you leave the feaſt, and go to bed, from whence rouſed at the cock-crowing, you get up, and cry out, what a poor miſerable wretch am I! doomed thus to quit my old companions, and employments, that ſweet ſleep, which I could indulge in as long as I pleaſed, my free and uncontroled walks! plunged myſelf into this gulph of miſery! good gods! and for what? where is the noble reward I expected? might not I have gained much more than this, and ſtill kept my freedom and my happineſs? Like the * lion, as they ſay, bound by a thread, I am dragged up and down; and, which is ſtill more dreadful, gain no character, and conciliate no affection. I am aukward and ridiculous in the buſineſs, eſpecially when compared to thoſe who make an art of it; beſides, I am an ungracious and unacceptable companion, and cannot raiſe a laugh; I perceive I am often troubleſome, and even more ſo, when I ſtrive to be more than ordinarily pleaſant and facetious, then I appear moſt diſguſtful, nor do I believe I ſhould ever make myſelf agreeable to him; for if I preſerve my gravity, I ſeem ſurly and moroſe, and he can ſcarce bear my company; and if I harmonize my face into ſmiles and complacency, he laughs at and deſpiſes me: it is juſt like a perſon acting comedy with a † tragic maſk on. At preſent I live only for others; the time, I hope, will come, when I ſhall live in a very different manner, and for myſelf alone.

In the midſt of theſe reflections, the bell rings, and you muſt return to your old courſe, go of errands, run about, or ſtand ſtill, as you are bid, taking care always to ‡ oil your knees and thighs beforehand, that you may be ready for the liſts; mean time the way of living, ſo different from what you were uſed to, the watchings, fatigue, and toil you undergo, ſoon wear you out, bring on a conſumption, ſhortneſs of breath, pains in the bowels, or, perhaps, § a fine gout: you ſtill hold out, however, till bed-time, when you go to

* *Like the lion, &c.*] Alluding, perhaps, to the ſtory of Androclus, told by Ælian and others. Poſteà, ſays Gellius, videbamus Androclum et leonem loro tenui revinctum, urbe totâ circum tabernas ire, &c. It paſſed, probably, from this ſtory into a proverbial expreſſion.—Leo cordula vinetus—See Eraſm. Paroemio.

† *A tragic maſk.*] For an account of the ancient maſks, ſee Hedelin, and the Diſſertation on the Ancient Theatre, prefixed to my tranſlation of Sophocles.

‡ *Oil.*] Alluding to the cuſtom of the combatants in the Palæſtra, who always prepared for the gymnaſtic exerciſes by rubbing their limbs with oil. The paraſite dependant confines it to the knees for a very obvious reaſon.

§ *A fine gout.*] Lucian ſays, την καλην ποδαγραν, which the Latin tranſlator renders, præclaram podagrum, the famous gout.

reſt:

reſt: but even that relief is often denied you; for your diſorder, they will ſay, is only a pretence, and to avoid doing your duty; with all this you grow pale, and look like a man juſt at the point of death.

Such is your town life. When you go journies into the country, which often happens, you will meet with more difficulties. Amongſt others, if it rains ever ſo hard, you muſt come laſt (for that is your place), and wait for the carriage, and, perhaps, if there is no room there, muſt be ſtuffed in with the cook and your lady's chambermaid in the litter, with hardly ſtraw enough to keep you warm.

* And here I cannot help relating what Theſmopolis the Stoic philoſopher told me once happened to him, and, ridiculous as it is, may not improbably happen to others alſo. He lived ſome time in the houſe of a very rich and delicate lady; and one day, when they went abroad together, it fell out that a certain minion, with a ſmooth-ſhaved chin, and all over perfumes, who, we may ſuppoſe, was in high favour with the lady, was ordered to take his place next to our philoſopher: his name I think he told me was Chelidonius. What a ſetting out was this! Think only of a ſurly old fellow with a long beard, for you know Theſmopolis had a moſt venerable one, ſitting cloſe by a creature with painted cheeks, ſwimming eyes, and a neck reclined on one ſide, plucking out the ſmall feathers of his beard; if they had permitted him he would have worn a hood and ſcarf, and there would he ſit ſinging looſe ſongs all the way, and even, if they had not prevented him, would have danced in the carriage; theſe were ſome of his misfortunes, but now comes another worſe than all. Theſmopolis, cries the lady, will you grant me one favour? it is a great one indeed, but I know you will not deny it me: he promiſes, as you may ſuppoſe, to do every thing: it is only this, ſays ſhe, for I know you are good-natured, careful, and of a loving diſpoſition, only take my little dog, Myrrhina, your old acquaintance into the chariot with you, and take care of her, for ſhe is ill and juſt ready to pup, and thoſe abominable careleſs ſervants will give themſelves no trouble even about me, much leſs about her; during the whole journey, be aſſured, therefore, you will confer no ſmall obligation on me, by preſerving my ſweet dog, which I

* *And here, &c.*] This ſtory of the lap-dog, which is an excellent one, has greatly the air of a modern tale, and ſeems ſo correſpondent with the preſent taſte and manners, that we can hardly bring ourſelves to conſider it as told by Lucian ſo many years ago; I can, notwithſtanding, aſſure my readers that it is faithfully, and almoſt literally, tranſlated from him.

value

value ſo much. To this petition, ſo ſtrongly urged, and almoſt with tears in her eyes, Theſmopolis could not but conſent: it was ridiculous enough to ſee the little animal peeping out of the philoſopher's cloak, juſt under his beard, and every now and then beſprinkling him (which by the by he did not mention to me himſelf), then yelping with a little ſharp voice, as thoſe dogs of Melita generally do, and licking his chin, allured, perhaps, by the ſmell of yeſterday's broth upon it: upon which the minion, who is ſometimes happy in his jokes upon the company, when he came to Theſmopolis obſerved, not unwittily, that from a Stoic he was turned into a * Cynic philoſopher. I have been told ſince, that the dog pupp'd in Theſmopolis' cloak.

Thus it is that the great treat, or rather mal-treat their dependants, whom by degrees, they render quite tame, and patient under every indignity. I knew a rhetorician who was ordered by his patron to declaim at ſupper, which he did, not ſuperficially, but handſomely, and in a moſt elegant manner: they praiſed him moſt abundantly, and ſaid he harangued not by water but by wine, not by the hour but by the caſk: it was reported he had two hundred drachmas for it: in this, perhaps, there may be no great harm; but if your patron chance to be a poet, or an hiſtorian, who will be repeating his works all dinner time, then muſt you burſt your ſides with laughing, praiſe, and admire, and invent every day new modes of flattery. Some there are too who value themſelves on their beauty, theſe you muſt be ſure to call Hyacinthus, and Adonis, though they have noſes an ell long; and if you do not extol them, you will be ſent to † Dionyſius' priſon for envious traitors. The rich are always learned and eloquent, and though they commit ſoleciſms ever ſo often, all they ſay is full of Attic ſalt, and the honey of Hymettus, and a law ſhould be made to oblige every body to ſpeak like them for the future.

From men, perhaps, this may be borne with, but it is ſtill worſe when we come to the women; for theſe too affect to have ſcholars and men of literature about them, who are hired to attend, and go along with them in their carriages; amongſt their other accompliſhments, they eſteem it a

* *Cynic.*] Alluding to the appellation of dog, generally given to the followers of Diogenes.

† *Dionyſius' priſon.*] A dungeon at Syracuſe, built by Dionyſius for the reception of ſtate priſoners. Philoxenus the poet was confined in it by the tyrant, for not praiſing his bad verſes. See Cicero's Oration againſt Verres.

principal

principal thing to be called learned and philoſophical, and will make verſes little inferior to Sappho! for this purpoſe they procure rhetoricians, grammarians, and philoſophers, and with theſe all their leiſure hours are ſpent. It often happens that whilſt the philoſopher is reading, the * maid brings a letter from the gallant, the lecture upon wiſdom and chaſtity ſtands ſtill till the lady has anſwered the epiſtle, and then they return to it with all poſſible expedition; when at laſt, after a conſiderable length of time, a preſent is made you, at the † Saturnalia, or ‡ Panathenaica, of a half-worn-out robe. Then a moſt grand and pompous ceremony begins: the firſt man who heard his maſter, whilſt he was doubting whether he ſhould give it you or not, runs before to give you notice, and muſt not go back without a good fee; in the morning ten or a dozen come to bring it you, and every one boaſts how much he has ſaid in your favour, how warmly he enforced it, and how he choſe the beſt he could for you; all theſe muſt be paid for their trouble, and will grumble, moreover, that you did not give them more.

If your reward is in money, you will be paid by little and little, perhaps two or three oboli at a time; and if you aſk for it, you are troubleſome and impertinent: you muſt beg, pray, and flatter; pay your court to the ſteward too, for this is another ſpecies of adulation which you muſt ſubmit to, nor muſt his intimate friend and counſellor be neglected: and after all, the whole, perhaps, when you have received it, is due to the taylor, the ſhoemaker, or the phyſician. Surely § gifts like theſe are no gifts, and of very little ſervice. In the mean time, ſome lie is raiſed againſt you to your patron, who is ready to believe every thing; he perceives now that you are worn out by perpetual toils, perform your duty but lamely, fall off in your ſtrength, and, perhaps, ſlide by degrees into the gout; and after he has enjoyed the flower of your age, and exhauſted your powers, when your body and your coat are both worn out, looks about for ſome dunghill to throw you

* *The maid.*] The Greeks ſay ἡ Ἄβρα,—Abra ſignifies a maid, as Dromo, Xanthias, &c. is uſed for any man-ſervant. In Prior's Solomon, the hand maid is called Abra,

And when I call'd another, Abra came.

† *The Saturnalia.*] See the notes on Lucian's Saturnalia.

‡ *Panathenaica.*] A grand Athenian feſtival in honour of Minerva, celebrated once in five years, and accompanied by a number of rites and ceremonies. For a full account of which I refer my readers to Potter's Antiquities, vol. i. p. 419.

§ *Gifts.*] Ἐχθρῶν ἀδῶρα δῶρα, κοὐκ ὀνήσιμα. See the Ajax of Sophocles.

upon, that he may pick up another who is better able to ſerve him. He accuſes you then of debauching his wife's maid, or ſome ſuch thing, and you are turned out headlong at midnight; old as you are, poor, friendleſs, and, perhaps, with a ſwinging gout upon you. After ſuch a length of time, you have forgot every thing which you knew, and have nothing left but a belly as big as a hogſhead, which you can neither fill nor get rid of; for your throat, from habit, is perpetually ſoliciting you, and cannot without murmur and repining unlearn what it has been ſo long accuſtomed to. Thus worn out as you are, nobody elſe will take you in, for you are now like an old horſe, whoſe very ſkin is good for nothing. Add to this, that the ſcandal of being turned off will make people ſuſpect you as an adulterer, a ſorcerer, or ſomething worſe; your accuſer will be believed, as a man of credit; but you are a Greek, of a light character, and fit for every thing that is bad; for ſuch they ſuppoſe us all to be, and, perhaps, with ſome juſtice. The cauſe of this opinion, I believe, may be eaſily gueſſed at; many of us, who know nothing good or uſeful, get into houſes, where they practiſe magic, and fortune-telling, promiſe people ſucceſs in love, and pretend they can turn aſide misfortunes on the heads of their enemies; and this they do by boaſting their learning, putting on long cloaks, and wearing ſuch beards as are not to be deſpiſed. It is no wonder, therefore, they ſhould ſuſpect us all, when thoſe whom they had ſo high an opinion of, are guilty of ſuch things, and ſubmit to the meaneſt flattery for the ſake of gain.

Thoſe whom they diſmiſs from their ſervice, moreover, they generally bear the moſt inveterate hatred againſt, and endeavour as much as they can utterly to ruin and deſtroy; naturally ſuppoſing that ſuch men will lay open their whole lives and manners, which they are intimately acquainted with, and this it is which hurts them; for they exactly reſemble thoſe books whoſe outſide is purple and gold, and within you find nothing but Thyeſtes feeding on his own children, Oedipus committing inceſt with his mother, or Tereus purſuing the two ſiſters: ſuch are theſe men alſo, very fine and ſplendid, with a great deal of tragedy under their purple; if you open one of them you will find a fit ſubject for Sophocles or Euripides, though they are all gold and finery without: conſcious of this, they always hate, and plan the deſtruction of thoſe whom they have turned away, and who know them well, leſt they ſhould bring them on the public ſtage.

And

And now I could wiſh to ſet before you, in the manner of * Cebes, an exact image or picture of this kind of life, that you might carefully obſerve and conſider whether you would chooſe to enter into it. Would I could meet with an Apelles or Parrhaſius, an Ætion or Euphranor, to paint it for me! but ſince none can now be found poſſeſſed of their ſkill and genius, I will give you a ſlight ſketch of my own, and do my beſt for you. † Imagine then a lofty palace, not low on the earth, but raiſed on an eminence far above it, covered with gold: let the aſcent to it be long, ſteep, and ſlippery, ſo that thoſe who hoped they had juſt reached the ſummit, frequently ſlip down and fall; within let Plutus be ſeated, all over gold, beautiful and lovely: the candidate with difficulty reaches the gate, and gazes on the treaſures; Hope, in full beauty, and cloathed in a garment of divers colours, leads him on, aud he is ſoon received by two females, Fraud and Slavery, who deliver him over to the hands of Labour; by him he is well diſciplined, and paſſed on to Old Age: he grows ſick, and his colour changes; then comes Infamy, ſeizes on, and leads him to Deſpair; Hope, from that moment vaniſhes, and is ſeen no more: he retires, not through the golden gate which he entered at, but by a narrow private paſſage, naked, pot-belly'd, pale, and worn out with age; with one hand covering his nakedneſs, with the other endeavouring to throttle himſelf: as he goes out he is met by Repentance, weeping in vain, and only making the wretched more unhappy: this finiſhes the picture.

And now, my good Timocles, examine the whole, and think within yourſelf, whether you would wiſh to enter on ſuch a life, through the firſt gate, if you were obliged to go out ſo ſhamefully at the latter. Whatever your determination is, remember the wiſe man's ſaying,

‡ God is blameleſs, and the fault lies in our own choice.

* *Cebes.*] Alluding to the famous Tabula Cebetis, ſtill extant, a tranſlation of which the reader will meet with in Shafteſbury's Characteriſtics; ſee likewiſe the Spectator, and an elegant poem in Dodſley's Collection.

† *Imagine then.*] Lucian has here given us a very good imitation of Cebes, in a beautiful allegorical picture, which I ſhould be glad to ſee executed on canvas by the maſterly hand of our Reynolds, Weſt, or Angelica.

‡ *God is, &c.*] See Plato's Republic.

THE

APOLOGY.

Some Time after the Appearance of the preceding Tract on Dependants, *and when* Lucian, *as he has himſelf informed us, was far advanced in Years, he had the good Fortune to be preferred, by the Emperor* M. Aurelius, *to a Place of great Honour and Profit, which ſeems, by his own Account of it, to have been little leſs than the Government of ſome extenſive Province. His Enemies (for ſuch, Men of ſuperior Wit and Genius will always have), did not fail, we may ſuppoſe, to reproach him for accepting this Place, which they conſidered as incompatible with that Freedom and Independence, ſo warmly recommended by him in every Part of his Writings, and particularly in the above mentioned Tract, which this* Apology *is written in Defence of. In this Letter before us,* Lucian *artfully puts the Objections of his Enemies into the Mouth of his Friend, every one of which he afterwards fairly refutes, by proving at laſt, that the Arguments they made uſe of did not at all reach, or affect him, as the taking Wages from a private Patron, and ſubmitting to the meaneſt Offices for Hire, was a very different Thing from filling an honourable Poſt under the * Emperor himſelf.*

I HAVE often, my dear Sabinus, debated with myſelf concerning the opinion you would entertain, and the manner in which you would ſpeak of my late tract on Dependants in Great Families. I take it for granted you could not peruſe it without a ſmile; permit me now to add, what at this diſtance of time, I imagine, you will ſay about it. If I have any ſkill in prophecy, I think you will ſpeak thus: "can there, ſay you, be a man, who after writing ſuch things, after ſo pompous a declamation againſt this kind of life, could thus ſuddenly forget all he had ſaid, and having thus, as

* With regard to this circumſtance (forgive the vanity, kind reader), there ſeems to be ſome ſimilitude between Lucian and his Translator; it was the fate of them both, after a life of labour and diſappointment, to be honoured in the decline of it, by the notice and patronage of their Sovereign. Whether the reſemblance between us holds in any other particular, muſt be left to the determination of the reader.

they

they * ſay, changed his ſhell, at laſt voluntarily embraces a ſtate of ſervitude? How many Midas's, Crœſus's, and Pactolus's muſt have conſpired to draw him aſide, to perſuade him to quit fair freedom, who had brought up and attended him from his earlieſt years, and when he was haſtening towards † Æacus, when he had already one foot in ‡ Charon's boat, could induce him to put on a gold chain, and be dragged about by it, like a ſquirrel, or a monkey! How different is the practice from the precept! it is, as they ſay, a ſtream running backwards, a palinody, every thing, in ſhort, turned the wrong way; the || poet applies this to Troy and Helen, but it is equally true, when words are thus contradicted by facts."

Thus, moſt probably, you will talk to yourſelf; and, perhaps, may give me ſome advice, not impertinent nor unreaſonable, but friendly, and becoming a wiſe and good man, as I know you to be: if therefore I ſhould aſſume your character, and repreſent it well, it may be of ſervice to me, and an acceptable ſacrifice to the god of eloquence; if I fail, you muſt yourſelf ſupply the deficiency. Let the ſcene then be changed: I muſt ſubmit in ſilence to be cut up and ¶ branded for my health's ſake, whilſt you prepare your medicines, your knife, and your ſearing-iron. And now, Sabinus, you take your turn to ſpeak, and begin thus:

"There was a time, my friend, when what you wrote met with the higheſt approbation, as well from thoſe who heard it repeated in the public aſſembly, and who mentioned it to me, as by thoſe men of letters, who peruſed and admired it in private: the ** ſtyle, was by no means contemptible; it contained a good deal of hiſtory, ſhewed great knowlege of men and

* *As they ſay.*] Greek, Οστρακα μετα πεσοντος, cadente aliter calculo, a proverbial ſaying, alluding to the ſhell uſed in oſtraciſm amongſt the Athenians, analogous to our balloting-bean in elections.

† *Towards.*] i. e. Towards death. Æacus was one of the judges in hell, conſequently, he who goes to Æacus muſt go to the grave.

‡ *In Charon's boat.*] There is a remarkable ſimilitude between the Greek expreſſion and our own, of a ſick or old man's having "one foot in the grave."

|| *The poet.*] Steſichorus, we are told, was puniſhed with blindneſs, for writing a palinody, or abuſe of Helen.

¶ *Branded.*] Alluding to the puniſhment which Lucian was for inflicting on the hypocritical philoſophers, in his tract on Dependants.

** *The ſtyle, &c.*] Greek, Λογων παρασκευη. Lucian's thus founding forth his own praiſes, through the mouth of his friend, favours a little of authorial vanity; but where is the wit who ever lived without ſome ſhare of it?

things,

things, was delivered with clearneſs and perſpicuity, and, above all, it had the merit of being uſeful, eſpecially to men of education, by preventing them from throwing themſelves, through ignorance and inexperience, into the worſt of ſlavery. But ſince you have changed your opinion, taken your laſt farewel of liberty, and adopted that vile precept,

* Where much is to be gain'd, againſt our nature,
We muſt be ſervile.

Take care that for the future nobody hear you repeating out of that book, neither ſhould you permit any of thoſe who ſee your preſent way of life ever to look into it. Rather pour out your vows to infernal Mercury, to dip in the waters of Lethe all ſuch as have ſeen or read it. We ſhall otherwiſe tell a Corinthian fable of you, and ſay that, like † Bellerophon, you carry letters for your own deſtruction. Nor, by Jupiter, do I ſee what excuſe, that carries any ‡ face with it, you can plead in defence of ſuch conduct; eſpecially, if your accuſers do it with a ſneer, commend your writings, and the freedom that appears in them, and at the ſame time obſerve the writer ſubmitting voluntarily to the yoke, and enſlaving himſelf.

" Well might they ſay, either that the book was none of your's, and, like a jay, you ſtrutted in borrowed feathers; or, if you really did write it, that you act like § Salathus of Crotona, who was ſo much celebrated for the ſevere law which he made againſt adulterers, and was afterwards himſelf convicted of it with his brother's wife: it was more pardonable, indeed, in Sala-

* *Where much, &c.*] Greek,

Ὅπου το κερδος παρα φυσιν δηλευτεον. See the Phaniſſæ of Euripides, l. 408.

† *Like Bellerophon.*] Bellerophon, the ſon of Glaucus, king of Corinth (for which reaſon Lucian calls it a Corinthian tale), had retired to the court of Prætus, king of Argos, whoſe wife, Stenobia, fell in love with him, but he refuſing, like Joſeph, to have any concern with her, ſhe accuſed him to her huſband of offering violence to her; the king, that he might not violate the rights of hoſpitality, ſent away Bellerophon, with letters to Iobates, king of Lycia, Stenobia's father, requeſting him immediately to make an end of the ſuppoſed adulterer. Bellerophon carried the letter himſelf, little ſuſpecting the contents of it. The ſtory adds, that Iobates ſent Bellerophon to kill a monſter called the Chimera, imagining he would periſh in the attempt. Bellerophon, however, diſappointed his enemies, and ſubdued the monſter.—The Bellerophontis literæ paſſed into a proverb. See Eraſm. Prov. and Hom. Il. ζ'. l. 155.

‡ *Any face.*] Greek, Ευπροσωπος; the expreſſion is remarkable, and the tranſlation literal.

§ *Salathus.*] I do not remember to have met with this ſtory of Salathus in any other author, though there is ſomething like it in Ælian's Var. Hiſt. where the perſon is called Zaleneus; it ſerves, however, to prove that in ancient times there were places where the crime of adultery was puniſhed with death. If ſuch a law were ever to take place amongſt us, how it would thin this populous kingdom!

thus,

thus, who was desperately in love, as he observed in his defence; he threw, himself into the fire with the greatest resolution, though the Crotonians pitied him, and would have changed his sentence into banishment. Your behaviour is certainly more absurd, to abuse, in the manner you did, in a laboured speech, the meanness and servility of those who get into great men's houses, there to suffer so many indignities; and yet, after this, in the extremity of old age, when you have already almost passed the usual limits of human life, to enter into this shameful servitude, and seem, as it were, even to glory in it. The more celebrated you are, the more ridiculous will men think you, whilst your present life thus gives the lie to your past professions. But there is no need of fresh accusations against you, after the * poets excellent observation, "I hate (says he), the wise man, who is not wise for himself." They will say, moreover, perhaps, that you are like the tragedy actors, who represent when on the stage, one Agamemnon, another Creon, and another Hercules; but when off, are nothing more than Polus, or Aristodemus, hireling players, driven off frequently, hissed, and sometimes, if the audience think proper, well † flogged. Others may compare you to Cleopatra's ‡ monkey, who, they tell us, had learned to dance gracefully, and in tune, and was wonderfully admired for her elegance and decorum, adapting her every motion and gesture to the hymenæal song; but chancing to espy some figs, I think, or almonds, at a little distance from her, took a sudden farewel at once of the flutes, songs, and dances, threw the mask away, or rather tore it off, laid hold on the fruit, and most voraciously devoured it.

"You, they will say, who are not an actor, but a professor of wisdom, and a legislator, are but too like the ape with the figs; you carry your philosophy but on the outside of your lips, and,

* *The poet*, &c.] Euripides, in some tragedy of his, not now extant. Cicero quotes this sentiment in a letter to Tribatius, "qui ipsi sibi sapiens prodesse non quit nequicquam sapit." See Epist. Fam.

† *Flogged.*] Lucian mentions this extraordinary exertion of magisterial power over the poor players, in his Fisherman.

If our players were to be sent in this manner to the house of correction, as often as they acted miserably, how few would venture to enroll themselves in his majesty's company of comedians!

‡ *Monkey*] The story of Cleopatra's monkey, which is an excellent one, nearly resembles Æsop's fable of the cat turned into a woman, and verifies the observation of Horace,

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret.

Think

* Think one thing, and another tell.

So that what you quoted may be properly applied to yourſelf—you

† Juſt touch the lips, but never wet the tongue.

a fit puniſhment for one who could thus boldly cenſure the neceſſities of others, and afterwards ſolemnly abjure and renounce his own freedom. It ſeems as if, whilſt men were admiring your eloquent abuſe, ‡ Adraſtea ſtood behind, foreſeeing your future conduct, laughed at you for not § ſpitting on yourſelf firſt, before you accuſed others of doing, what from a variety of misfortunes they were forced to ſubmit to.

"If ¶ Æſchines, after his accuſation of Timarchus, had been convicted of the ſame crime, with what ridicule would he have been treated by his audience, for reproaching Timarchus with the commiſſion of that, in his earlieſt years, which he was himſelf guilty of in his old age! You are, in ſhort, like that ‖ apothecary, who boaſted that he had an infallible remedy for a cough, and was at the ſame time torn to pieces with one himſelf."

Theſe and a thouſand ſuch reproaches my accuſers will bring againſt me on ſo copious a ſubject; let me conſider, now, how I muſt defend myſelf, would it be beſt to give it up at once, turn tail, acknowlege my guilt, and flee to the common excuſe, lay it all upon fortune, fate, and deſtiny; tell my accuſers, that they ſhould aſk pardon for their ſeverity, when they come to conſider that we have no ⸸ will of our own in any thing, but that all is determined

* *Think, &c.*]

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book ix. l. 411.

† *Juſt touch, &c.*] See page 305, and the note under it.

‡ *Adraſtea.*] Suppoſed to be the ſame as Nemeſis, employed by the gods to execute vengeance on the guilty.

§ *Spitting.*] The ſuperſtitious imagined that ſpitting on their boſoms would prevent the ill effects of faſcination, or the immediate puniſhment of any crime they had committed,

—— Leſt inchantment ſhould my limbs infeſt,
I three times dropp'd my ſpittle on my breaſt.

See Fawkes's Theocritus, Id. vi. l. 51.

¶ *Æſchines.*] See Plutarch.

‖ *Apothecary.*] According to the old adage, "phyſician, cure thyſelf."

⸸ *No will, &c.*] Moſt of the ancient philoſophers, and three parts of their followers were fataliſts and predeſtinarians: too many moderns, we muſt acknowlege, have fallen into the ſame error, and ſay with Prior,

Let

termined by ſomething of a ſuperior nature, and that we are not anſwerable for what we ſay or do: or will you ſay, my friend, that the excuſe is mean and vulgar, and ſuch as you will never admit, even though I ſhould bring Homer to ſupport it, and cry out with him,

* Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth.

or, where he ſays,

† My life was ſpun ſo ſhort by fate's deſign.

But if, paſſing over this excuſe, as little credit would be given to ſuch, I ſhould tell you, that I was not induced to embrace this kind of life by any pecuniary motive whatſoever, but from the real eſteem and admiration of my patron's wiſdom, courage, and magnanimity; to your other accuſations againſt me, you would only, I fear, add the crime of flattery; ſay, I get rid of a ſmall fault, by admitting a greater in its room, and thus, according to the old adage, ‡ drive out one nail by another, as adulation is doubtleſs, of all things, the meaneſt, and moſt ſervile.

If, after all, neither of theſe excuſes will ſuffice, what remains but to confeſs that I have no excuſe at all: the only anchor I can truſt to is to lament my infirmities, old age, and poverty, which makes us do, and ſuffer all things; and here it may not be unſeaſonable to call in the Medea of Euripides to my aſſiſtance, to make her come forward, and cry out (with a little alteration only),

§ Too well I know the purpoſed wickedneſs
I mean to act, but poverty o'er-rules
Thoſe better counſels, which my conſcious mind
In vain ſuggeſts.

And who will not call to mind what Theognis ſays, "that a man would be

Let people call us cheats and fools,
Our cards, and we, are equal tools,
Poor men! poor papers! we and they,
Do ſome impulſive force obey,
And are but play'd with; do not play. See Prior's Alma.

* *Fix'd, &c.*] Part of Hector's ſpeech to Andromache. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book vi. l. 627.

† *As fates, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. xx.

‡ *One nail, &c.*] This Greek proverb was adopted by the Romans, novo quidam amore veterem amorem tamquam clavum clavo ejiciundum putant. See Tull. Tuſc. Qu.

§ *Too well, &c.*] From Euripides, with a little alteration.

in the right to throw himſelf into the deep ocean, or down from the ſteep promontory, if by that means he could eſcape from the cruel hand of penury."

Such are the apologies which might be made uſe of in this caſe, not one of which, to ſay the truth, is very ſatisfactory; make yourſelf eaſy, my friend, notwithſtanding, for I ſhall not reſt my defence upon any of them. Never ſhall Argos be ſo pinched by famine, as to be obliged to endeavour to cultivate * Cyllarabis; nor I, it is to be hoped, ever ſtand ſo much in need of an apology, as to flee for ſhelter to arguments ſo poor and contemptible. Conſider the great difference there is between coming into a great man's family for hire, ſubmitting to every kind of ſlavery, and ſuffering all the hardſhips mentioned in my book, and entering into a public employment, performing it to the beſt of your abilities, and receiving a reward from the emperor for it! Reflect on the ſituation of theſe two men; they are at leaſt, as we ſay in muſic, † a double octave diſtant from each other, and no more alike than lead is to ſilver, braſs to gold, the roſe to the anemone, or a man to a monkey. Both, indeed, are paid for what they do, and both do it by command of their ſuperiors; but ſtill the thing itſelf is very different with regard to each of them; for in the firſt, the ſlavery is manifeſt, they are no better than common ſervants; whereas thoſe who are in a public employment, who make themſelves uſeful to whole cities and kingdoms, ſurely it would be unjuſt to abuſe, and put on a level with the other, merely becauſe they were rewarded for it; as, by this rule, ſuch as held the greateſt offices, directed the ſtate of nations, or had the care of legions and whole armies entruſted to them, would be deemed diſhonourable, becauſe they alſo have a reward; all, therefore, are not equally to be condemned who are paid for their labours: nor did I ever ſay they were equally unhappy; I only pitied thoſe who ſerved for hire, in the character of tutors and inſtructors: but the employment which I am engaged in, my friend,

* *Cyllarabis.*] Greek, Κυλλαραβις, which Grævius has very properly ſubſtituted in the room of Κοιλη Αραβια, cava Arabia, which was unintelligible. Thia Cyllarabis was a gymnaſium, or place ſet apart for public exerciſes, and ſacred to the gods, conſequently, not to be employed for any prophane uſe; even in times of famine, therefore, they were not to ſow or plant in it. The expreſſion was, perhaps, proverbial, and means juſt the ſame as if we were to ſay, let us want bread ever ſo much, we muſt not turn St. Paul's into a plough field.

† *Double octave.*] Greek, δισδιαπασων. For an explanation and illuſtration of this term, I refer my readers to my friend Dr. Burney's excellent Diſſertation on the Muſic of the Ancients.

is of a very different nature; in private I am as free as ever, and in public have * no ſmall concern in a moſt powerful empire, and bear a part in the adminiſtration of it. You will pleaſe to conſider, that it is in a great meaſure committed to my care, to preſide over, and regulate the courts of judicature, write over the records, digeſt and put in order the ſpeeches of the pleaders, preſerve, with care and accuracy, the edicts of the emperor, and faithfully deliver them down to poſterity; add to this, that my ſalary is paid me by no private man, but by the prince himſelf; that it is no mean one, but conſiſts of many talents; there are, withal, good expectations, and thoſe very probable, of ſomething ſtill better, ſome royal commands to be performed by me, or, perhaps, the whole nation committed to my care and inſpection.

But, not content with refuting the accuſation, I will go ſtill farther, and venture to aſſert, that no man does any thing without being paid for it. Thoſe who are employed in the higheſt offices need not be named, when even the emperor has his reward; for, not to mention the annual taxes and tributes which he receives from the people, the honours, praiſes, and adoration, which are paid him in return for his beneficence, with the ſtatues and temples erected to him, what are they but ſo many rewards for his providential care, and advancement of the public welfare! To compare great things with ſmall, therefore, take any particle of the large heap from the top to the bottom, and you will find that there is no difference between us, except that ſome are great and ſome little; but all equally mercenary.

If, indeed, I had ſaid that nobody ſhould do any thing at all, I might juſtly be accuſed of contradicting my own precepts; but there is no ſuch thing in my book: on the other hand, every good man, I ſay, ſhould labour: and to what can he better apply himſelf than to be uſeful to his friends, placed as he is in this world on purpoſe to give proofs of his diligence, fidelity, and attention to the buſineſs and employment allotted to him, that he may not, as Homer ſays,

† Live an idle burthen to the ground.

* *No ſmall concern.*] We cannot exactly determine what Lucian's employment under the emperor was; ſome call him intendant of Egypt, others governor, ſteward, &c. We find at leaſt by his own teſtimony, that it was a place of conſiderable honour, and we may ſuppoſe very profitable alſo.

† *Live, &c.*] Achilles's ſpeech on the death of Patroclus. See Iliad, book xviii. l. 104.

But, above all, I beg my accuſers will remember, that I am no wiſe man (if any ſuch there be), but one of the many who profeſs the art of rhetoric, and have acquired ſome reputation in it, but never pretended to reach the ſummit of virtue, and perfection; which, indeed, gives me no great concern, as I never yet met with any who throughly filled or ſupported the character of a truly wiſe man. With regard to yourſelf, I ſhould be greatly ſurpriſed to hear you find fault with my manner of life, who, in your travels to Gaul, and the Weſtern Ocean, found me amongſt the moſt celebrated Sophiſts, teaching rhetoric, and receiving moſt ample rewards for it.

This, my friend, though in the greateſt hurry of buſineſs, I could not help writing in my own vindication, as I thought it of the utmoſt conſequence to be thoroughly * acquitted by you. As to the reſt of the world, ſhould they all write to condemn me, I ſhall only ſay,—— † it is nothing to Hippoclides.

* *Acquitted.*] Greek, τὴν λεύκτην, album calculum, alluding to the cuſtom of condemning or acquitting by black or white ſtones.

Mos erat antiquis niveis atriſque lapillis
His damnare reos, illis abſolvere culpa. Ovid. Met. l. 15.

Afterwards they made uſe of beans for the ſame purpoſe.

† *It is nothing, &c.*] See Lucian's Philopatris.

HER-

HERMOTIMUS,

A DIALOGUE.

LUCIAN, *in the Character of* LYCINUS, *which he aſſumes in this* Dialogue, *laughs at the various Sects of Philoſophers, rallies their Abſurdities, condemns their partial Attachments to their own Tenets, and expoſes their Pride and Self-ſufficiency. His Irony is delicate, his Alluſions ingenious, and moſt of his Arguments, in favour of that Scepticiſm which he ſupports, unanſwerable. A Vein of good Senſe and cloſe Reaſoning runs through the whole. The Style is clear, flowing, and perſpicuous.*

LYCINUS, HERMOTIMUS.

LYCINUS.

BY the book in your hand, and the haſte you ſeem to be in, you are going, I gueſs, with all ſpeed to your maſter; you are meditating, I obſerve, as you go along, move your lips gently, and ſaw your hands backwards and forwards, as if you were repeating ſome ſpeech to yourſelf, diſcuſſing a knotty point, or planning a piece of ſophiſtry; reſolving, I ſuppoſe, not to be idle, even upon the road, but always at work, and doing ſomething for your improvement.

HERMOTIMUS.

Lycinus, you are right, for ſo indeed it is: I was running over yeſterday's leſſon in my memory, and repeating every thing my great maſter had ſaid in it: we ſhould let no time paſs, I think, unemployed, well knowing the truth of what the * Coan ſage remarked, that "Life is ſhort, and art long." This is ſaid of phyſic, a thing much eaſier learned than philoſophy, which cannot be attained even by length of time, unleſs we keep our eyes perpetually fixed upon it, and of no little moment is that trial, which is to determine whether we are to be miſerable, amidſt the filth and pollution of the vulgar, or lead a life of philoſophic happineſs.

LYCINUS.

The reward you ſpeak of is great, indeed, and long, I think, it cannot be before you are in the poſſeſſion of it, if I may judge from the time you

* *Coan ſage.*] Hippocrates.—This is the firſt of his aphoriſms.

have

have ſtudied philoſophy, and the labour you have gone through in the ſearch of it: for, if I remember right, you have done nothing for theſe twenty years paſt but run after maſters, buried yourſelf in books, and wrote diaries; your face pale with ſtudy, and your body emaciated by conſtant watching, ſo ſwallowed up in it, as ſcarce to afford yourſelf time for ſleep or refreſhment: when I reflect on this, I cannot ſuppoſe but you will very ſoon reach the utmoſt height of human happineſs, if you are not, perhaps, without our knowlege, got there already.

HERMOTIMUS.

How is that poſſible, Lycinus, when I am now but juſt in ſight of it! Virtue, as * Heſiod tells us, dwells afar off from us, the way to her is long, ſteep, and rugged, nor little is the traveller's toil in ſearch of her.

LYCINUS.

And have not you toiled and travelled enough already?

HERMOTIMUS.

Not yet, my Lycinus; for had I reached the ſummit I ſhould be completely happy: at preſent I have but juſt begun my journey.

LYCINUS.

The beginning, you know, ſays the ſame Heſiod, is one half; ſo that we may now ſuppoſe you to be about the middle.

HERMOTIMUS.

Not ſo far: much, indeed, of my taſk would then be finiſhed.

LYCINUS.

Whereabouts, then, may we venture to place you?

HERMOTIMUS.

At the foot of the mountain: all my ſtrength is neceſſary in the ſtruggle to get up, for the way is rough, and ſlippery; I want a hand ſtretched out to help me forward.

LYCINUS.

Your maſter is the fitteſt then; he, like Homer's Jupiter, will let down the † golden chain, his own inſtruction, and lift you up to himſelf, and that virtue which he has long ſince aſcended to.

HER-

* *Heſiod.*] See his 'Weeks and Days.'

† *Golden chain.*] Alluding to Jupiter's ſpeech in the 8th book of Homer's Iliad, where he ſays,

Let down your golden, everlaſting chain,
Strive all, of mortal, and immortal birth,
To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth,

Ye

HERMOTIMUS.

There you are right; for if it had depended on him I ſhould have got up there long ago; but I am too weak myſelf.

LYCINUS.

Be confident, however; take courage, and look forward to the end of your journey, the ſummit of happineſs, eſpecially as he will aſſiſt and ſupport you; in the mean time, what hope does he give you? How long do you think it will be before you reach the top of this mountain? when the myſteries are over, or after the * Panathenæa?

HERMOTIMUS.

You have ſet a ſhort time, indeed.

LYCINUS.

Next Olympiad, then.

HERMOTIMUS.

Much too little ſtill for the practice of virtue, and the poſſeſſion of true felicity.

LYCINUS.

Well, in two Olympiads, at fartheſt, it muſt be; or they will ſay you are idle indeed, when a man might eaſily go thrice in that time, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Indies and back again, even though he ſhould not travel ſtrait on, but ramble about the countries in his way thither. How much higher and more ſlippery is this ſame hill of Virtue, pray, than the famous † Aornus, which Alexander took in a few days?

HERMOTIMUS.

There is not the leaſt reſemblance, Lycinus, between what you talk of, which might be done in a very ſhort time, and our fort; which a thouſand Alexanders could never take; if they could, numbers would have been there; but the truth is, many attempt it with all their might, and get on a little, ſome more, ſome leſs, but when they are half way there, meet with ſo many obſtacles that they turn back, reeking with the toil, out of breath, and impatient of the labour; whilſt thoſe who perſevere to the end, reach

Ye ſtrive in vain! if I but ſtretch this hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land. See Pope's Iliad, book viii. l. 25.

* *Panathenæa*] Which was celebrated only once in five years.

† *Aornus.*] A very high rock in India, ſo called from its exceeding the flight of any bird. This rock was taken by Alexander, or rather abandoned by the enemy, in his expedition to India. See Q. Curtius and Arrian.

the

the ſummit, and from that time lead a life of perfect eaſe and happineſs, looking down from the ſeat of eminence on the reſt of mankind, as on ſo many piſmires.

LYCINUS.

O heaven! Hermotimus, what poor creatures you make of us, worſe than pigmies, we crawl only on the ſurface of the earth; and no wonder, indeed, for you can think of nothing but high things, exalted as you are above us, and we, the ſcum, who creep here below, muſt worſhip, as gods, you who are got above the clouds, and carried up thus to the ſummit you were in ſuch haſte to get up to.

HERMOTIMUS.

Would it were ſo, Lycinus! but a great deal remains to be done yet.

LYCINUS.

But you have not told us how much, that we may compute the time neceſſary.

HERMOTIMUS.

Nor do I know it exactly myſelf; in about twenty years, however, I imagine we may reach to the top.

LYCINUS.

O Hercules! what an age!

HERMOTIMUS.

The ſtruggle, conſider, is for ſomething of the greateſt value.

LYCINUS.

It may be ſo: but with regard to theſe twenty years, did your maſter promiſe you ſhould live ſo long? he is not only a wiſe man, I ſuppoſe, but a prophet, or ſkilled in the knowlege of the Chaldæans, who, they ſay, are acquainted with theſe things; for ſurely if it was uncertain whether your life would be prolonged till you were in poſſeſſion of this virtue, it is ſcarce probable that you ſhould go through ſo much labour, and torment yourſelf night and day, when you did not know but, perhaps, as ſoon as you had got near the top, fate on a ſudden ſhould ſeize on, and at once deprive you of every hope.

HERMOTIMUS.

Away with your ill omens: grant heaven I may live, though but for a day, to be happy in the enjoyment of true wiſdom!

LYCINUS.

And will one day ſatisfy you for all your toil and trouble?

HERMOTIMUS.

Yes: an hour, a minute, the leaſt particle of time is enough for me.

LYCINUS.

But how do you know whether the things above, for which you ſuffer all this, are in truth ſuch bleſſings, and can impart ſuch happineſs, when you were never there yourſelf, to experience them?

HERMOTIMUS.

I truſt to what my maſter tells me; he has got to the ſummit, and knows it all.

LYCINUS.

By the gods, then, I intreat you, my friend, inform me, what ſays he? how do they live there, and in what does their happineſs conſiſt? in riches, glory, or pleaſures the moſt exquiſite?

HERMOTIMUS.

Talk more ſoberly, dear Lycinus, a life of virtue has nothing to do with ſuch things as theſe.

LYCINUS.

If theſe are not, what ſays he are the rewards of all their labour?

HERMOTIMUS.

Wiſdom, fortitude, the beautiful, the juſt, the conſciouſneſs of knowing how every thing is conducted; but riches, glory, pleaſures, every thing corporeal, every thing terreſtrial, are left here below, and the man, like Hercules, who periſhed in the flames on mount Oeta, becomes a God; he, we know, ſhook off all that was mortal, all that he inherited from his mother, and, purged of his droſs by fire, put on pure uncorrupt divinity, and fled to the gods: thus alſo it is that theſe purified by philoſophy, as it were by fire, look down upon all thoſe things which others hold in admiration; and, raiſed to the ſummit, live a life of happineſs, without even the leaſt remembrance of riches, glory, or pleaſures, laughing at and contemning all ſuch as eſteem or value them.

LYCINUS.

Now, by Ætian Hercules, I ſwear, Hermotimus, moſt wonderful muſt be their fortitude, and great their felicity; but, pray, inform me of one thing; may they come down from the mountain, if they pleaſe, and enjoy thoſe things at any time which they left behind them; or are they obliged, when they are once got up, to remain there with virtue, and to deſpiſe riches and pleaſures?

HERMOTIMUS.

Not only ſo, Lycinus, but whoever is grown * perfect in virtue, from that time can never be a ſlave to anger, fear, or any paſſion; never is affected by ſorrow, trouble, or calamity.

LYCINUS.

And yet, if one might ſpeak the truth, but we muſt take care what we ſay, as it were impious, I ſuppoſe, to enquire into the affairs of the wiſe ——

HERMOTIMUS.

By no means: ſpeak whatever you pleaſe.

LYCINUS.

You ſee, my friend, I am afraid.

HERMOTIMUS.

Fear nothing: we are all alone.

LYCINUS.

To ſpeak freely then, Hermotimus, whilſt you were relating to me how theſe men became wiſe, brave, juſt, and ſo forth, I liſtened with attention, gave you credit for it all, and was pleaſed with your diſcourſe: but when you told me they deſpiſed glory and riches, and pleaſures, and that they never were angry, or uneaſy, there I muſt own, between ourſelves (for there is nobody by), I began to doubt, recollecting what I had juſt before ſeen done by a certain perſon, ſhall I name him, or is it enough ——

HERMOTIMUS.

O no, tell me who it was, I beſeech you.

LYCINUS.

Even your own good maſter; a man in all other reſpects truly eſtimable, and, as you know, far advanced in years.

HERMOTIMUS.

And what did he do?

LYCINUS.

You know his diſciple, the ſtranger of Heraclea, who came every day to him to learn philoſophy, a red-haired man, and rather fiery?

* *Perfect in virtue.*] This was a doctrine worthy of the ſelf-conceited Stoics. Little ſhould we expect to find it adopted in a Chriſtian community: and yet of the very ſame nature is the Methodiſts doctrine of Aſſurance, which informs us, that the elect, after they are once become regenerate, or born anew, can never fall back into ſin, or be guilty of any crime; a doctrine totally oppoſite to the dictates of our bleſſed Saviour, who bids us "Whilſt we ſtand take heed leſt we fall."

HERMOTIMUS.

I know who you mean; his name is Dion.

LYCINUS.

The ſame. This man, becauſe, I ſuppoſe, he had not paid him the money due in proper time, did he drag before a magiſtrate, ſeizing him by the collar, and roaring in a moſt violent paſſion; and if ſome friends, who happened to come by, had not delivered the youth out of his hands, I verily believe the old man would have bit his noſe off.

HERMOTIMUS.

That Dion is a bad man; he was always ungrateful, and ſlow in his payments; my maſter never acted ſo to any body elſe; for they generally pay him when it is due.

LYCINUS.

And if they did not, my good friend, what would it ſignify to him who is purged by philoſophy, and can never want any thing; having left, you know, all cares of that ſort behind him on * mount Oeta.

HERMOTIMUS.

Can you imagine it is on his own account that he troubles himſelf about theſe things? No, my friend; he has ſmall children, and his care is for them, leſt they ſhould come to want.

LYCINUS.

He ſhould have brought them up to virtue alſo, that they might enjoy the ſame happineſs as himſelf, and be able to deſpiſe riches.

HERMOTIMUS.

At preſent, Lycinus, I really have not time to diſpute this matter with you, for I am this moment going to his lectures, and am afraid I ſhall be too late.

LYCINUS.

Give yourſelf no trouble, my good friend, on that account: you need not proceed any farther; for there is a ſuſpenſion of arms.

HERMOTIMUS.

What do you mean?

LYCINUS.

That you will not ſee him this time, if we are to give any credit to his proclamation; a bill is put up at his door in great letters, informing us that

* *Mount Oeta.*] Alluding to the compariſon made a little before, by Hermotimus, of the retreat of Hercules to mount Oeta.

there is to be no diſputation to-day; the reaſon it ſeems is, that he ſupped laſt night with Eucrates, who gave a treat on his daughter's birth-day, talked much at the feaſt, and entered into a warm debate with Euthydemus, the Peripatetic, about ſomething in which he and the Stoic ſeldom agree; the noiſe made his head ach, there was a deal of conteſt, and the diſpute, they ſay, laſted till midnight; he had drunk, I ſuppoſe, beſides, a little too much, provoked to it by the company, as is uſual on theſe occaſions, and eat more, withal, than an old man ſhould; when he came home he caſcaded plentifully, it ſeems, and ſcraping together the remnants, which he had given to the boy that ſtood behind him, he locked them up carefully, and went to ſleep; leaving orders that nobody ſhould be admitted. This I had from his ſervant Midas, who told it to ſeveral of his ſcholars, that were obliged to return back.

HERMOTIMUS.

But pray, Lycinus, which had the beſt of it? my maſter or Euthydemus? Did Midas ſay any thing of that?

LYCINUS.

The ſuperiority was for a long time undecided, till victory at length declared on your ſide, and the old man had greatly the advantage; Euthydemus, indeed, departed, not without bloodſhed, having received a terrible wound on the head; for, being extremely reſtleſs and obſtinate, and unwilling to be convinced or refuted, your moſt excellent maſter, happening to have by chance a cup in his hand, a truly * Neſtorian one indeed, threw it directly at his head, as he ſat pretty cloſe to him; and thus gained a complete victory.

HERMOTIMUS.

And nobly was it done: there is no other way of treating thoſe who refuſe to yield to their betters.

LYCINUS.

It is as you ſay, Hermotimus, the moſt rational method. How abomi-

* *Neſtorian.*] Alluding to Neſtor's goblet, mentioned in the eleventh book of the Iliad:

A goblet, ſacred to the Pylian kings,
From eldeſt times; emboſs'd with ſtuds of gold.
Two feet ſupport it, and four handles hold;
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
In ſculptur'd gold, two turtles ſeem'd to drink;
A maſſy weight, yet heav'd with eaſe by him. See Pope's Iliad, b. xi. l. 773.

One cannot read the deſcription of ſo elegant a piece of furniture, without admiring the high and finiſhed ſtate of the fine arts, in times ſo remote as the age of Homer.

nable

nable and ridiculous it was in Euthydemus, thus to provoke an old man, a ſtranger to paſſion, and ſuperior to reſentment, eſpecially when he had ſuch a heavy cup in his hand! but as we have at preſent nothing elſe to do, why ſhould not you entertain me with an account of the manner in which you firſt began to philoſophize, that I may myſelf ſtrike into the ſame path, and enter immediately, if poſſible, into it: this is a favour which, being ſuch friends as we are, you cannot well refuſe me.

HERMOTIMUS.

If you are really deſirous of it, Lycinus, you will ſoon perceive how ſuperior you will be to all mankind, who will appear but as boys in compariſon to you, ſo greatly will you excel in wiſdom.

LYCINUS.

I ſhall be thoroughly ſatisfied, if after twenty years I ſhould be the ſame as you are now.

HERMOTIMUS.

Never fear but you will: I was juſt of your age when I began; about forty, I ſuppoſe.

LYCINUS.

You are right: be pleaſed, therefore, to lead me in the ſame path: but, pray, inform me firſt, do you permit ſcholars to aſk queſtions, and contradict, if any thing you tell them ſeems wrong, or is this freedom never taken?

HERMOTIMUS.

* Never: you may, notwithſtanding, aſk any queſtions you pleaſe: perhaps you may learn the better for it.

LYCINUS.

So Hermes, whence you borrow your name, protect me! but tell me, my good friend, is there only one path, that of you Stoics, which leads to philoſophy, or, as I have heard, a variety of them?

HERMOTIMUS.

There are many; Peripatetics, Epicureans, thoſe who take their name from Plato, or Diogenes, the rivals of Antiſthenes, the followers of Pythagoras, and ſeveral others.

LYCINUS.

So I have been told; and do they all ſay the ſame things, or different?

* *Never.*] The diſciples, both of the Stoic and Ariſtotelian ſchool, were obliged to ſubſcribe implicitly to the ipſe dixit, and as Horace ſays,

' Jurare in verba magiſtri.

HERMOTIMUS.

O, totally different.

LYCINUS.

If they all teach different things, but one of them, I ſhould imagine, can be right.

HERMOTIMUS.

Moſt certainly.

LYCINUS.

Pray then, my friend, when you firſt entered on philoſophy, and ſo many doors were open to it, what induced you to leave all the reſt, and ſtrike into that of the Stoics, as the only right path which could lead you to the truth, whilſt all the others were only blind alleys, where you could find no paſſage: how could you diſcover this? You were not then, as you are now, a wiſe man, or if you pleaſe, a half wiſe one, able to judge ſo much better than we vulgar people can. Anſwer me fairly, therefore, like ſuch an ignoramus as you were at that time, and as I am now.

HERMOTIMUS.

I do not rightly underſtand your queſtion, friend Lycinus.

LYCINUS.

Surely there is nothing ſo puzzling in it; as there were many philoſophers, Plato, Ariſtotle, Antiſthenes, Chryſippus, one of your own family, Zeno, and I know not how many others, what prevailed on you to contemn all the reſt, and fix on that philoſophy, which you choſe as the only good one; did the Pythian oracle decide in favour of the Stoic, and direct you to it, as it did * Chærephon, telling you it was the beſt? it generally perſuades ſome to embrace one, and ſome another, as knowing, I ſuppoſe, what is moſt ſuitable to every man.

HERMOTIMUS.

That was not my reaſon, Lycinus, nor did I conſult any god about it.

LYCINUS.

Was it then that you thought the matter ſcarce worthy the interpoſition of divine wiſdom, or that you imagined yourſelf ſufficiently able to determine without it?

HERMOTIMUS.

I really thought ſo.

LYCINUS.

You will, therefore, be ſo kind as to inform me, by what means one may at firſt ſight diſtinguiſh the true philoſophy from all thoſe that are falſe.

* *Charephon.*] See Plato's Apol. in Socratem.

HERMOTIMUS.

I will tell you; I ſaw numbers adhere to her, and therefore concluded ſhe muſt be the beſt.

LYCINUS.

How many more were they than the Platoniſts and Epicureans? For, I ſuppoſe, you counted them, as they do at elections.

HERMOTIMUS.

I never counted them; I only gueſſed.

LYCINUS.

Surely you do not mean to inſtruct, but to deceive and hide the truth from me, when, in ſuch an affair as this, you go by numbers and gueſs-work.

HERMOTIMUS.

It was not that alone which determined me; but I heard every body ſay, the Epicureans were ſqueamiſh voluptuaries, the Peripatetics ſordid and litigious, the Platonics proud and vain-glorious; but the Stoics, numbers acknowleged, were brave and all-knowing, and he who followed them was the only wiſe, the only rich man, the only * king, was, in ſhort, every thing that is deſireable.

LYCINUS.

Did other people tell you this? for, I ſuppoſe, you would hardly have given credit to ſuch as only praiſed themſelves.

HERMOTIMUS.

By no means: I had it from many others.

LYCINUS.

Thoſe who embrace a different opinion, the followers of other ſects, and there are many, could never tell you ſo.

HERMOTIMUS.

No, certainly.

LYCINUS.

You had it then from the ignorant and illiterate.

HERMOTIMUS.

May be ſo.

LYCINUS.

Mark now how again you endeavour to impoſe upon me, as if you were

* *King.*] Horace deſcribes the perfect philoſopher exactly in the ſame manner,

Ad ſummam, ſapiens uno minor eſt Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher—REX denique REGUM. Epiſt. i. l. 107.

talking

talking with another * Margites, fooliſh enough, to believe that a man of ſenſe, like Hermotimus, at the age of forty, would have truſted a matter ſo important as philoſophy to a parcel of ideots, who knew nothing of the matter, and determined his choice as they directed him. I would never believe any body that ſhould tell me ſo.

HERMOTIMUS.

But you are to know, my friend, I did not rely on others in this affair, but on myſelf; for I obſerved the Stoics always of a decent carriage, always well and properly cloathed, always ſerious and thoughtful, with a manly aſpect, generally cloſe-ſhaved, neither ſoft and effeminate, nor too rough and negligent in their appearance, as the Cynics are, but preſerving in all things that medium which is univerſally admired.

LYCINUS.

And did you never ſee them do any of thoſe things, which, as I juſt now obſerved, your maſter was guilty of, ſuch as turning uſurers, ſcolding people for their wages, quarrelling at their meetings, and the like? or do you think all this ſignifies nothing, provided that their dreſs is becoming, their beards long, and their heads cloſe-ſhaved? Upon the whole then, from this wiſe deciſion, we learn this excellent rule, that we are to judge of merit by habits, beards, and geſtures; and whoever excels not in theſe, and does not look fierce, thoughtful, and moroſe, ſhould be reprobated and deſpiſed. But do you really think, Hermotimus, I am to be ſo eaſily fooled and impoſed on?

HERMOTIMUS.

What do you mean?

LYCINUS.

Dreſs, my good friend, is the excellence of a ſtatue; they are much † better cloathed, and appear finer when a Phidias, a Myro, or Alcamenes trick them out to the beſt advantage; but, if we muſt judge from theſe marks, what muſt the ſeeker after true philoſophy do, who happens to be blind, how will he diſtinguiſh which ſect is the beſt, who cannot ſee how they dreſs, or how they walk?

* *Margites.*] Any fooliſh fellow was commonly called Margites, probably from ſome famous ideot of that name. See Eraſm. Chil. According to Ariſtotle, Homer wrote a mock-heroic, or ſatirical poem with this title, though it is diſputed by other writers.

† *Better cloathed.*] Moſt of the beſt ancient ſtatues, now extant, are naked.—The well-dreſſed ones, which Lucian talks of, have not had the good fortune to reach us.

HER-

HERMOTIMUS.

But I am not talking to the blind, neither do I trouble myſelf about them.

LYCINUS.

Surely, my good friend, in things of ſuch conſequence, ſo uſeful and neceſſary to all, there ſhould be ſome common, ſome univerſal mark to diſtinguiſh by: let the blind, if you pleaſe, go without philoſophy, as they can ſee nothing; though I ſhould think a little philoſophy very neceſſary for them, that they may bear their misfortune the better; but how can thoſe who do ſee, be their eyes ever ſo ſharp, behold any thing belonging to the mind, or judge of it from external appearance? for, let me aſk you, did you not attach yourſelf to theſe men from an opinion of their underſtanding, and the hopes of improving by their advice?

HERMOTIMUS.

Moſt undoubtedly.

LYCINUS.

And how, by any of the ſigns you mentioned, could you tell whether a man was a good or bad philoſopher? this does not appear at firſt ſight, but lies hidden in ſecret, and is brought forth only in length of time by frequent meeting, converſation, and other means of the like nature. You have heard, I ſuppoſe, the ſtory of Momus and Vulcan; if you have not, thus it runs.

There was once a trial of ſkill, ſays the fable, between Minerva, Neptune, and Vulcan, which ſhould produce the moſt complete work: Neptune made a bull, Minerva a horſe, and Vulcan a man. When they came to Momus, whom they had choſen umpire, after a careful examination of every performance, he found great fault with Vulcan (what he ſaid of the reſt it matters not), for not making a * door in his man's breaſt, to open and let us know what he willed, and thought, and whether he ſpoke truth or not.

Momus was ſo dull he could not ſee into theſe things; but you, with more than the lynx's ſharpneſs, can ſee into the breaſt of every man, and not only can tell what he wills, and what he thinks, but whether he is better or worſe than any body elſe.

* *A door, &c.*] Plato mentions this fable.—Momus's window is an excellent thought, and might furniſh ſome hints for a good periodical paper.

HERMOTIMUS.

I perceive, Lycinus, that you laugh at me: but heaven approves my choice; nor do I repent of it; that is ſufficient for me.

LYCINUS.

But not for me, my good friend; ſurely you would not leave me thus to wallow in the mire with the dregs and refuſe of mankind.

HERMOTIMUS.

Nothing that I ſay is agreeable to you.

LYCINUS.

Not ſo, my friend; it is becauſe you will ſay nothing that can be agreeable to me: you are purpoſely cloſe and reſerved, and ſeem afraid that I ſhould become as good a philoſopher as you are. I muſt, therefore, try myſelf to form a judgment of my own, and find out, if poſſible, the true ſect. Liſten therefore to me a little, if you pleaſe.

HERMOTIMUS.

With all my heart; you may advance ſomething worth knowing.

LYCINUS.

Attend then; but do not laugh at me if I ſhew my want of ſkill, and do it in an aukward manner; as well I may, when even you, who know the thing ſo much better, are ſo obſcure.

I imagine virtue, then, as reſembling a city (and thus, perhaps, your maſter would deſcribe her), whoſe denizens are all perfectly happy, and perfectly wiſe, brave, juſt, temperate, and little leſs than gods: there you will not ſee men, as amongſt us, guilty of theft, rapine, and injuſtice; proud, arrogant, and oppreſſive; but all enjoying themſelves in mutual peace and concord: nor is it to be wondered at, for all thoſe things which in other cities ſtir up ſtrife and contention, and excite men to lay ſnares for and deſtroy each other, are baniſhed from hence: they have no pleaſure, glory, or riches to contend for, which are all driven from this place, as ſuperfluous and unneceſſary: here they live a peaceable and happy life, with good laws, freedom, equality of condition, and every thing that is pleaſant and deſireable.

HERMOTIMUS.

This, my friend, is a city which all would wiſh to inhabit: who would grudge their labour in the ſearch of it, or think the way long that led them to ſuch a place, if, after all, their names could be enrolled in it?

LYCINUS.

To this, Hermotimus, we ſhould zealouſly apply ourſelves, and caſt away every other care: if we could lay hold on ſuch a country, neither parents nor children, though with tears they intreated, ſhould draw us from it; we ſhould exhort them to follow us in the ſame path; but if they were unwilling, or unable, ſhake them off, and proceed on our journey to this bleſſed city; tear off, and even leave our garment behind; for from this place, though naked, none are excluded. I remember well an old man deſcribing this place, and perſuading me to follow him thither, telling me he would go firſt, and when I came. would make me a denizen of that city, and of his tribe, and that there I ſhould live a life of perfect felicity. I, ſuch was the folly of youth, for it is fifteen years ago, did not follow him; perhaps by this time I might have been in the ſuburbs, or even at the gates of it. He told me, I call to mind, amongſt many other things, that there all were gueſts and ſtrangers, not natives of the place; that many barbarians and ſlaves, many poor, little, and deformed were there; that every one, in ſhort, who choſe it, might be a citizen; for the law was, that none ſhould be admitted on account of his eſtate, his dreſs, or ſtature, his beauty, his family, or the dignity of his anceſtors; to theſe no deference was paid; to the rank of citizen nothing was neceſſary but wiſdom, induſtry, the love of truth, contempt of pleaſures, and a mind that would not bend or yield, though attacked by ever ſo many difficulties and dangers; poſſeſſed of theſe qualities, whoſoever he be, he is immediately admitted; for the names of better or worſe, noble or ignoble, freeman or ſlave, are never mentioned or thought on there.

HERMOTIMUS.

Now, Lycinus, you ſee I had no little or trifling object in view when my ambition was to become a denizen of ſuch a noble, ſuch a happy city.

LYCINUS.

Our purſuits then are the ſame, nor is there any thing which I more ardently wiſh to obtain; had it been near, and in ſight of all men, I had long ſince been a citizen of it; but ſince, as both you and Heſiod, that old rhapſodiſt, tell us, it is a great way off, we muſt endeavour to find out the beſt way, and the ſureſt guide to it: ſhould we not?

HERMOTIMUS.

The only means, no doubt of arriving at it.

LYCINUS.

As far as promiſes and profeſſions go, we have guides enough; hundreds ſtand ready, and tell us they are inhabitants juſt come from thence: and as to ways, there is not only one but many to it, and all different from each other; one leads to the eaſt, another to the weſt, one goes north, another ſouth; ſome carry us through flowery groves, meads, and pleaſant ſhades, without thorns or briars, whilſt others are rough and ſtony, through perpetual heat, thirſt, and labour; and yet all, they tell us, lead to one city, though they every one bring us out through paths directly oppoſite. Thus are we left ſtill in doubt and uncertainty; for at the entrance of every path there meets you one, worthy no doubt of all your confidence, who ſtretches out his hand, deſiring you to follow him, telling you that his is the only right way, and that all the reſt are wandering in the dark, that they neither came from thence themſelves, nor are able to direct others to it; the next and the next you meet tells you the ſame ſtory, and ſo will every one of them. It is this variety of ways which diſtracts and confounds us, where each guide contends for, and praiſes his own, I cannot tell which to follow, or how I am ever to arrive at this ſeat of happineſs.

HERMOTIMUS.

I can at once free you from all your doubts; truſt to thoſe who have gone the journey before you, and you cannot err.

LYCINUS.

But who are they? which way did they travel, and what guide did they follow? for the ſame uncertainty occurs, only in another form, when, taking leave of the things themſelves, we conſider the men who perform them.

HERMOTIMUS.

How ſo?

LYCINUS.

Becauſe one, for inſtance, ſtrikes into Plato's road, and with him, praiſes that alone; a ſecond goes into that of Epicurus, a third to another maſter, and you to your's: is it not ſo, my friend?

HERMOTIMUS.

And why not?

LYCINUS.

You have not, therefore, removed my doubts, for ſtill I am as ignorant as before, and know not on which traveller I muſt rely; for I perceive that each of them, together with his guide, has tried but one way, which he commends,

commends, and tells us it is the only one that leads to the city: but how can I know that he tells me truth, that he has got to the end of his journey? That he has seen some city, I may grant him, but whether he has ever been at that where you and I wish to be, or whether he may have gone to Babylon, and taken that for Corinth, I am still to learn. It is not every one who has seen a city that has been at Corinth, for Corinth is not the only one: but what confounds me most is, that as I know there is but one Corinth, so there is but one right and true way to it, and that all the rest will lead us any where else, any where rather than there, unless one could be foolish enough to suppose that the way to India, or the Hyperboreans, could lead us to Corinth.

HERMOTIMUS.

Which can never be.

LYCINUS.

Therefore, my good Hermotimus, great caution is necessary, both with regard to the path, and to our leaders in it: we must not here observe the old * saying, "wherever our feet will carry us, there let us go;" for thus, instead of going into the path that leads to Corinth, we might get to Bactra, or Babylon: nor must we take our chance and trust to fortune; in length of time this, perhaps, might bring us there; but in matters of such moment we must not stand the hazard of the † dye, shut up all our hopes in such a narrow compass; or, as the ‡ proverb says, "cross the Ionian or Ægean in a wicker boat." If, aiming at truth, we miss the mark, Fortune is not to be blamed, because she stands alone, amongst a thousand falsehoods. Even § Homer's archer, Teucer I think it was, could not do this, who, when he shot at the pigeon, only broke the cord that held it; it is probable, indeed, that we may hit some thing, but scarce so that, out of all, we should strike the very thing we aimed at: the danger is, when thus we trust that Fortune will chuse the best for us, lest we fall into some fatal error, when we have

* *Old saying.*] Quocunque pedes ferunt. See Erasm. in Proverb. not unlike our own common expression, "follow your nose."

† *The dye.*] It is observable that this image has been adopted by all languages, and is to be met with in almost every author ancient and modern.

‡ *The Proverb.*] Ægeum scaphula transmittere. See Erasm. Prov. This proverbial phrase was usually applied to any very hazardous or desperate undertaking.

§ *Homer's archer.*] From Homer's description of the funeral games in honour of Patroclus.

—— The well-aim'd arrow turn'd aside
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xxiii. l. 1024.

looſed our anchor and ſet ſail, we cannot always return in ſafety, but may be toſt about at ſea, ſuffer head-ach, ſickneſs, and a thouſand terrors: when we ought, before we left the harbour, to have ſeated ourſelves on an eminence, and ſeen whether the wind was fair for Corinth, choſen an able pilot, and provided a well-built veſſel, that could weather a ſtorm.

HERMOTIMUS.

It would certainly be moſt prudent: but I know, after all, if you go through the whole circle, you will never find better leaders, or more expert pilots than the Stoics: if you wiſh to get to Corinth, follow them; walk after Zeno and Chryſippus, or you will never do it.

LYCINUS.

This is all old and trite, Hermotimus; thoſe who follow Plato and Epicurus ſay juſt the ſame thing, every one tells me I ſhall never arrive at Corinth without him: thus I muſt either give credit to all, which would be abſurd and ridiculous, or to neither of them; and this is certainly the ſafeſt way, till we can find out ſomebody that will ſpeak truth. For only ſuppoſe that, ignorant of it as I am now, I ſhould embrace your opinion, and repoſe confidence in you as my friend, you, who are attached to the Stoic doctrines, and will acknowlege no other; ſuppoſe that, after this, ſome god ſhould call back to life Plato, Ariſtotle, Pythagoras, and the reſt of them; ſuppoſe they ſhould bring me before their tribunal, ſhould all ſurround me, and ſay,—how comes it, friend Lycinus, that you have thus preferred to us Zeno and Chryſippus, thoſe men of yeſterday, without ever conſulting us, or attending to our arguments? how could I anſwer them? Would it be ſufficient to ſay, I relied on Hermotimus, my old friend and companion: we know him not, might they reply, nor is he acquainted with us; you ought not, therefore, thus to have condemned us, abſent and unheard; you ought not to have placed ſuch confidence in a man who knows but one ſect, and that imperfectly; it is not thus our lawgivers inſtruct their judges, nor do they permit them to hear one ſide only, and not the other, but to give equal attention to both, that the arguments of each being carefully weighed and conſidered, they may diſcern truth from falſehood; and this, if they do not perform, the law allows them to appeal to another judicature.

Thus, perhaps, my friend, would they interogate me. Suppoſe, again, one of them ſhould ſay,—What think you, Lycinus, if an Æthiopian, who had never been out of his own country, or ſeen ſuch men as we are, ſhould aſſert,

aſſert, in a public aſſembly, that there were not upon the face of the earth any men of white or yellow complexions, but that they were all black, would he be believed? Would not ſome of the elders reprove him, and ſay, how came you, who were never out of Æthiopia, to know what other men may be? Would not ſuch a reproof be juſt, my friend?

HERMOTIMUS.

No doubt of it.

LYCINUS.

It would, you think: ſuppoſe then, but that, perhaps, you will not like ſo well, we apply this to ourſelves.

HERMOTIMUS.

How do you mean?

LYCINUS.

Why, ſuppoſe, in like manner, they ſhould ſay to me; thus it is, Lycinus, that your friend, Hermotimus, is acquainted with the doctrine of the Stoics only; he has never travelled into the regions of Plato, or Epicurus: if he aſſerts that beauty and truth are no where to be met with but in the Portico, will you not call him raſh, thus to decide on all, when he knows but one; thus to judge of all countries, when he has never ſet his foot out of Æthiopia! How am I to anſwer this, Hermotimus?

HERMOTIMUS.

By telling him the truth, Lycinus: by ſaying that we adhere to the Stoic tenets, and teach philoſophy by them; but are not ignorant of others: our maſters, in their lectures, never fail to mention, and confute them.

LYCINUS.

And here, do you think, that Plato, Pythagoras, Epicurus, and the reſt would remain ſilent, or that they would not laugh at me, and ſay, what is your friend Hermotimus about? Does he think it fair and equitable to give credit to our adverſaries, and to believe every thing which they report of us, either through ignorance, or becauſe they wiſh to conceal the truth? If the preſident of the public games ſhould ſee one of the combatants, before the battle began, practiſing a ſham fight, and * beating the air, would he, think you, crown the man as a conqueror? or would he not conſider this merely as youthful ſport and exerciſe; as the conteſt could not be decided, or victory declared, till one acknowleged himſelf conquered. Let

* *Beating, &c.*] St. Paul alludes to this cuſtom, "So fight I, as one that beateth the air." See Paul's Ep. 1 Cor. ix. 26.

not

not Hermotimus, therefore, becauſe his maſters fight with ſhadows, and beat us in our abſence, imagine that he has ſubdued us, or that our arguments are ſo eaſily confuted: this is like children, who build houſes and pull them down again immediately; or like young archers, who tie little bundles of ſtraw to the top of a ſpear, and ſhoot at them; if at two yards diſtance when, if they chance to hit a ſtraw, they think it a mighty feat indeed: but the * Perſian, or the Scythian ſhoot not thus; they will do it even on horſeback, and in full ſpeed; they wiſh not for the mark they aim at, to ſtand ſtill and wait for their arrows, but to move about, and fly from them as faſt as poſſible; thus they kill all their beaſts and birds; if they ſet up a mark to try their ſkill, it is ſome hard wood that can reſiſt the ſtroke, ſome ſhield of tough bull's hide, hoping by ſuch exerciſe that they may learn to pierce through the armour of their enemies. Tell your friend, Hermotimus, from us, good Lycinus, that his maſters are only hitting bundles of ſtraw, and boaſting at the ſame time, that they have conquered ſo many armed men; painting pictures of us, which they fight with, and conquering, overcoming, and then ſuppoſing, what is very eaſy to ſuppoſe, that they have conquered us: but we may, every one of us, ſay of them, as Achilles did of Hector,

† With ſtedfaſt eye they will not dare to gaze
At this bright helmet.

Plato, who was well acquainted with Sicily, brings us a ſtory from thence, of Gelo of Syracuſe, who, it ſeems, had a ſtinking breath, which he, being a great monarch, nobody durſt tell him of; till at length, a foreign woman met with, and took the liberty to acquaint him how the matter ſtood; when the king returned home to his wife, he was extremely angry with her that ſhe had never mentioned it to him, though ſhe muſt have known how offenſive he was; but ſhe hoped, ſhe ſaid, he would forgive her, alleging in excuſe, that as ſhe had never known, or converſed cloſely with any other man, ſhe concluded that every body ſmelt in the ſame manner.

Thus might Plato ſay of Hermotimus, that converſing with Stoics only, it is no wonder he is a ſtranger to the breaths of other men; and thus alſo might Chryſippus complain, if leaving him unheard, I join the Platonics,

* *The Perſian.*] The Perſians were remarkable for their extraordinary ſkill and dexterity in the uſe of the bow.

† *With ſtedfaſt eye, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xvi. l. 71.

and

and truſt in none but thoſe who herd with them, and them only. In a word, therefore, whilſt it remains ſtill a ſecret which is the beſt ſect in philoſophy, I am reſolved not to follow any one; as that would be an affront upon all the reſt.

HERMOTIMUS.

By Veſta, I intreat you, Lycinus, let Plato, Ariſtotle, Epicurus, and all of them reſt in peace, I ſhall not contend with them: but let you and I, my friend, enquire by ourſelves whether there be not in truth ſuch a philoſophy as we are in ſearch of. Where was the neceſſity of calling in your Æthiopians, or Gelo's wife?

LYCINUS.

If you think there is no occaſion for, we will diſmiſs them. And now, ſpeak your mind, for you ſeem to be teeming with ſomething great and wonderful.

HERMOTIMUS.

My opinion, then, is, that every man, who is acquainted with the doctrine of the Stoics only, may very eaſily learn the truth from them, without conſulting others, or aſking every body you meet; for, only conſider, if a man ſhould tell you that two and two make four, muſt you go about to all the arithmeticians to know whether it be ſo, or whether ſomebody elſe does not ſay that they make five, or ſeven? or do you not ſee immediately that he muſt have told you truth?

LYCINUS.

Immediately: no doubt.

HERMOTIMUS.

Why may it not happen, then, that one ſhould light on a Stoic, who will tell us the truth, and be perſuaded by him, without going to any of the reſt? when one knows that four can never become five, though a thouſand Plato's and Pythagoras's ſhould affirm it.

LYCINUS.

This, Hermotimus, is nothing to the point in queſtion: you compare things which all men agree in, to things which all men differ about: did you ever meet with any one who ſaid that two and two made ſeven or eleven?

HERMOTIMUS.

Never: none but a madman could ever aſſert it.

LYCINUS.

But, tell me (and, by the Graces I intreat you, ſtick to truth in your an-

ſwer), did you never hear of Stoics and Epicureans differing about the beginnings and ends of all things?

HERMOTIMUS.

Never.

LYCINUS.

Mark, now, how you endeavour to miſlead your friend. I am in ſearch of true philoſophy, you carry me to the Stoics, and tell me, they, and they alone, have diſcovered that two and two make four; but this is a doubtful point; for the Platonics and Epicureans may ſay that they have found this out, and that you make five or ſeven of it: this you do when you affirm, that nothing but what is honeſt can be good; whilſt the Epicureans tell us, nothing can be good that is not pleaſant: you ſay, every thing in nature is corporeal, but Plato ſays there are many things incorporeal: you, therefore, argue unfairly, Hermotimus, by referring every thing to the Stoics, when the judgment of others ought to be conſulted alſo, and every one heard in their turns, before we determine.

HERMOTIMUS.

Lycinus, you do not ſeem rightly to underſtand what I mean.

LYCINUS.

Make it plainer then, if you have any thing more to urge.

HERMOTIMUS.

I will immediately. Suppoſe, then, that two men came into the temple of Bacchus, or Æſculapius; a cup is miſſing from the altar, both of them muſt be ſearched, to ſee which of them has got it in his boſom.

LYCINUS.

Certainly.

HERMOTIMUS.

For one of them muſt have it.

LYCINUS.

Moſt probably.

HERMOTIMUS.

But if you find it upon one, you need not ſtrip the other, as it is plain he cannot have it.

LYCINUS.

Plain enough.

HERMOTIMUS.

And if you do NOT find it in the boſom of the firſt, the other muſt have it, and there is no occaſion to ſearch him for it.

LYCINUS.

True.

HERMOTIMUS.

Thus, my friend, if we find our cup amongſt the Stoics, we need not ſtrip any body elſe; we have what we were in ſearch of, and why ſhould we take any more trouble about it?

LYCINUS.

But, after all, my friend, if you do find the thing, you can never be certain that it is the very thing you were in ſearch of. The compariſon will not hold good; for firſt, it is not, in this caſe, only two who go into the temple, one of whom muſt have it, but a great many; then, again, we are not quite clear what the thing is, whether it be a cup, a phial, or a garland; for ſome of the prieſts call it one thing, and ſome another, nor are they agreed even about what it is made of: one calls it braſs, another ſilver, another gold, and another tin: all, therefore, who go in muſt be ſtripped, if you expect to meet with what you are in ſearch of: even if you find a gold phial upon one, ſtill you muſt examine the reſt.

HERMOTIMUS.

Why ſo?

LYCINUS.

Becauſe it is not certain whether it was a phial, that they loſt, or ſomething elſe; and even, if this is determined, it is not yet agreed upon, that the phial was a gold one; nay, after all, if this was ſettled, and you ſhould find a gold phial, ſtill there is a neceſſity of ſearching the reſt; you could not be ſure this belonged to the temple; for, may there not be more golden phials than one?

HERMOTIMUS.

Certainly.

LYCINUS.

All, therefore, muſt be examined, and what is found upon each fairly produced, that ſo we may determine which is the very thing that was ſtolen out of the temple. What makes the affair ſtill more perplexing is, that upon every one who is ſtripped may be found ſomething; a firſt ſhall have a cup, a ſecond a phial, a third a crown; one ſhall be of braſs, another, perhaps, of gold, and another of ſilver; but whether either of them is the ſacred one does not appear: you are ſtill, therefore, at a loſs for the thief, and if they found all alike, you could not gueſs which had ſtolen that very thing; for they might all be private property: the principal cauſe of all this uncertainty is, that the cup which is loſt has no inſcription on it; for if it had the name of the deity, or of the giver upon it, we ſhould be at little trouble,

and if once found on any one, we need not then examine or ſtrip any of the reſt. But, did you ever ſee the public games?

HERMOTIMUS.

Often, and in many places.

LYCINUS.

Did you ever ſit near the judges?

HERMOTIMUS.

Yes, very lately, at the Olympics. Evandris, the Elean, procured me a ſeat amongſt his countrymen, cloſe to the * Hellenodicæ, as I wiſhed to be as near as poſſible.

LYCINUS.

You know, then, that the combatants draw lots whom they are to contend with.

HERMOTIMUS.

I know it.

LYCINUS.

As you ſat ſo cloſe, you can tell beſt yourſelf then, how it was.

HERMOTIMUS.

In former times, when Hercules preſided, it was determined by leaves of laurel.

LYCINUS.

I do not want to know what they did formerly, but how it is now.

HERMOTIMUS.

They bring a ſilver urn, ſacred to the deity, into which are thrown little lots, in the ſhape of beans: on two of theſe is inſcribed the letter A, on two others B, on two others C, and ſo on, according to the number of the combatants, two lots to every letter; then each of the candidates approaching, after praying to Jupiter for ſucceſs, puts his hand into the urn, and takes out one of the lots, and after him another and another; an officer with a † whip ſtanding by, to prevent any of them from ſeeing what letter they have drawn.

* *The Hellenodicæ.*] Were ten perſons, one out of each of the Elean tribes, appointed to preſide over the Olympic games in the Elean forum, where they were obliged to reſide for ten months before the celebration of them, to take care that the candidates performed their προγυμνασματα, or preparatory exerciſes. They took an oath that they would act impartially, take no bribes, nor diſcover why they diſliked or approved any of the combatants. They ſat naked at the ſolemnity, and adjudged the prize as they thought proper. An appeal, however, lay from them, in particular caſes, to the Olympian ſenate. See Potter.

† *Whip*] Probably ſuch a one as our captain Vinegar at a horſe-race, or cricket-match, who with a long whip prevents the mob from running in, and ſpoiling the ſport. A very uſeful extempore magiſtrate.

When

When every one has got his own, the * Alytarches, or one of the Hellenodicæ, I forget which of them, examines the lots of all, as they ſtand in a circle, and matches him who has drawn one A, with him who has got the other, B with B, and ſo on, if the combatants are in even numbers, to four, eight, twelve, or twenty; if uneven, five, ſeven, nine, &c. beſides theſe, one odd lot, with a letter, is put into the urn, that has no letter anſwering to it; whoever draws this, having no correſponding adverſary to oppoſe him, muſt ſtay till all the reſt have contended, which is no little advantage to him, as he remains freſh himſelf, and is to attack thoſe who are already worn out with the combat.

LYCINUS.

Stop a moment: this is the very thing which I wanted; we will ſuppoſe there are nine combatants, and each has drawn his lot; do you go round, for I will make you a judge inſtead of a ſpectator, and examine the letters; you cannot tell which has the odd one, till you have compared them all.

HERMOTIMUS.

Why ſo?

LYCINUS.

Becauſe whatever letter you might meet with firſt, you could not poſſibly tell it was that, for it is not marked beforehand with a K, an M, or an I: when you light upon A, you muſt look for the other, when upon B, for the other B that anſwers to it, and ſo on, till you find that ſingle letter which has no other correſpondent to it.

HERMOTIMUS.

But ſuppoſe that comes up firſt or ſecond, what will you do with it?

LYCINUS.

What, indeed, Mr. Judge? would you immediately pronounce that to be the ſingle one? or muſt not you firſt go through all the letters, to ſee if any one of them anſwers to it? unleſs you examine all the lots, you cannot be ſure that this is the ſingle one.

HERMOTIMUS.

That I can very eaſily: for if there are but nine, and I find E in the firſt or ſecond place, I know that he who has this lot muſt be the ſingle combatant.

LYCINUS.

How ſo?

* *Alatarches.*] An Officer appointed, like our conſtables, by the Hellenodica, to preſerve peaceand good order at the public games, and to puniſh ſuch as were unruly.

HERMOTIMUS.

Why, thus: there are two A's, two B's, two C's, and two D's, four letters for the eight combatants; the next letter E, therefore, muſt be the odd one, and conſequently belongs to him who is left ſingle.

LYCINUS.

Shall I praiſe the art of your reply, or ſhall I ſay ſomething in anſwer to it?

HERMOTIMUS.

Anſwer it, by all means; though I do not ſee what you can rationally produce againſt it.

LYCINUS.

You contend that the letters are all put in alphabetically, firſt A, then B, and ſo on, till there remains but one for the ſingle combatant: and at the Olympics, I grant you, ſo it is: but ſuppoſe we take five letters without any order, as C S Z K T, inſcribing four of them twice on eight lots, leaving the letter Z for the laſt; if, on examining, Z comes firſt to hand, how can you tell that it belongs to the ſingle combatant, unleſs you firſt go through them all, and obſerve that it has no correſponding Z to anſwer to it, and they are not placed alphabetically?

HERMOTIMUS.

There, indeed, I cannot ſo eaſily anſwer you.

LYCINUS.

But let us conſider this matter in another light; ſuppoſe, inſtead of letters, we inſcribe on the lots certain marks or ſymbols, as is the cuſtom of the Ægyptians, who paint men with the heads of dogs or lions; but as theſe are abſurd and ridiculous, let us take marks that are more ſimple and uniform, ſuch as on two lots, for inſtance, two men, on two others two horſes, two cocks, or two dogs, and let the ninth be marked with a lion: now if you ſhould light on the lion firſt, how are you to know that to be the odd one, except you firſt go through them all, to ſee if there is any other mark of a lion correſponding with it.

HERMOTIMUS.

To this, in good truth, Lycinus, I ſhall give you no anſwer.

LYCINUS.

I ſuppoſe not, for it is unanſwerable; if, therefore, you ſee, we want to find out the gold cup, or the beſt guide to Corinth, or the old lot, we muſt firſt try and examine all with the utmoſt prudence and circumſpection; and, even then, with difficulty ſhall we diſcover the

the truth. With regard to philoſophy, if I repoſe confidence on any man, it ſhall be on him alone who knows every thing that is ſaid about it by every one. I would not believe him if he was a ſtranger but to one ſect; for that one might, perhaps, be the beſt of all: in like manner as if any one ſhould bring me a handſome man, and ſay he was the moſt beautiful of all men, I would not give him credit, unleſs I was ſatisfied that he had himſelf ſeen all ſorts of men; and if he had not, he could not poſſibly ſay, however beautiful he might be, that he was the moſt beautiful of all mankind. Now we, my friend, are in ſearch, not only of the beautiful, but of perfect beauty, and we do nothing if we do not diſcover, not merely ſomething handſome, but that ſummit of true beauty, which muſt be * UNIQUE.

HERMOTIMUS.

Granted.

LYCINUS.

Can you ſhew me a man, then, who has tried every path in philoſophy, who knows all that has been ſaid by Pythagoras, Plato, Ariſtotle, Chryſippus, Epicurus, and the reſt of them; and after, out of them all, hath choſen that which by his own experience he is ſatisfied is the only one which can guide him to true happineſs? If we can meet with ſuch a one, our labour is at an end.

HERMOTIMUS.

But ſuch a man, Lycinus, we ſhall not eaſily find.

LYCINUS.

What then is to be done? Though we have not the good fortune to meet with any of theſe leaders, we need not deſpair. The beſt and ſafeſt way is for every man to go through every ſect, and conſider ſeriouſly what is advanced by every one of them.

HERMOTIMUS.

So, indeed, it ſhould ſeem, if it did not contradict what you juſt now mentioned, namely, that when we have ſpread our ſails, and ventured on the ocean, it is not always ſo eaſy to get back again: and how could a man try every path, if, as you ſay, he may be detained and kept back in the very firſt?

LYCINUS.

I will tell you how: we muſt imitate † Theſeus; get a clue of Ariadne at

* *Unique.*] Greek, ακροτατον καλλος ὁπερ αναγκη ἑν ειναι. The French word here adopted in the tranſlation, happily anſwers both to the καλλος and ἑν of the original.

† *Theſeus.*] The ſtory alluded to, which the unlearned reader may, perhaps, be unacquainted

at every labyrinth, and ſo extricate ourſelves from it without any trouble.

HERMOTIMUS.

But who ſhall be our Ariadne, or where ſhall we get thread enough for the clue?

LYCINUS.

Courage, my friend; never deſpair: I think I have got one we may hold by.

HERMOTIMUS.

Where is it?

LYCINUS.

It is none of mine, but an aphoriſm of one of your * wiſe men. "Be always ſober, and never credulous:" if we take care not to believe too much, but judge deliberately, and let them talk on, we may, poſſibly, get out of the labyrinth.

HERMOTIMUS.

The advice is good, let us follow it.

LYCINUS.

Be it ſo: and now whom ſhall we apply to firſt? though that is of no great conſequence; ſuppoſe, for inſtance, as chance may direct us, we come to Pythagoras; how long, think you, may we be learning all his doctrines? including his five years ſilence, I ſuppoſe, about thirty years, or twenty at leaſt.

HERMOTIMUS.

Thereabouts.

LYCINUS.

Plato, then, would take near as many; and Ariſtotle as many more.

HERMOTIMUS.

Certainly not leſs.

quainted with, is briefly this: Minos, king of Crete, annually ſacrificed a bull to Neptune; but chancing one year to pick out a very beautiful one for the purpoſe, he thought it too handſome, and ſubſtituted another in its ſtead. Neptune, being affronted at this, inſpired his wife, Paſiphae, with a paſſion for the fine bull, and the fruit of her amour was a monſter, half man and half bull, called the Minotaur, which Minos confined in the famous labyrinth made by Dædalus, and ſacrificed to it, every ſeventh year, ſeven young Athenian men and as many virgins: but the great Theſeus delivered his country from this cruel tribute, by ſlaying the monſter, whom, the poets tell us, he would never have got at, or got away from, if the fair Ariadne, Minos's daughter, who fell in love with, had not ſupplied him with a clue, or thread, that guided him ſafe through the labyrinth.—Something of the ſame kind is related concerning the fair Roſamond, Woodſtock bower, &c.

* *Wiſe men.*] Epicharmus, the Sicilian philoſopher. Tully has adopted this ſaying, nervi (ſays he) atque artus ſunt ſapientiæ, non temere credere.

LYCI-

LYCINUS.

With regard to Chryſippus, I need not aſk you how many, as you have already told me that forty years are ſcarce ſufficient.

HERMOTIMUS.

True.

LYCINUS.

Then for Epicurus, and the reſt of them—you muſt think me moderate in my calculation, when you conſider how many Stoics, Epicureans, and Platoniſts there are, who, at fourſcore, acknowlege that they do not yet thoroughly underſtand all the doctrines of their own ſect, ſo as to be perfect in their knowlege of it: this Chryſippus, Ariſtotle, and Plato themſelves have confeſſed; and Socrates, not inferior to either of them, long ſince declared, ſo far from knowing all things, that all he knew was that he knew nothing. Reckoning then, Pythagoras twenty, Plato twenty more, and ſo on for the reſt, how many years will it make for ten ſects only?

HERMOTIMUS.

Above two hundred.

LYCINUS.

Suppoſe we take off a fourth part, then there will remain a hundred and fifty, or even one half.

HERMOTIMUS.

You know beſt; but I think, at this rate, very few would be able to go through all the ſects, though they began as ſoon as they were born.

LYCINUS.

What then, in this caſe, my good friend, is to be done? doth it not prove what I obſerved, that out of many we can never chuſe the beſt, unleſs we try all, and he who decides without trial, if he finds out the truth, is indebted more to chance than judgment; was not that what we ſaid?

HERMOTIMUS.

It was.

LYCINUS.

We muſt live a long time, indeed, before we can explore every thing, make choice of our philoſophy, and by that become wiſe and happy: but before we can do this, we muſt dance about, as they ſay, in the dark, ſtumbling at every thing we meet, and whatever comes firſt to hand, believing that to be the great truth which we were in ſearch of; if, by good

fortune, we light on any thing valuable, we cannot be certain that it is what we want; ſo many things reſembling each other, and every one pretending to be the truth.

HERMOTIMUS.

I know not how it is, Lycinus, but your arguments ſeem to me to have too much reaſon in them; and to ſay the truth, you have given me no little uneaſineſs, by ſcrutinizing things ſo nicely, where there was no neceſſity. Bad luck, I think, has attended me ever ſince I left my houſe this morning, and I was unfortunate in lighting on you, who, when I was juſt arrived at the ſummit of my hopes, have thrown me back into doubt and uncertainty, by almoſt convincing me that the inveſtigation of truth is beyond our ſtrength, as it requires ſo many years to be maſters of it.

LYCINUS.

You may as well, my good friend, blame your father Menecrates, or your mother, whatever her name be, for I know not, or rather, indeed, human nature, for not making you as long lived as Tithonus, and circumſcribing us all in this manner within the ſhort ſpace of a century. I have only found out what aroſe from our rational enquiry into the matter.

HERMOTIMUS.

Not ſo, Lycinus; you were always contentious, and, I know not why, hate philoſophy, and laugh at the profeſſors of it.

LYCINUS.

My dear Hermotimus, you and your maſter, perhaps, who are philoſophers, can beſt tell what Truth is; I only know that ſhe is not always agreeable to thoſe who hear her; in her outward appearance Falſehood greatly excels her, whilſt ſhe, conſcious of her own integrity, acts towards all men with boldneſs and confidence, and for that very reaſon they are angry with her; as you now are with me, for finding out the truth of this affair, and declaring to you that what we both ſo much admire is not eaſy to be obtained: it is juſt as if you had fallen in love with a ſtatue, which you miſtook for a fine woman, and hoped to enjoy her; while I, who knew it to be nothing but braſs or ſtone, with the beſt intention, endeavoured to convince you that you could never get poſſeſſion of her, and then you call me ill-natured and malevolent, for not ſuffering you to be impoſed on, or to hope, abſurdly, for what could never be acquired.

HERMOTIMUS.

So we are never to philoſophize, but give ourſelves up to ſloth and indolence, and live the life of fools.

LYCINUS.

When did you hear me aſſert this? I never forbid your philoſophizing: I only ſay, when there are ſo many paths, all leading to philoſophy and virtue, and the true one lays hidden from us, we ſhould make a ſtrict examination, that out of many we cannot pick out the beſt, without trying all, which ſeems to be a tedious experiment: how then, I aſk you once more, will you act? Will you follow the firſt who comes in your way, and philoſophize with him, and ſhall he, by ſome propitious Mercury, make his market of you?

HERMOTIMUS.

It is impoſſible to anſwer you, whilſt you deny that any man can judge for himſelf, unleſs he could live as long as a phœnix, to go through the univerſe, and prove every thing: neither will you believe thoſe who have tried the multitude, whoſe conſent bears witneſs to what they approve.

LYCINUS.

But who is this multitude? Does it conſiſt of thoſe who know and have experienced all things? If they are ſuch men, one alone will ſuffice. I aſk not for many of them: but if it is of the ignorant alone, their multitude will never induce me to believe them; when, knowing only one thing, or perhaps nothing, they pronounce deciſively on all.

HERMOTIMUS.

You alone can ſpy out the truth; and all beſides, who pretend to philoſophize, are fools and madmen.

LYCINUS.

Hermotimus, you aſperſe me cruelly; for never at any time did I aſſume a ſuperiority over others, or place myſelf amongſt the wiſe and learned. You forget what I but juſt now told you, that I never pretended to know more of the truth than any body elſe, but confeſſed that, with them, I was ignorant of it.

HERMOTIMUS.

It may be right to go round to all, to enquire into their ſeveral tenets and opinions, and from thence to determine which is the beſt; but ſurely to aſſign ſo many years for every experiment is ridiculous, as if from a few one might not judge of all; ſomething of this kind appears to me to be very

eaſy, and would prevent delay. We are told of a certain ſtatuary, Phidias, I believe it was, who, ſeeing the * toe-nail of a lion, could tell from that of what ſize the lion himſelf was to be made: and you yourſelf, if any one ſtretched out a man's hand to you, and covered the body, could eaſily, I ſuppoſe, tell it was a man, though you did not ſee him; and, in like manner, it is eaſy, in a ſmall part of a day, to get together the ſum and ſubſtance of every thing that has been ſaid on this matter, and all that nice enquiry, which takes up ſuch a length of time, is unneceſſary, with regard to a judgment of what is beſt, as the whole may be known from that collection.

LYCINUS.

How weakly you argue, Hermotimus, to imagine that the whole can be known from particular parts: I have always heard, on the other hand, that he who knows the whole muſt know the parts alſo; but he who is acquainted with a part only, doth not, therefore, know the whole. But, pray, anſwer me this queſtion; would Phidias, when he ſaw the toe-nail, have known it to be a lion's, if he had never ſeen a lion, or, when you ſaw the hand, could you tell it to be a man's, if you had never ſeen a man? Your Phidias, therefore, is not at all to the purpoſe, and I might well cry out, this is nothing to Bacchus: how will you draw the parallel? Phidias and you might know the whole from the parts, becauſe you were before acquainted with a man and a lion; but with regard to philoſophers, Stoics, or any other, how from one part could you know any thing of the reſt, or how can you pronounce them beautiful, when you are a ſtranger to the whole of which thoſe parts conſiſt?

As to what you ſay about the ſubſtance of philoſophy being learned in a day's time, what the maſters ſay about the firſt principles and ends of things, their opinions of god and the ſoul, ſome calling every thing body, and others holding that many things are incorporeal; ſome placing the chief good in pleaſure, others in virtue; all this, I grant, may be learned without much labour; but to know which of theſe is in the right, will require, not a part of one day, but a great many whole ones: have they written, think you, ſo many hundred, ſo many thouſand books, to prove the truth of what you imagine to be ſo very clear, eaſy, and obvious to every capacity? Here, I am afraid, if you are impatient of delay, and will not examine every thing before you make your choice, you muſt have a prieſt to decide it for you. The moſt compendious way of avoiding delays and perplexity, in this caſe, is cer-

* *Toe-nail.*] Ex pede Herculem.

tainly

tainly to call in an Augur, and as you go through the ſeveral heads, conſult the * entrails concerning them; the oracle will ſave you an infinite deal of trouble, and ſhew you at once, in the liver of the victim, what choice you ſhould make. I can tell you another ſcheme alſo, if you do not chuſe to have ſacrifices and victims, or be at the great expence of a prieſt; and that is, to take ſome pieces of paper, with the names of all the philoſophers upon them, throw theſe into an urn, and let a young lad, whoſe † father and mother are both alive, take the urn, and draw out the firſt lot that comes to hand; whoever he is that is thus drawn, let him be your philoſopher.

HERMOTIMUS.

This is all idle raillery, Lycinus, and does not become you; but pray tell me, do you ever buy any wine?

LYCINUS.

Very often.

HERMOTIMUS.

And did you walk round to all the vintners in the city, and taſte all the wines, and compare them one with another?

LYCINUS.

Never.

HERMOTIMUS.

You were contented, I ſuppoſe, when you hit on a good ſort that was worth your money, to order it home.

LYCINUS.

Aye, by Jove, was I.

HERMOTIMUS.

From that ſingle taſte, you could judge what the reſt would turn out?

LYCINUS.

I could.

HERMOTIMUS.

But if you had gone to every one of the vintners, and ſaid, I want to buy a bottle of wine, let me taſte every one of your pipes, that I may know

* *The entrails.*] The divination by entrails, which Lucian here ſo ſeverely rallies, was a principal branch of ancient ſuperſtition. If the entrails of the victim ſacrificed, particularly the liver, were whole and ſound, they drew from it omens of certain ſucceſs; if the contrary, no enterprize was to be proceeded in. Pythagoras the ſoothſayer foretold that Alexander would die very ſpeedily, becauſe his victim's liver had no lobes.

† *Whoſe father, &c.*] This circumſtance ſeems to be inſerted, not without humour to ridicule the circumſtantial nicety generally made uſe of in all ſuperſtitious rites and ceremonies, particularly in divination by lots, which Lucian is here endeavouring to turn into ridicule.

which

which has the beſt liquor: do you think they would not have laughed at you?

LYCINUS.

Certainly: and with ſome reaſon.

HERMOTIMUS.

And it is the ſame thing with philoſophy. One may know by a little taſte, what the whole is: why therefore muſt we drink a pipe of it?

LYCINUS.

You are ſuch a ſubtle diſputant, that you think you ſhall ſlip through my fingers; but here you have laid a ſnare, and will fall into it yourſelf.

HERMOTIMUS.

How ſo?

LYCINUS.

By producing wine, which every body is acquainted with, and comparing it with philoſophy; a thing which we know very little of, and which all mankind diſpute about. There is not indeed the leaſt ſimilitude between them; unleſs, perhaps, that philoſophers ſell their doctrines as inn-keepers do their wine; and moreover, frequently adulterate it, and give bad meaſure alſo. But let us examine your argument; you ſay that all the wine in the caſk is the ſame: it may be ſo, and withal, that from the taſting but a little of it, we may judge of the whole: I will grant you this alſo; but mark what follows: do the philoſophers, your maſter, for inſtance, or any of the reſt of them, ſay always the ſame, or talk about the ſame things, or do they ſay ſometimes one, and ſometimes another; for their arguments are various: were it not ſo, you would not have ran after, and attended him ſo often, but have been ſatisfied with hearing him once.

HERMOTIMUS.

Certainly.

LYCINUS.

How then by the firſt taſte could you know every thing? for new things were perpetually pouring in upon you, and it was not, like the wine, always the ſame; ſo that you could not get well ſoaked, unleſs you had drank up the whole caſk: for the gods ſeem to have hid the ſummum bonum at the bottom of the veſſel, even under the very lees. You muſt ſwallow the laſt drop, therefore, or you will never find the draught of nectar which you ſo much thirſt after: but you ſeem to think it of ſuch a nature, that if you do but taſte it, you muſt inſtantly become all wiſdom and perfection. As they

ſay

ſay of the * prieſteſs at Adelphi, when ſhe drinks of the ſecond fountain, that ſhe is immediately full of the god, and delivers her oracles to all that aſk for them: and yet you told me but juſt now, that you had drank up half the caſk, and were ſtill but as if you had juſt began.

Let us ſee then if we cannot furniſh you with a better compariſon. Your caſk and your inn-keeper may remain; but we will fill your veſſels not with wine, but with ſeveral ſorts of grain, wheat o' top, then beans, then barley, under theſe lentiles, tares, and other things; if you wanted to buy ſome of the ſeeds, and the owner ſhould pull out ſome wheat by way of ſample, and put it into your hand to look at, could you tell from thence, whether the tares were good, the lentiles fit to eat, or the beans rotten?

HERMOTIMUS.

Certainly, no.

LYCINUS.

Neither can you, in like manner, from what any one man calls true philoſophy, tell whether it be all ſo; for it does not all taſte the ſame, like the wine, which you compared it to, but has a great deal of variety in it, and ſuch as requires no little, or ſlight examination. If you buy bad wine, you only loſe a trifle; but, according to your own account, to wallow in the mire, is a bad affair indeed. Add to this, that he who deſires to taſte a whole caſk, that he may buy one bottle, does the inn-keeper a conſiderable injury; but, with philoſophy, it is quite another thing: drink as much as you pleaſe, the caſk is ſtill full, and the landlord never the worſe for it: the more you draw, as the proverb ſays, the more flows in. Juſt the contrary of the ‡ Danaids ſieve, for whatever was poured into that, ran out immediately: but here, the more you take away, the more ſtill remains behind.

But I could compare your philoſophy to ſomething elſe: do not think I mean to affront you, when I ſay, it is like hemlock, aconite, or any other poiſon: if you take only a ſmall portion, with the tip of your finger, and

* *The Prieſteſs, &c.*] The Pythia, or prieſteſs of Delphi, before ſhe aſcended the tripos, uſed to waſh her whole body, in the Caſtalia, a fountain at the foot of Parnaſſus; and to drink large draughts of the water, which never failed to inſpire her, and ſhe immediately began to prophecy. See Potter's Antiquities.

‡ *The Danaids.*] The puniſhment of the Danaids in hell, for killing their huſbands, was to fill a large tub, with holes in the bottom of it, with water, which conſequently ran out as faſt as poured in. The dolium Danaidum, or Danaids ſieve, paſſed afterwards into a proverbial expreſſion, to ſignify any thing impracticable.

taſte

taſte it, it will not hurt you; but, if you are not cautious, how much, in what manner, and in what you take it, woe be to him that ſwallows it. Now you aſſert, that the leaſt taſte, will ſuffice to judge of the whole.

HERMOTIMUS.

Be that as it may, is there a neceſſity that we muſt live a hundred years, and ſuffer a thouſand troubles and inconveniencies, or give up philoſophy?

LYCINUS.

We muſt: nor can it be otherwiſe, if, as you * obſerved at firſt, "life is ſhort, and art long;" and yet you ſeem to be angry, that you cannot, in one day, arrive at the wiſdom of a Chryſippus, Plato, or Pythagoras.

HERMOTIMUS.

Lycinus, you do not act fairly by me, but circumvent and drive me up into a corner, merely from envy, I believe, becauſe I have made ſome progreſs in learning; and you, advanced as you are in life, have totally neglected it.

LYCINUS.

What have you to do then? trouble yourſelf no more about a madman, but let me go my own way, and you go your's: as you have began, ſo make an end of it.

HERMOTIMUS.

But you are ſo violent and poſitive, you will not ſuffer me to make my choice, before I have tried every thing.

LYCINUS.

That is, indeed, what I have always aſſerted; but when you call me poſitive and violent, you, as the † poet ſays, accuſe the guiltleſs, and are yourſelf the aggreſſor: reaſon will tell you much harſher things than any I have ſaid to you, and yet you find fault with me.

HERMOTIMUS.

What more can ſhe ſay? I ſhould wonder if you had omitted any thing that could be advanced againſt me.

LYCINUS.

She may ſtill deny that all we can do, though we examine ever ſo cloſely, will ſuffice, to make choice of the beſt, but that we may ſtill want ſomething towards it.

* *As you obſerved.*] See the quotation from Hippocrates at the beginning of this Dialogue.

† *The poet Homer.*] See Il. A. v. 653.

HER-

HERMOTIMUS.

And what is that?

LYCINUS.

Judgment, ingenuity, acuteneſs; a ſharp, penetrating, uncorrupted underſtanding, which is indiſpenſibly neceſſary in forming a deciſive opinion in theſe things, and without which, all our labour will be vain and fruitleſs: there muſt be withal, a great deal of time to conſider of every thing; nor muſt we regard the age or character of the man, nor his reputed wiſdom: we muſt act as the judges of the * Areopagus do, try the cauſe by night and in the dark, that we may attend, not to thoſe who ſpeak, but to that which is ſpoken: then, when our choice is fixed and determined, we may be at liberty to philoſophiſe.

HERMOTIMUS.

Yes; after death: for, according to you, no man's life is long enough to go through all, examine, chooſe, and after the choice is made, to enter on philoſophy; and yet this, you ſay, is the only method.

LYCINUS.

I am ſorry, Hermotimus, to add that even all this, may not be ſufficient: we may raſhly conclude we have diſcovered ſomething certain, and yet have found nothing; like fiſhermen, who, feeling ſomething heavy in their nets, draw them up, imagining that they have got a plentiful draught, when, behold, a ſtone appears, or an earthen veſſel full of ſand: ſuch, perhaps, may be our fate.

HERMOTIMUS.

What you mean by your nets, I know not, but you have fairly caught me in them.

LYCINUS.

Get out then as faſt as you can; for you can ſwim, thank heaven, as well as any body. For myſelf, with all I can do, I have not yet diſcovered, nor perhaps ever ſhall, whether any of us have yet found out what we are in ſearch of, or are all ſtill ignorant of it.

HERMOTIMUS.

Has no body found out the truth then?

* *The Areopagus.*] The great court of judicature at Athens, where we are told they tried cauſes by night, for a very ridiculous reaſon, which Lucian here alludes to. Juſtice Fielding (who has as much ſagacity as any of the Greek judges had) does the ſame. But this mode is not from choice, but neceſſity; and will probably ſoon be adopted in Guild Hall, or the King's Bench.

LYCINUS.

That is ſtill a doubt: all perhaps may be deceived, and the truth may be different from any thing that has yet come to light.

HERMOTIMUS.

How can that be?

LYCINUS.

Thus: let us ſuppoſe a certain number, twenty for inſtance; then, take twenty beans in your hand, cloſe it, and aſk the men, how many you have got there: one gueſſes ſeven, another five, another thirty, another ten or fifteen, and ſo on: it may happen that ſome body ſhall gueſs the right: what ſay you?

HERMOTIMUS.

Moſt certainly.

LYCINUS.

It may happen, too, that all ſhall gueſs wrong, and no body tell that you have juſt twenty.

HERMOTIMUS.

It may ſo.

LYCINUS.

And ſo it is with happineſs; ſome philoſophers ſay it is one thing, and ſome another: one calls it virtue, another pleaſure, and another ſomething elſe: one of theſe may be the chief good, and yet it may, after all, be ſomething different from every one of them. We ſeem, therefore, to be hurrying on to the end, before we have found out the beginning: we ſhould firſt know, that truth had been diſcovered by ſome one of the philoſophers; and then enquire, which of them we might place our confidence in.

HERMOTIMUS.

So that you think we may go through every philoſophy, and yet not find out the truth: is that your concluſion?

LYCINUS.

Do not aſk me, my friend, but Reaſon; ſhe perhaps will anſwer you, that we cannot, whilſt it is ſtill a doubt, whether any thing that has yet been ſaid may be depended on.

HERMOTIMUS.

We ſhall never then, you think, know any thing, but muſt leave off philoſophy, and live the life of fools: as it plainly follows from what you ſay, that no mortal man can ever arrive at any perfection in it. For, firſt,

you

you expect that he ſhould chooſe out the beſt ſect; a taſk which requires the greateſt care and aſſiduity; and when at laſt we come to reckon the number of years neceſſary to the examination of every one, it exceeds all bounds: the buſineſs is lengthened out to ſeveral generations, and life is gone before truth appears: nay, it is even a doubt with you, whether the truth was ever diſcovered at all.

LYCINUS.

And will you ſwear that it ever was?

HERMOTIMUS.

That I certainly can not.

LYCINUS.

Have I not purpoſely paſſed over many other things, which demand a long, and ſevere inveſtigation?

HERMOTIMUS.

What are they?

LYCINUS.

Did you never meet with Stoics, Epicureans, and Platoniſts, who tell you, that they alone know the reaſons and firſt principles of all things; and that none but themſelves, however worthy of confidence they may otherwiſe be, are in the leaſt acquainted with them?

HERMOTIMUS.

I have.

LYCINUS.

Is it not then a difficult matter to diſtinguiſh thoſe who really do know, from thoſe who only pretend to it?

HERMOTIMUS.

Certainly.

LYCINUS.

If, therefore, you want, for inſtance, to know who is the beſt Stoic, you muſt go, if not to all, at leaſt to moſt of them, to try and examine, before you chooſe your maſter; being firſt provided with a good diſcerning faculty of judging, that you may not fix on the worſt, inſtead of the beſt of them. You muſt conſider, (which I did not mention before, that I might not give you offence,) how much time this will take you up; and yet, in theſe dark and intricate ſubjects, it is abſolutely neceſſary. This is the only chance you have of finding out the truth, and every thing elſe will be uſeleſs, without this happy faculty; which, like a touchſtone, will enable you to diſtinguiſh

he falſe metal from the true. Without this, believe me, you will be led by the * noſe by every body, muſt follow, as the cattle do the bough that is held before you. You will be like water poured on a table, that may bet drawn any way by a finger; or a reed by the river ſide, bending to every blaſt. If, therefore, you can meet with a maſter, who himſelf knows, and can teach you the art of demonſtration, and how to determine in doubtful caſes, your labour is at an end; for then, what is good and true, will immediately appear, falſehood will be detected: you will be able to make choice of the beſt philoſophy, will acquire that happineſs which you have ſo long been in ſearch of, and poſſeſs every thing that is deſirable.

HERMOTIMUS.

Now, Lycinus, you ſay ſomething that gives me hope and comfort; I will inſtantly find out a man who ſhall inſtruct me in this noble art of judging and diſtinguiſhing: all that follows will be eaſy, free from toil, uncertainty, and delay. How much am I obliged to you for ſhewing me this beſt and ſhorteſt way!

LYCINUS.

Not ſo much, perhaps, as you may imagine. I have pointed out nothing to you as yet, that can bring you nigher to the object in view; we are even farther off than ever, or at beſt but where we were before, after all our labour.

HERMOTIMUS.

Indeed! you throw me back into ſorrow and deſpair: how can this poſſible be?

LYCINUS.

Becauſe, my friend, though we might find a man, who profeſſed himſelf acquainted with this art of demonſtration, and pretended to teach it to others, we could not rely upon him, but muſt ſtill ſearch for another, to inform us whether this man ſpoke truth or not: and when we had got him, it would ſtill be a doubt whether he was a proper judge, and we ſhould yet want another proof; for, how ſhould we tell which was the beſt? you ſee, therefore, how endleſs the labour is, and that there is nothing certain, or to be depended on. The demonſtrations themſelves may be called in queſtion, and no one point is abſolutely certain. They would perſuade us, that they know

* *By the noſe.*] The tranſlation here is literal.

ſome

ſome things, from their knowledge of other things, which they are not yet agreed about: they put light and darkneſs together; compare things which differ widely from each other; and then call it demonſtration: prove, for inſtance, that becauſe theſe are altars, there muſt of neceſſity be gods. Thus, running as it were in a circle, they return always to the place they ſet out at, and wander ſtill in doubt and uncertainty.

HERMOTIMUS.

How you treat me, Lycinus, by thus reducing all my treaſure to a cinder! my labour, it ſeems, is vain, and ſo many years conſumed for nothing.

LYCINUS.

It may be ſome comfort to you, however, to reflect, that it is not yourſelf alone who has been thus diſappointed, but that all the philoſophers in the world are fighting, as one may ſay, for the * aſs's ſhadow. For who can go through all? this, you acknowledge, is impoſſible. A man may as well repine, and quarrel with fortune, becauſe he cannot get up into heaven; ſink under the waves of the ſea in Sicily, and riſe up at Cyprus; or fly from Greece to India: when the cauſe of his grief, is only becauſe he flattered himſelf with the hopes of all this; or dreamed of it, or fancied it in his own mind: not conſidering beforehand, whether his hopes were fixed on what was attainable, or agreeable to the condition of human nature. Reaſon, my friend, has waked you out of your pleaſing dream, and now you are angry with her: the viſion is ſo delightful, that you are loath to open your eyes. And this is the caſe with all thoſe, who form in their own imaginations an iſland of the bleſt; whilſt they are digging up hidden riches, and enjoying kingdoms; for the goddeſs Hope is moſt magnificent in her preſents; and never contradicts her votaries, though they wiſh to be as big as Coloſſus, to fly in the air, or to find mountains of gold: if, whilſt they are dreaming of

* *The aſs's ſhadow.*] Demoſthenes was one day haranguing the ſenate, who would not ſuffer him to go on, when he told them the following ſtory: Two men, ſaid he, were travelling together, one purchaſed of the other an aſs; they jogged on, the heat of the weather was intenſe; the aſs's body threw a ſhade on the ground, they wanted both to lye down under it; on this a quarrel enſued: the man who had ſold the beaſt, ſaid, he did not ſell the ſhade; the other inſiſted that he purchaſed every thing the aſs could give, and conſequently the ſhade of it. Here Demoſthenes ſtopped: the hearers deſired to know the iſſue of the diſpute; and how it was determined. You are mighty eager, ſaid Demoſthenes, to hear any thing about the ſhade of an aſs, and yet will not liſten to me when I am to ſpeak on the important concerns of the commonwealth.

The aſs's ſhadow became afterwards a proverbial expreſſion, to ſignify, like the lana caprina, any diſpute about trifles. See Plutarch.

theſe things, one of their little lacquies ſhould aſk them how they are to procure the neceſſaries of life, or pay the rent for their houſe which has been long due; they grow angry, as if the aſker had deprived them, by the queſtion, of all their promiſed happineſs, and it is a chance if they do not bite his noſe off for it. Be not you, therefore, my good friend, in like manner enraged at me, if, whilſt you are flying in the air, digging up treaſures, or encouraging vain and idle fancies, and hoping for things which can never be obtained; I, out of friendſhip and regard, ſuffer you not to remain all your life in a dream, how ſweet ſoever it is, but force you to riſe up, and go about thoſe neceſſary works that are agreeable to nature, and to reaſon. What you were lately upon, was every whit as abſurd as Hippocentaurs, Gorgons, and chimeras: any of thoſe things that poets and painters have feigned, which never were, or could be; and yet the multitude believe in them, and ſee them, only becauſe they are ſtrange, improbable, and ridiculous. Thus you, Hermotimus, becauſe you had heard from ſome idle fabuliſt, that there was a certain beauteous form, ſuperior to every thing elſe in nature, excelling the Graces and celeſtial Venus; not conſidering whether it was true, or if any ſuch beauty exiſted, immediately fell in love with her: as they ſay Medea did with Jaſon in a dream. But what miſled you, and all thoſe who fell in love with the ſame empty ſhade, was, if I miſtake not, that he who recommended her to you, as ſoon as he found that you implicitly believed him, went on with ſucceſs, and made his whole deſcription ſo coherent, that he eaſily conducted you to your beloved: none of you, in the mean time, enquired, whether you were going the right way or not: or, if your guides had not miſled you, but followed the ſteps of him that went before, as ſheep do thoſe of their leader: when you ought, before you entered the path, to have conſidered, whether you ſhould ſtrike into it at all.

But, perhaps, you may underſtand the argument better by a ſimilitude. Suppoſe, for inſtance, one of your adventurous poets ſhould tell you of a man who had three heads and ſix hands; if you ſwallow this, without conſidering whether it is poſſible or not, he immediately goes on to inform you that this man had likewiſe ſix eyes, and as many ears, that he ſpoke with three voices at a time, eat his food with three mouths, that inſtead of ten fingers, as we have, he had thirty; if he made a warrior of him, he would put into three of his hands a target, a baſket-hilt, and a ſhield, and into the other three an axe, a launce, and a ſword: and who could deny the

the truth of all this? it is agreeable to what was firſt granted, though it ſhould certainly have been conſidered before, * whether it ought to have been granted, or not: if you give up that, the reſt follows of courſe, and you cannot refuſe your aſſent, when it correſponds ſo well with the promiſes admitted. And thus it is with you; from ſtrong prepoſſeſſion, when you have got into the path, without conſidering whether it be the right one, you are drawn into the conſequence, true or falſe. If any body tells you that twice five make ſeven, and you believe it without counting, he will ſoon perſuade you that four times five is fourteen, or any thing elſe; juſt as it is in the wonderful ſcience of geometry, where they lay down certain abſurd poſtulata, which muſt be granted, ſuch as individual points and lines without latitude, pretending, on ſuch rotten foundations, to build demonſtration, and to deduce true concluſions from falſe principles: in like manner you alſo, taking for granted the principles of ſome particular ſect, believe every thing that follows from them, and embrace falſehood inſtead of truth. Some of you die in the midſt of their hopes, and before they have found out that they were impoſed on; others diſcover the deceit in their old age, but are aſhamed to acknowlege it, or to confeſs that, at their time of life, they have been employed in ſuch childiſh trifles: they continue, therefore, in the ſame error, cry up what is before them, and exhort others to embrace it, that they may not be the only dupes, but comfort themſelves with the thought, that thouſands are in the ſame condition; if they confeſs the truth, they plainly perceive that they will not appear to be ſuch grave and reſpectable characters, exalted above the vulgar, or meet with ſuch deference and eſteem as they uſed to do: they will never, willingly, acknowlege their ignorance, or that they are like the multitude. You will find very few, indeed, that have courage enough to own that they have been deceived, or who will diſſuade others from treading in the ſame path: if you light on ſuch a man, call him, as he is, the friend of truth, ſober, juſt, or, if you pleaſe, a philoſopher, for he alone deſerves that name; all beſide, either know nothing of the truth, though they pretend to it, or conceal their ig-

* *Whether it ought.*] This puts us in mind of the queſtion propoſed by Charles the Second, of facetious memory, to the Royal Society: If a tub or veſſel be filled quite, or brim full, with water, and a large fiſh be thrown into it—Quære, why does not the water run over.—It is ſomewhere, if I am not miſtaken, related, that the Society puzzled themſelves a long time about the ſolution of this miraculous circumſtance.—Never reflecting whether the fact was true or not.

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norance through fear and ſhame, and becauſe they wiſh to be thought ſuperior to the reſt of mankind. But let us bury in total oblivion every thing that has paſſed between us on this ſubject; let us ſuppoſe that the Stoic philoſophy is the only true one, and that there is none beſides it worthy of our care; let us then conſider whether it be ſuch a one as we may hope to attain, or whether all who hitherto attempted it have laboured in vain. I hear of wonderful things promiſed to thoſe who arrive at the ſummit of it, and that they alone poſſeſs every thing good and deſireable; but you beſt know whether you have ever lit on ſuch a perfect Stoic, as was never ſubdued by pain, or miſled by pleaſure, or enſlaved by paſſion; one who was ſuperior to envy, a contemner of riches; one who, in a word, was completely happy, as he muſt be, who is the rule and model of perfect virtue; for he who is deficient in the leaſt of theſe, is imperfect, however excellent he may be with regard to any thing elſe; if not, there never yet was the truly happy and complete Stoic.

HERMOTIMUS.

Such a one, I muſt own, I never yet have ſeen.

LYCINUS.

You are right, Hermotimus, to confeſs the truth. How then can you any longer purſue philoſophy, when you plainly perceive, that neither your maſter, nor your maſter's maſter, nor any that went before him, though you go back to the tenth generation, was ever ſo wiſe as to be perfectly happy: nor will it ſuffice to ſay, it is enough if you can approach nearly towards happineſs: this is doing nothing; for he is equally a ſtranger, and in the open air, who ſtands on the outſide of the door, be he ever ſo near, as he who ſtands at a great diſtance from it, with this only difference, that he who is neareſt muſt be moſt unhappy, in being cloſe to that felicity which he cannot poſſeſs. Do you put yourſelf to all this trouble, therefore, only to get near to perfect happineſs? for ſuch we will ſuppoſe it to be; is it for this alone you ſpend ſo much time, wear yourſelf out with watchings, and bring yourſelf to the grave? For this, you ſay, you will labour for theſe twenty years at leaſt to come, that, after all, at fourſcore, (and who can promiſe you will live ſo long?) you may be one of thoſe who are not yet happy; unleſs, indeed, you think that you alone are able to gain that, which ſo many better and abler men before you, with all their toil and labour, could never acquire. But, even taking all this for granted, where is the good reſulting

ſulting from it that deſerves ſo much toil and trouble? How little time is left for enjoyment, when you are grown old and no longer able to reliſh ſuch pleaſures, with one foot, as they ſay, in the * grave! unleſs, indeed, you are looking forward to another life, and are learning here how to live better in it; which is much the ſame as if a man ſhould prepare to ſet out a good ſupper, and, in the mean time periſh with hunger. You ſeem to have forgot that virtue conſiſts in good works, in acting with juſtice, wiſdom, and fortitude. But you (by you I mean all your eminent philoſophers), ſpend your time in idle words, diſputes, and ſyllogiſms; in theſe you throw away the greateſt part of your lives, and eſteem him who excels in them as the nobleſt of all conquerors. For this reaſon, I ſuppoſe, you admire your old maſter, becauſe he can raiſe doubts and ſcruples, know how to aſk a ſubtle queſtion, to make uſe of frauds and quirks, and how to hamper his opponent with inſuperable difficulties: ſo buſy about the bark, that you neglect the fruit, and divert yourſelves with throwing the leaves at one another: do you do any thing elſe from morning to night?

HERMOTIMUS.

To ſay the truth, no.

LYCINUS.

Is it not, then, juſtly ſaid of you, that you leave the ſubſtance to catch at the ſhadow, the body of the ſerpent for the ſkin only, or rather that you are like a man pouring water into a mortar, and beating it with an iron peſtle, thinking all the time he is doing a great and neceſſary work, not knowing that though, as they ſay, he beat his heart out, the water will be water ſtill. But let me aſk you one queſtion; would you wiſh to reſemble your maſter in any thing, his learning excepted? to be, like him, a paſſionate, ſordid, and litigious voluptuary? for ſo, by Jupiter, he is, though the world in general do not know it.

HERMOTIMUS.

Some there are, certainly, who do not.

LYCINUS.

Shall I tell you what I heard of a certain old philoſopher, whoſe houſe is much frequented by our youth for inſtruction: he flew into a violent paſſion, the other day, with one of his pupils, for not paying him his ſalary, which had been due ſixteen days before, when the lad's uncle, who ſtood by, a

* *The grave.*] A literal tranſlation.

plain countryman, who knew nothing of your fine philoſophy, cried out, Pray, wonderful Sir, complain not of any injury done you, becauſe we have not paid you for a few empty words; what you ſold us you have yet in your own poſſeſſion, and are juſt as learned as you were before; but with regard to what we ſent him to you for, he is not at all improved; for he debauched my neighbour Echecrates's daughter, and would have ſuffered for the rape, but that the father was poor, and I bought him off with a talent of good gold: and not long ſince he beat his mother, who had caught him hiding a caſk of wine under his coat, which he was going to carry off to his jovial club; add, to this, that, in impudence, lying, and quarrelling, he is a much greater proficient than he was a twelve month ago. I had much rather you would have prevented all this, than have taught him to inform us every night at ſupper, how a * crocodile ſeized a child, and promiſed to give him back again, when his father ſhould anſwer ſome certain queſtion, about I know not what; or to tell us, that if it was day it could not poſſibly be night: ſometimes he introduces his horns, and perplexes us all; meditates gravely on his habits, relations, ideas, conceptions, and ſuch ſtuff, which we laugh at: ſometimes he will tell us that god is not in heaven, but that he paſſes through, and is † inherent in wood, ſtone, animals, and things the moſt trifling and contemptible. When his mother aſks him how he can throw away his time in ſuch nonſenſe, he tells her, if he can but learn theſe things he ſhall be rich, happy, and a king, and all mankind, beſides, nothing but his ſlaves and vaſſals.

Thus ſpake the countryman; and now mark what an old woman's anſwer the philoſopher returned to him. Do not you think, ſaid he, if the young man had not been under my care, that he would have done ſomething much worſe, ſomething, perhaps, which he might have been hanged for? But philoſophy reſtrained him, moderated his paſſions, and he is, at leaſt, tolerable: he is aſhamed of doing any thing miſbecoming the great ſcience I have taught him; if, therefore, I do not deſerve any reward for making him better, you are at leaſt indebted to me for what my philoſophy has prevented his being guilty of: as nurſes ſend children to ſchool, where, if they learn nothing, they are at leaſt out of harm's way: as to every thing

* *A crocodile.*] This has been explained before.

† *Inherent, &c.*] The ſyſtem of the famous French philoſopher, Malbranche, ſeems to be founded on this idea. See an account of Malbranche, in Bayle's Dictionary.

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elſe, I have fulfilled my duty, and, if you will come to me to-morrow morning, you ſhall ſee how he can aſk queſtions and anſwer them, how many things he has learned, and how many books he has read, about axioms, and ſyllogiſms, and comprehenſions, and duties, and a thouſand other things. If he beat his mother, and debauched a girl, what is that to me? I am not his tutor.

Thus did the old man talk about philoſophy; and you, I ſuppoſe, will tell us, that all we are to expect from this noble ſcience is, that we ſhall be never the worſe for it: is it really ſo, my friend, or had we formed better hopes from it; did we not expect to become a little better than idiots by it? What ſay you to this?

HERMOTIMUS.

I can only ſay, my friend, that I am ready to cry when I think what a fool I have been, ſo throughly am I at laſt convinced by ſenſe and reaſon: I lament my folly, in throwing away ſo much time to no purpoſe. I am like a man juſt recovered from a fit of drunkenneſs, I ſee, with ſhame, what I have been ſo long in love with, and how much I have ſuffered for it.

LYCINUS.

There is no reaſon, however, to cry about it; Æſop's advice, in one of his fables, is, I think, a moſt excellent one: he tells us of a man, who was ſitting on the ſhore, near a tempeſtuous ſea, and numbering the waves; but finding himſelf puzzled in the calculation, he was horribly fretted and vexed about it; when a fox, ſtanding by, ſaid to him, Why, my friend, will you give yourſelf ſo much uneaſineſs about what is paſt? think no more of the waves that are gone, but begin and number thoſe before you. Do you, therefore, ſince you are convinced of your error, for the future be content to live like other men, be a good common citizen, and aim at nothing great or ſingular; if you are wiſe, do not be aſhamed, old as you are, of changing for the better.

Do not imagine, my good friend, whatever I may have ſaid, that I had any enmity againſt the Portico, or meant to affront the Stoics in particular; my argument holds, equally, againſt every ſect, and I ſhould have ſaid the very ſame thing, if you had been a Platoniſt, or an Ariſtotelian.

HERMOTIMUS.

I believe you; and ſhall immediately change my whole appearance: you ſhall ſee me no more with a long rough beard, refuſing myſelf proper food

and nouriſhment, but acting on an eaſier and more liberal plan. I may even, perhaps, put on purple, to ſhew the world I have done with all theſe trifles. I wiſh I could as eaſily get rid of all I have learned: if I could caſt it all up, I would gladly ſwallow a doſe of hellebore (for a different reaſon than * Chryſippus did it), to prevent any of their ſtuff from riſing in my mind for the future. I am infinitely obliged to you, Lycinus, for ſnatching me out of the waves, when I was almoſt overwhelmed by them, and when I was carried down by the torrent, deſcending, like a propitious deity, in your car, at the end of the tragedy, to ſave me. Recovered, as I have been, I ſhould celebrate this day as a feſtival, and † ſhave my head, like thoſe who eſcape a ſhip-wreck; and as for philoſophers, from this time forth, if, againſt my will, I chance to meet one in the ſtreet, I ſhall turn aſide, and avoid him as I would a mad dog.

* *Chryſippus.*] When Chryſippus, we are told, was to diſpute with Carneades, about ſome important points, he took a doſe of hellebore to clear his head.

† *Shave my head.*] This cuſtom is mentioned before.

HARMONIDES.

This little Piece of LUCIAN's *carries with it the Appearance of a Letter addreſſed to ſome very great Man, probably the prime Miniſter of Macedonia, whoſe Favour he was ambitious to obtain, as the certain Road to Honour and Preferment. A Vein of Panegyric and Flattery, not often to be met with in this Author, runs through it, which ſeems in ſome Meaſure to call in Queſtion the genuineneſs of it. My Readers will determine for themſelves, with regard to its Authenticity.*

HARMONIDES thus ſpake, of old, to his maſter, * Timotheus; "inform me, if poſſible (ſaid he), how I may become famous amongſt men, and known throughout all Greece; greatly, I muſt acknowlege, am I already indebted to you, who have taught me to tune the flute well, to blow it ſweetly and harmoniouſly, to place my fingers properly, to keep time, to perceive the character of every † mode, the divine breathing of the Phrygian, the ſolemn gravity of the Doric, the ſoftneſs and beauty of the Ionic; all this I learned from you; but I am not yet arrived at that perfection, which I was ambitious of, in ſinging to it, which would procure me fame and glory, which would render me ſo illuſtrious, that men ſhould point at me as I paſs along, and ſay, there goes Harmonides, the prince of muſicians; in the ſame manner as when you came firſt from Bœotia, performed in the ‡ Pandionides, and gained the victory in Ajax, your name-ſake hav-

* *Timotheus.*] One of the moſt celebrated poets and muſicians of antiquity. He was born at Miletus, an Ionian city of Caria, 446 years before Chriſt, a contemporary of Philip of Macedon, and, according to Dryden's Ode, of Alexander alſo, excelled in lyric and dithyrambic poetry, and no leſs in his performance on the cithara. According to Pauſanias, he added four new ſtrings to that inſtrument, which before had only ſeven, for which he was baniſhed by virtue of a curious Spartan act of parliament, quoted, from Cauſabon, by Dr. Burney, in his hiſtory of Greek Muſic, and which I ſhall here ſubjoin, for the entertainment of my readers.

"Whereas Timotheus the Mileſian, coming to our city, has diſhonoured our ancient muſic, and, deſpiſing the lyre of ſeven ſtrings, has, by the introduction of a greater variety of notes, corrupted the ears of our youth, and, by the number of his ſtrings, given to our muſic an effeminate dreſs, the kings, and the ephori, have therefore reſolved to paſs cenſure on him, and to oblige him to cut off his ſuperfluous ſtrings, and to baniſh him from our city, that men may be warned, &c." See Burney, vol. i. page 407.

† *Mode.*] For a full and accurate account of the modes, I muſt refer the curious reader to Burney's Diſſertation on the Muſic of the Ancients, vol. i. page 47.

‡ *Pandionides.*] Some tragedy of that name, not now extant, on the ſtory of Progne and Philomela, daughters of Pandion.

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ing compoſed the muſic: what tongue did not then reſound with the praiſes of Timotheus the Theban! and even to this day, wherever you appear, the people flock round you, as all the feathered race do round the bird of night. It was this that animated me to the ſtudy of the flute, and for which alone I have taken ſo much pains; nor would I wiſh to excel in it, were I to remain inglorious and unknown, even though I had the ſkill of a * Marſyas, or Olympus. † Hidden talents, as the proverb ſays, are of no value: teach me, therefore, how I may diſtinguiſh myſelf, and my art alſo, ſo ſhall I be doubly obliged to you, both for my ſkill in muſic, and the glory which I ſhall acquire by it.

To this Timotheus thus replied. "Your ambition, Harmonides, is noble; to acquire honour and glory, and be diſtinguiſhed amongſt men, is no mean or inconſiderable reward; this you are deſirous to obtain, by appearing in public, and diſplaying your abilities before the multitude: but even by doing this you will not be univerſally known; for where will you find a theatre to perform in, large enough to contain all Greece: the only method by which you can ever gain the deſired end is, in my opinion, this; ſhew yourſelf ſometimes on the public ſtage, but depend not on the multitude; there is a ſhorter, and an eaſier way to glory; chuſe out the beſt and nobleſt of the Grecians, the wiſe few, who are acknowleged judges, and on whom you may rely, if they admire and praiſe you, you will ſoon be known to all the world beſides: for if thoſe, whom all commend, commend you, what occaſion will you have for the approbation of the vulgar, who always follow thoſe that can decide better than themſelves? The multitude is compoſed of low and ignorant artificers, thoſe whom the great praiſe, they will praiſe alſo. In the public games, the ſpectators, we know, clap and hiſs, but it is only four or five who judge and determine."

Such was the advice of Timotheus, but Harmonides lived not to profit by it; for the firſt time he contended in public, exerting himſelf too ſtrenuouſly, from an ardent deſire of ſucceſs, he breathed his laſt, we are told, upon the inſtrument, and, without gaining the crown of victory, died on the ſpot.

* *Marſyas.*] Plato tells us that we are indebted to Marſyas and Olympus for wind-muſic. To them is likewiſe attributed the invention of the Phrygian and Lydian meaſure. Marſyas is alſo ſaid, by ſome, to have been the inventor of the double flute, though others give it to his father Hyagius. For a farther account of theſe eminent muſicians, ſee Burney's Diſſertation.

† *Hidden talents.*] Tu licet et Thamyram ſuperes atque Orphea cantu,
Non erit ignoæ gratia magna lyræ. Ov. Art. Amand.

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The advice of Timotheus, in this ſpeech, in my opinion, not only ſuits Harmonides, but may be applied to all thoſe who pant for glory, and popular applauſe; as I had the ſame ambition, therefore, I was reſolved to follow it, and for that purpoſe conſidered with myſelf who was the greateſt man in this city, whoſe judgement others would rely on, and on whom alone I might ſafely depend, when you occurred to me as the proper perſon; one in whom all virtues are united, the rule, as it were, and ſtandard of perfection. If you had ſeen my works, and praiſed them (and much I wiſh you had), I ſhould have gained the deſired end of all my labours, and, by your favour alone, acquired the approbation of all. To have preferred any other ſuffrage to your's, would have been unpardonable folly: to one alone I would truſt my cauſe, which would be the ſame as if I had ſhewn myſelf to all mankind; for you are of more conſequence than all: the kings of Sparta had two voices, and every body elſe but one; but you unite in yourſelf the power of the ephori, and of the ſenate alſo. In learning, indeed, you ought always to preſide and direct, becauſe you are always candid and judicious, and therefore it is, that, alarmed as I am at the difficulty of my undertaking, I repoſe full confidence in you; and the rather, as I think you will be favourable to me, becauſe I belong to the ſame city, which you have yourſelf been ſo great an ornament to, both in your public and private capacity: if the majority of votes ſhould chance to be againſt me, you, and the few ſuch as you, may yet prevail, make up the deficiency, and, as you always do correct every thing that is amiſs, ſet all to rights again. It will not ſatisfy my ambition that I have been formerly admired, that I am already celebrated, and that men praiſe my eloquence; I prize all this as ſhadows, and mere nothing, in compariſon with your applauſe, which is the great end of all: I would have no doubts or uncertainty about my merit, but be pronounced at once the beſt of all men:—but before I enter the liſts, in ſuch a noble conteſt, ſhall I not hope for ſome propitious omen? Confirm it, gracious gods, and give your ſanction to the praiſe I have received, that hereafter I may appear with confidence. He need not fear to ſtand on any ground, who has conquered at Olympia.

HERODOTUS,

OR

ÆTION.

This little Piece ſeems imperfect, being only a Kind of Proœmium, or Preface, to a long Speech, ſuppoſed to have been ſpoken by LUCIAN, *before a large Aſſembly in Macedonia, when he travelled through Greece. His Account of* ÆTION'S *Picture is curious, and gives us a favourable Opinion of the State of the polite Arts in his Time. The Speech both begins and ends abruptly.*

WOULD to heaven I could imitate Herodotus! I will not ſay in every thing, for that is beyond my hopes, but even in one of his perfections; either the beauty of his diction, the harmony of his periods, the native ſweetneſs of his Ionic dialect, the richneſs of his ſentiments, or any other of thoſe numberleſs and inimitable graces, which he is maſter of: the manner, indeed, in which he made himſelf and his hiſtory known, may eaſily be followed: for, when he ſailed from Caria into Greece, he conſidered within himſelf how he might moſt expeditiouſly, and with the leaſt trouble, render himſelf and his writings moſt conſpicuous; to go round to the Athenians, Corinthians, Argives, and Lacedæmonians, one after another, he rightly judged would have been a laborious, and a tedious taſk: he thought it a wrong method to divide his work into ſo many little parts, to make himſelf known amongſt men, and bent his thoughts towards ſome method of finding all Greece aſſembled together, when the great Olympic games began, and the hiſtorian, ſeizing on this favourable opportunity, the circumſtance which he had long wiſhed for, the council and nobles all met, came into the lower part of the temple, and produced himſelf before them, not as a ſpectator, but a candidate in the liſts, there repeated his hiſtory, and ſo charmed every hearer, that his nine books were honoured with the names of the nine Muſes.

From this time he was better known than all the conquerors there, every body repeated the name of Herodotus; many had themſelves heard him at the great aſſembly, and as many had been told of him by others: they diſtinguiſhed

tinguiſhed him, they pointed him out, and cried, * that is he, that is Herodotus, who wrote our battles with the Perſians, in the Ionic dialect, and celebrated our victories in his divine ſongs. Thus did he reap the fruits of his conqueſt, the univerſal ſuffrage of admiring Greece, and his triumph was adorned, not by one herald, but by every city whoſe inhabitants had been eye-witneſſes of that magnificent ſpectacle. In this, neareſt path to fame and honour, he was afterwards followed by Hippias the Sophiſt, Prodicus, Anaximenes, Polus of Agrigentum, and many others, who repeated their works before the general aſſembly, and became, in a ſhort time, univerſally celebrated and admired.

But why need I mention ancient orators, ſophiſts, and hiſtorians, when a recent example is before us, of Ætion the painter, who ſo lately produced his picture of Alexander and Roxana, at the ſame place, and with ſuch ſucceſs, that Proxenidas, the chief judge, was ſo charmed with it, that he gave him his daughter in marriage.

You will naturally aſk what there could be ſo extraordinary in this picture, as to induce the judge to take Ætion, who was a ſtranger, for his ſon in law: it is now in Italy, where I have ſeen, and am, therefore, able to give you a full deſcription of it.

The † ſcene is a handſome inner chamber, with a nuptial bed in it, on which Roxana, a moſt beautiful virgin, is reclining, with her eyes fixed on the ground, as aſhamed of looking up to Alexander, who ſtands by her. She is attended by ſeveral ſmiling Cupids, one of whom is behind, lifting up her veil, and diſcovering her beauties to the bridegroom; whilſt another, in the character of a ſlave, pulls off her ſlipper, that ſhe may lie down; another lays hold on Alexander's robe, and ſeems drawing him, with all his ſtrength, towards the bride: he has a garland in his hand, which he offers her; Hephæſtion ſtands cloſe to him, with a torch in his hand, and leaning

* *This is he.*] Ουτος εκεινος, et dicier—Hic eſt. Juv.

† *The ſcene is, &c.*] The picture here ſo accurately deſcribed by Lucian, had undoubtedly no inconſiderable ſhare of merit; a better proof of this cannot be given, than that the immortal Raphael was ſo ſtruck with it, as to paint one on the ſame ſubject, wherein he adheres cloſely in every part to Lucian's deſcription, except that our author lays his ſcene in the inner chamber of a houſe, and Raphael in a camp. Raphael's picture made part of the furniture of his own bed-chamber, and is now at his villa near Rome; there are prints from it, engraved by, and may be found in Hamilton's Collection of the Italian School. The French painter, Coypel, likewiſe employed his pencil on this ſtory, which he has treated nearly in the ſame manner: his print is reckoned a very good one.

on a beautiful youth, whom I take to be Hymen, though there is no name inſcribed over him; in another part of the picture are a number of Cupids, ſporting with Alexander's armour, two of them, like porters, ſweating under a burthen, carrying his ſpear, with two more at a little diſtance, one lying upon his ſhield, and borne, like a king in triumph, by ſeveral, who take hold of the handles of it, whilſt the other gets into his coat of mail, and conceals himſelf, as if with a deſign to frighten the reſt if they come that way: nor are theſe ſports without deſign, as the artiſt meant by them to point out the hero's paſſion for war, and to ſhew that, how much ſoever he might be in love with Roxana, he had not forgot his arms. The picture, it may be obſerved, had ſomething nuptial in it, which might recommend Ætion to the daughter of Proxenidas, as the marriage of Alexander was a type of his own, and the hero, whoſe wedding was repreſented, a kind of brideſman to the painter, who went away equally happy,

Herodotus, (to return to him,) ſung the victories of Greece before the Olympic judges, and acquired immortal honour; far be it from me to compare myſelf to that great writer, though, in one thing, there ſeems to be a ſimilarity between us; when I firſt came into Macedonia, I conſidered within myſelf in what manner I ſhould act; I wiſhed to make myſelf known to every one, but to go round to every city was a difficult taſk: I thought it beſt, therefore, to come before your great aſſembly, and addreſs myſelf to you, the flower of all Macedonia; not from lanes, or corners, not from Piſa itſelf, but from a nobler city; not the dregs of the populace, not a croud gathered to a ſpectacle, and liſtening to an Herodotus; but to a company of orators, hiſtorians, and ſophiſts of the firſt rank; far ſuperior to any thing at the Olympic games. I cannot compare myſelf to a Glaucus, a Milo, or Polydamas, that would be vain-glorious; and yet if you conſider me ſeparately, and as a candidate in my own profeſſion, I ſhall, I flatter myſelf, be intituled to your eſteem and approbation.

THE

THE

SCYTHIAN.

This ſeems to have been an Oration, or, perhaps, only Part of one, ſpoken by LUCIAN, *before ſome popular Aſſembly at Athens, probably before he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a Writer. As a Foreigner, he endeavours to recommend himſelf to the Athenians, and to conciliate the public Favour. The Compariſon, which he draws between* Anacharſis *and himſelf, though it ſavours rather too much of authorial Vanity, is ingenious, and his artful Addreſs to two leading Men, towards the End of the Diſcourſe, ſhews a Knowlege of Mankind, which, we may ſuppoſe, was of no little Service to him.*

ANACHARSIS was not the firſt who came out of Scythia to learn the arts of Greece; for before him Toxaris, a man of great wiſdom and knowlege, and one who had a taſte for truth and beauty, travelled thither: he was not of royal or noble race, but a plebeian of that country, one of thoſe whom they call * Octipedes, which ſignifies maſter of two oxen, and one waggon; he never returned to Scythia, but died at Athens; ſoon after which he was ranked amongſt the heroes; and the Athenians, to this day, offer up an annual ſacrifice to him, under the title of the foreign phyſician: how he came by this appellation, and why he was thus honoured as a ſon of Æſculapius, it may not be amiſs to inform you, that you may learn it is not the Scythians alone who beſtow immortality, and ſend meſſengers to † Zamolxis, but that the Athenians alſo deify their Scythian heroes.

During the time of the great ‡ plague, the wife of Architeles, the Areo-

* *Octipedes.*] Eight-footed.—Becauſe they were maſters, or owners, of two oxen. Small farmers to be ſure.

† *Zamolxis.*] The great deity of the Scythians; who believed that if they lived a good life, they ſhould meet him in the regions of the bleſſed. Every five years this barbarous people ſent what they called a meſſenger to him; the manner of which was no leſs ſingular than cruel: when they had fixed on the perſon to be immortalized, they drew out three pikes, or javelins, and threw the man up into the air, if he had the good fortune to fall upon one of the javelins, and be killed by it, they looked upon it as a propitious omen, and that Zamolxis accepted the victim, and would favour them in every undertaking; if he did not die with the wounds, they conſidered him as a raſcal, and tried the experiment on ſome other perſon. This ſtory is told by Herodotus.

‡ *Plague.*] In the time of the Peloponneſian war. As related by Thucydides.

pagite, ſaw, in the middle of the night, the figure of Toxaris ſtanding by her, and commanding her to tell the Athenians, that the peſtilence would ceaſe, if they ſprinkled the ſtreets of the city with wine; by repeating this (for the Athenians followed the advice), whether it was that the ſmell ariſing from the wine diſpelled the noxious vapours, or that Toxaris, who was a ſkilful phyſician, made uſe of any other means, the plague was ſtayed; in conſideration of this, a white horſe is annually ſacrificed at his tomb, on the ſpot where Dimænete was ſuppoſed to have ſeen him, when he preſcribed the remedy, and where Toxaris was buried, with an inſcription, at preſent ſcarce legibile. There was likewiſe a ſmall pillar, with a figure of Toxaris, who held an out-ſtretched bow in his right hand, and in his left a book, both which are ſtill to be ſeen, though one half of the monument, and the face of the man are deſtroyed by time. Not far from the double gate, and on the left, as you go to the Academy, you will find the little tomb, and part of the pillar lying on the ground; it is always crowned with garlands, and * ſeveral perſons, it is ſaid, by reſorting to it, have been cured of fevers: nor is this improbable; as Toxaris formerly preſerved the whole city.

It was during the life of Toxaris (and this is the reaſon why I mentioned him) that Anacharſis came into Greece; and when he landed at the Piræus, being a barbarian, and an utter ſtranger to the country, ignorant of every thing in it, and not knowing what to do with himſelf, he ſuffered no little uneaſineſs: his dreſs and arms rendered him an object of deriſion to the multitude, and he could find no body who underſtood his language; inſomuch that he began at length to repent of his journey, and reſolved, though he had but juſt ſet foot in Athens, to turn back again, ſail to the Boſphorus, and make the beſt of his way home: in this ſituation, Toxaris, like a good genius, met him as he entered the Ceramicus; attracted by his foreign habit, he came up to him; it is, indeed, moſt probable that he muſt have known Anacharſis, who was a man of the firſt rank in Scythia, though he might not recollect Toxaris, who was dreſſed in the Grecian manner, without a girdle, or a ſword, cloſe ſhaved, and, in ſhort, appearing in all reſpects as a native of Athens, ſuch an entire change had time wrought in him. Are not you, ſaid Toxaris, in the Scythian tongue, Anacharſis, the ſon of Daucetus? Anacharſis ſhed tears of joy, at thus meeting with a man who

* *Several perſons, &c.*] This favours much of Romiſh ſuperſtition, nor can we at all reconcile the ſtrange credulity of Lucian in this point, with his general character.

could

could ſpeak his language, and ſeemed to know him ſo well; how came you, ſaid he, ſtranger, to know me? I am your countryman, replied the other, though, being of inferior rank, you do not recollect me; my name is Toxaris. And are you, ſaid Anacharſis, that Toxaris whom I have heard ſo much of, who left his wife and family in Scythia, in ſearch of Grecian literature, and came to Athens, where he now lives honoured and revered by the greateſt perſons in it? I am he, ſaid Toxaris. Know then, replied Anacharſis, that I am your diſciple and follower; ſtruck with the ſame paſſion as yourſelf for Grecian knowlege, I left my native country, and have ſuffered ſo many hardſhips in my journey hither, that if I had not lit on you, I had determined, before ſun-ſet, to go back to my ſhip, ſuch uneaſineſs did I feel at being totally ignorant of every thing around me; but, by our country's gods, by Zamolxis, and the * ſcymitar, I now intreat thee, Toxaris, to take a ſtranger under thy protection, lead me round the city, and ſhew me every thing that is worth ſeeing in it; explain to me the laws of Athens, her manners, her rites and ceremonies, her policy, and cuſtoms; bring me acquainted with her great men, ſhew me all thoſe things which induced you, as well as myſelf, to take ſo long a journey, and do not ſuffer me to return home without a thorough knowlege of them.

It was not (replied Toxaris), like a lover of ſcience, after coming to the very door, thus to talk of retreating; be of good courage, however, my friend, for you ſhall not go back ſo ſoon as you intended; this city will not ſo eaſily part from you, nor does it want allurements ſufficient to detain a ſtranger in it, but will lay hold on you ſo ſtrongly, that you will ſoon forget even your wife and children, if you have left any behind you. And, now, I will tell you how you may get a complete view of Athens, and of every thing remarkable throughout all Greece; there is here a great and wiſe man, a native of this place, who has travelled through Aſia and Ægypt, well known to the firſt perſons in the kingdom, though he is himſelf poor and indigent; you will find him old, like me, and habited like a plebeian, yet, on account of the extraordinary wiſdom, and many virtues which he poſſeſſes, admired and eſteemed by all the citizens, who acknowlege him as their legiſlator, and live and act as he directs them: if you can make him your friend, and experience how great a man he is, you will have in him alone, all Greece; the ſummit and perfection of every thing that is to be ſeen or

* *Scymitar.*] See Lucian's Toxaris, where this oath is explained.

known

known amongſt us: I cannot confer a greater favour, than to introduce and recommend you to him.

Let us not then delay, ſaid Anacharſis; bring us together, I beſeech you, Toxaris, as ſoon as poſſible; but I fear he will be difficult of acceſs, and, perhaps, pay no regard to your recommendation. Never fear that, ſaid Toxaris, I know I ſhall do him the greateſt favour, by giving him an opportunity of ſhewing kindneſs to a ſtranger; follow me, and you ſhall ſoon experience his hoſpitality, juſtice, candour, and benevolence; and ſee, my friend, as if ſent by heaven's appointment, he approaches towards us; that is he who comes this way, he ſeems wrapped in meditation, and is talking to himſelf.

Toxaris then went up to Solon; I have brought you, ſaid he, a valuable preſent, a ſtranger, who ſtands in need of your friendſhip and protection; a Scythian by birth, who has left his country and family to live with us, and ſee the wonders of Greece. I have pointed out to him the ſhorteſt way to be acquainted with every thing, and every body worth knowing here, and for this purpoſe I have brought him to you. If I have any knowlege of Solon, I doubt not but he will treat him hoſpitably, pay him public honours, and adopt him a citizen of Greece.

And now (turning to the Scythian), Anacharſis, he cried, you have ſeen Solon, and in him every thing; he is Athens; he is Greece; you are no longer a ſtranger here; all men know, and all love you; ſo much depends on this good old man; living with him you will ſoon forget Scythia; you reap the reward of your travels, the great end of all your labour; here you ſee the Grecian laws, and the philoſophy of Athens. Acknowlege yourſelf at length the happieſt of mankind, to be thus bleſſed with Solon's friendſhip.

How much Solon was pleaſed with the preſent which Toxaris had made him, and all that he ſaid on the occaſion, would be tedious to relate; ſuffice it to obſerve, that they afterwards lived together, Solon ſhewing him every thing, inſtructing, and recommending him, taking every method to make him live eaſily and happily in Greece: whilſt Anacharſis, on his part, admired the wiſdom of Solon ſo much, that he would never ſtir from him; for, as Toxaris had foretold, from Solon alone, in a ſhort time, he knew every thing, became acquainted with every body, and was univerſally eſteemed; his approbation, indeed, was a matter of no little conſequence, for all men conſidered

conſidered him as their great legiſlator, and implicitly obeyed him, always loving and valuing thoſe whoſe conduct he applauded. Anacharſis was, moreover, initiated into the ſacred myſteries, the only barbarian who ever enjoyed that privilege, having before been made a denizen of Athens; if we may believe Theoxenus, who relates this of him: nor would he ever, I ſuppoſe, have returned into Scythia, if the death of Solon had not driven him out of Greece.

And, now, you will expect, no doubt, that I ſhould put an end to my tale, and inform you for what purpoſe I brought Toxaris and Anacharſis thus out out of Scythia, and old Solon to Athens: the truth is, ſomething parallel to Anacharſis's adventures happened to myſelf; by the Graces, I beſeech you, my friends, be not angry at the ſimile, or becauſe I compare myſelf to a man of ſuch rank and family; he was a barbarian as well as myſelf, and, I hope, you will own, a Syrian is not inferior to a Scythian. I do not mean to draw the compariſon with regard to his birth, but to other circumſtances; for, when I firſt came an utter ſtranger to your city, I was ſtruck with the ſize and beauty of it, the number of its inhabitants, its dignity, and ſplendor. I was aſtoniſhed, and loſt in admiration, like the * young man at the palace of Menelaus: and well I might be at the ſight of a city ſo grand, noble, and flouriſhing.

In this ſituation, I conſidered what I ſhould do; I had reſolved to give you a ſpecimen of my abilities as an orator; how indeed could I paſs over in ſilence, ſuch a ſubject! I enquired, therefore, (for I will confeſs the truth) who were the principal men in the city, to whom I might apply, as patrons, who would be of the greateſt ſervice to me: very ſoon, not one or two barbarians, like Toxaris and Anacharſis, but numbers; all, indeed, whom I met, told me the ſame thing; however, though in different words, Know, ſtranger, they all cried, there are in this city many good and ſenſible men, nor will you find ſo many, perhaps, any where elſe; but there are two, ſuperior in rank and dignity, as well as in goodneſs to all the reſt, in learning and elegance, equal to the ten famous orators of Greece; ſuch favourites of the people, that they are univerſally beloved, which is the greateſt happineſs to the commonwealth: whatever they command is performed, for they command nothing but what is good: great as they are, they leave no room for envy; reſpectable for their kindneſs, benevolence, and hoſpitality; at the

* *Young man.*] See Homer's Odyſſey, B. IV. l. 74.

ſame

ſame time, how mild they are, and how eaſy of acceſs you will ſoon know, and may report to others: what will moſt excite your wonder is, that they are both to be found in the ſame houſe, a ſon and father: the latter you would take for a Solon, a Pericles, or Ariſtides; the former, tall, and with a form full of manly beauty, captivates you at firſt ſight; but if he ſpeaks, your ears are charmed and riveted to him, ſuch wondrous eloquence is the youth poſſeſſed of: when he comes into the ſenate, the whole city liſtens to him, as the Athenians, they tell us, did to the ſon of Clinias. They repented, indeed, of their love for Alcibiades, but the whole nation loves, and reverences this youth: he is the joy and happineſs of all, a public good. If he and his father receive and honour you with their friendſhip, the city is yours; they need only, by the waving of a hand, to ſignify their opinion of you, and your fortune is made.

Such, I ſwear by almighty Jove (if an oath is neceſſary to confirm it), was the general voice: and by experience, I know it is not half what they might have ſaid. This, therefore, as the * Coan poet ſays, is not a time for idleneſs and delays: I muſt pull every rope, ſay, and do all I can, to gain their patronage and friendſhip; ſo ſhall I make a proſperous voyage, the ſky will be ſerene, the waves placid, and I ſhall ſoon arrive at the deſired haven.

Coan poet.] Bacchylides.

ZEUXIS:

ZEUXIS:

OR,

ANTIOCHUS.

This ſeems to be another Oration, probably ſpoken by LUCIAN, *before the ſame Aſſembly, and in the ſame Place as the laſt, which he alludes to in the firſt Sentence: the Example of* ZEUXIS *is extremely appoſite to the Purpoſe, as well as that of* ANTIOCHUS. *Both the Stories are curious and entertaining.*

AS ſoon as I was got home the other day, after having repeated my oration, ſeveral of my auditors came, (as I am ſpeaking to friends, I may venture to mention it,) embraced, and complimented me highly on the occaſion: their extravagant praiſes made me bluſh; partly, indeed, for fear that I ſhould not hereafter anſwer their expectations: what they principally dwelt on, was the novelty of every thing I had ſaid. What an admirable ſpeech, they cried, how clever he muſt be at invention! how wonderfully new! They muſt ſurely have been greatly affected, or they would not have flattered a ſtranger in this manner: the exceſs of their praiſes, to ſay the truth, gave me no little uneaſineſs; and when they were gone, I ſaid to myſelf, was there nothing in my writings worthy of commendation but the novelty of them? is there no judicious obſervance of ancient rules, no Attic elegance, no art in the compoſition, no ſenſible reflections, no ſtyle or beauty? Surely if there had, they would not have praiſed them thus, for being ſtrange and uncommon: they might, after all, have been charmed principally with this; for, as Homer tells us,

Novel lays attract our raviſh'd ears.

And yet, not with this alone, but partly with the other perfections which

Τὴν γὰρ ἀοιδὴν μᾶλλον ἐπικλείουσ' ἀνθρωποι,
Ητις ἀκουοντεσσι νεωτατη ἀμφιπέληται. Od. A'. l. 351.

which Pope thus tranſlates,

— Novel lays attract our raviſh'd ears,
But old the mind with inattention hears.

I mentioned; and to which, their novelty ſerved as a crown, or ornament, to ſet off and recommend them, ſo that there might be ſome parts deſerving of ſerious applauſe. This reflection ſoothed my pride, and made me almoſt believe them, when they told me, I was the only good Grecian writer, a miracle of parts, and ſo forth; and yet, perhaps, they would have given this kind of praiſe to a mountebank.

I will tell you a ſtory of Zeuxis. That famous painter ſeldom choſe to handle trite and common ſubjects, ſuch as heroes, gods, and battles, but always endeavoured to ſtrike out ſomething new, and exerted all his art and ſkill upon it: amongſt other things, he painted a female centaur, with two young ones: there is an exact copy of it now at Athens; the original was ſaid to have been ſent into Italy by Sylla the Roman general, and loſt at ſea with the whole cargo, ſomewhere, I believe, near Malta. The copy, however, I have ſeen, and will deſcribe to you; not that I pretend to be a judge of pictures, but becauſe, when I ſaw it in a painter's collection, there, it made a ſtrong impreſſion on me, and I perfectly recollect every part of it.

* The Centaur is lying down on a ſmooth turf; that part which repreſents a mare, is ſtretched on the ground, with the hind feet extended backwards; the forefeet not reaching out as if ſhe laid on her ſide, but one of them as kneeling, with the hoof bent under, the other raiſed up, and trampling on the graſs, like a horſe prepared to leap: ſhe holds one of the young ones in her arms, and ſuckles it like a child at her woman's breaſt; and the other at her dugs like a colt. In the farther part of the picture, is ſeen a male centaur, as watching from a place of obſervation, ſuppoſed to be the father; he is behind, and diſcovers only the horſe part of the figure, and appears ſmiling, ſhewing a lyon's cub, which he lifts up, as if to frighten the young ones in ſport.

With regard to correctneſs in drawing, the colouring, † light and ſhade, ſymmetry, proportion, and other beauties of this picture; as I am not a ſufficient judge of the art, I leave it to painters, whoſe buſineſs it is to explain and illuſtrate them: what I principally admire in Zeuxis is, his ſhewing ſo

* *The Centaur.*] The picture of Zeuxis is very exactly and accurately deſcribed by Lucian, and according to his account, had no ſmall degree of merit in it. Zeuxis, if we may credit our author, muſt have been the STUBBS of antiquity.

† *Light and ſhade.*] Gr. Σκιασαι ες δεον.—Umbrarum rationem; what can this mean, but the knowlege of light and ſhade? This, however, according to the judgment of ſome modern critics, was unknown to the ancients.

much

much variety, and all the riches of his art, in the management of one ſubject, repreſenting a man ſo fierce and terrible, the hair ſo nobly diſhevelled, rough and flowing over the ſhoulders where it joins the horſe, and the countenance, though ſmiling, amazingly wild and ſavage: the female Centaur is a moſt beautiful mare, of Theſſalian breed, ſuch as had been never ridden, or tamed: all the upper part reſembling a very handſome woman, except the ears, which are like a ſatyr's: that part of the figure, where the body of the woman joins to that of the horſe, incorporating, as it were, inſenſibly, and by ſlow degrees, ſo that you can ſcarce mark the tranſition, deceiving the ſight moſt agreeably: the ferocity that appears in the young ones, is, moreover, admirably expreſſed; as well as the childiſh innocence in their countenances when they look towards the young lyon, clinging at the ſame time to the breaſt, and getting as cloſe as poſſible to their mother.

When Zeuxis produced this work, he expected, no doubt, to meet with univerſal approbation from the ſpectators; every body, indeed, praiſed and admired it; and how could they do otherwiſe? above all they commended, as my friends did with regard to me, the novelty of the invention; ſaid it was a moſt uncommon ſubject, and unattempted by any of his predeceſſors. But, when Zeuxis underſtood that their admiration was confined entirely to the novelty of it, and that they paſſed over all the art which he had exerted in it, "Cover up the picture, ſaid he to his pupil, and let it be carried home, for theſe people are only in love with the dregs, as it were, of the art, and take no notice of the real merit of the picture, the novelty of the performance alone, runs away with all the praiſe and admiration."

Thus did Zeuxis act, perhaps with too much reſentment. There is ſomething ſimilar to it in what happened to Antiochus, ſirnamed Socer, in his war with the Gallo-Grecians. I will tell you, if you pleaſe, that ſtory alſo. This prince, knowing that his enemies were ſtrong and numerous, that they had a powerful phalanx in the van, armed with breaſt-plates of braſs, and twenty thouſand horſe to ſupport them; beſides, eighty chariots with ſcythes, and as many without: againſt all theſe he had little hopes of ſucceſs, his own army being but juſt raiſed, and conſiſting of very few troops, moſt of them light-armed ſoldiers, both horſe and foot; he thought it therefore moſt prudent to put an end to the war if poſſible, and conclude a peace with them: but Theodotus, the Rhodian, a brave and ſkilful general, coming up, exhorted him by no means to deſpair. Antiochus had, it ſeems, ſixteen elephants;

theſe, he adviſed him carefully to conceal behind the ranks, ſo as not to be ſeen by the enemy; when the trumpets ſounded, and the battle began, their horſe advanced, the chariots of the Gallo-Grecians opened to give them way, when four of the elephants ruſhed out againſt one party, and four againſt another, eight more oppoſed the chariot-drivers: this, they thought would frighten the horſes, and make the enemy fall upon, and deſtroy one another: and ſo it happened; for neither the Gallo-Grecians themſelves, nor their horſes, having ever ſeen an elephant, they were terrified at a ſight ſo unſuſpected, and even before the monſters approached, as ſoon as they heard them bellow at a diſtance, and ſaw their trunks and teeth ſhining under their black hides, as if they would tear every thing to pieces, they fled away, before a dart was thrown, in the utmoſt confuſion: the foot, in the mean time, ſlain by each other, and trod upon by the cavalry, who ruſhed upon them with all their force, and the chariots driving back upon their own men, which cauſed great ſlaughter amongſt them; as * Homer ſays,

In heaps on heaps, the foe tumultuous flies.

The horſes, thus, once broke, and put out of their way, were routed by the elephants, threw down their drivers, and left the cars rolling on, and mowing down numbers with their ſcythes; the elephants treading upon them, and with their trunks toſſing their bodies into the air, and tearing them in pieces; inſomuch, that Antiochus, by their means, at length gained a complete victory. Moſt of the enemy were either ſlain or taken priſoners, except a few, who ſaved themſelves by flight. The Macedonians ſung a pean, crowned Antiochus, and exulted on the victory: but he, with tears in his eyes, cried out, "Should we not rather bluſh, my fellow-ſoldiers, to think our ſucceſs was all owing to theſe ſixteen beaſts; if the enemy had not been ſtruck with the novelty of the ſight, what would have become of us?" He commanded, therefore, that nothing but an elephant ſhould be inſcribed on the trophy.

I am much afraid, leſt ſomething like Antiochus's battle ſhould happen to myſelf; it is perhaps, my elephants alone, that frighten, and cauſe ſo much admiration; it is the novelty of a female Centaur, which appears ſo new and wonderful; and all the reſt of Zeuxis's performance was but labour in vain. I will not think ſo, for you underſtand painting well, and are exquiſite judges of the art: I hope my productions will be worthy of your approbation.

* *Homer ſays.*] See Pope's Odyſſey, b. 16. l. 351.

TO

TO THAT EXCELLENT HISTORIAN,

THE VERY LEARNED AND INGENIOUS

Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON,

PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,

THIS TRACT IS INSCRIBED BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

WRITING HISTORY.

LUCIAN, *in this Letter to his Friend* PHILO, *after having, with infinite Humour, expoſed the Abſurdities of ſome contemporary Hiſtorians, whoſe Works being conſigned to Oblivion, have never reached us, proceeds, in the latter Part of it, to lay down moſt excellent Rules and Directions for writing Hiſtory. My Readers will find the one to the laſt Degree pleaſant and entertaining; and the other no leſs uſeful, ſenſible, and inſtructive. This is, indeed, one of* LUCIAN'S *beſt Pieces.*

My dear Philo,

IN the reign of * Lyſimachus, we are told, that the people of Abdera were ſeized with a violent epidemical fever, which raged through the whole city, continuing for ſeven days, at the expiration of which, a copious diſcharge of blood from the noſtrils in ſome, and in others a profuſe ſweat, carried it off; it was attended, however, with a very ridiculous circumſtance; every one of the perſons affected by it, being ſuddenly taken with a fit of tragedizing, ſpouting iambics, and roaring out moſt furiouſly, particularly

* *Lyſimachus.*] One of Alexander's generals, to whoſe ſhare on the diviſion of the empire, after that monarch's death, fell the kingdom of Thrace, in which was ſituated the city of Abdera.

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the * Andromeda of Euripides, and the ſpeech of Perſeus, which they recited in moſt lamentable accents: the city ſwarm'd with theſe pale ſeventh-day patients, who, with loud voices, were perpetually bawling out

O tyrant love, o'er gods and men ſupreme, &c.

And this they continued every day for a long time, till winter and the cold weather coming on, put an end to their delirium: for this diſorder, they ſeem, in my opinion, indebted to Archelaus, a tragedian at that time in high eſtimation, who, in the middle of ſummer, at the very † hotteſt ſeaſon of the year, exhibited the Andromeda, which had ſuch an effect on the ſpectators, that ſeveral of them, as ſoon as they roſe up from it, fell inſenſibly into the tragedizing vein; the Andromeda naturally occurring to their memories, and Perſeus, with his Meduſa, ſtill hovering round them.

Now if, as they ſay, one may compare great things with ſmall: this Abderian diſorder ſeems to have ſeized on many of our Literati of the preſent age; not that it ſets them on acting tragedies, (for the folly would not be ſo great in repeating other people's verſes, eſpecially if they were good ones,) but ever ſince the war was began againſt the Barbarians, the defeat in ‡ Armenia, and the victories conſequent on it, not one is there amongſt us who does not write a hiſtory, or rather, I may ſay, we are all Thucydides's, Herodotus's, and Xenophon's. Well may they ſay, § war is the parent of all things, when one action can make ſo many hiſtorians. This puts me in mind of what happened at || Sinope: when the Corinthians heard that Philip was going to attack them, they were all alarmed, and fell to work, ſome bruſhing up their arms, others bringing ſtones to prop up their walls, and defend their bulwarks, every one, in ſhort, lending a hand: Diogenes obſerving this, and having

* *Andromeda.*] A ſmall fragment of this tragedy, and which has in it the very line here quoted by Lucian, is yet extant in Barnes's edition of Euripides.

† *Hotteſt ſeaſon.*] This ſtory may afford no uſeleſs admonition to the managers of the Haymarket, and other ſummer theatres, who, it is to be hoped, will not run the hazard of inflaming their audiences with too much tragedy in the dog-days.

‡ *Armenia.*] This alludes to the Parthian war, in the time of Severian; the particulars of which, except the few here occaſionally glanced at, we are ſtrangers to. Lucian, moſt probably by this tract, totally knocked up ſome of the hiſtorians who had given an account of it, and prevented many others who were intimidated by the ſeverity of his ſtrictures, attempting to tranſmit the hiſtory of it to poſterity.

§ *War is, &c.*] This ſaying is attributed to Empedocles.

|| *Sinope.*] The moſt famous of the Pontic cities, and well known as the reſidence of the renowned Cynic philoſopher. It is ſtill called by the ſame name, and is a port-town of Aſiatic Turkey, on the Euxine.

nothing

nothing to do, (for no body employed him,) tucked up his robe, and, with all his might, fell a-rolling his tub, which he lived in, up and down the * Cranium: What are you about? ſaid one of his friends; Rolling my tub, replied he, that whilſt every body is buſy around me, I may not be the only idle perſon in the kingdom. In like manner, I, my dear Philo, being very loath, in this noiſy age, to make no noiſe at all, or to act the part of a mute in the comedy, think it highly proper that I ſhould roll my tub alſo: not that I mean to write hiſtory myſelf, or be a narrator of facts; you need not fear me, I am not ſo raſh, knowing the danger too well if I roll it amongſt the ſtones, eſpecially ſuch a tub as mine, which is not over ſtrong, ſo that the leaſt pebble I ſtrike againſt, would daſh it in pieces. I will tell you, however, what my deſign is, how I mean to be preſent at the battle, and yet keep out of the reach of danger: I intend to ſhelter myſelf from the † waves and the ſmoke, and the cares that writers are liable to, and only give them a little good advice, and a few precepts; to have, in ſhort, ſome little hand in the building, though I do not expect my name will be inſcribed on it, as I ſhall but juſt touch the mortar with the tip of my finger.

There are many, I know, who think there is no neceſſity for inſtruction at all with regard to this buſineſs, any more than there is for walking, ſeeing, or eating, and that it is the eaſieſt thing in the world for a man to write hiſtory, if he can but ſay what comes uppermoſt: but you, my friend, are convinced that it is no ſuch eaſy matter, nor ſhould be negligently and careleſsly performed; but that, on the other hand, if there be any thing in the whole circle of literature, that requires more than ordinary care and attention, it is undoubtedly this: at leaſt, if a man would wiſh, as Thucydides ſays, to labour for poſterity. I very well know, that I cannot attack ſo many without rendering myſelf obnoxious to ſome, eſpecially thoſe whoſe hiſtories are already finiſhed, and made public; even if, what I ſay, ſhould be approved by them, it would be madneſs to expect that they ſhould retract any thing, or alter that which had been once eſtabliſhed, and, as it were, laid up in royal repoſitories: it may not be amiſs, however, to give them theſe inſtructions, that in caſe of another war, the Getæ againſt the Gauls, or the Indians, perhaps, againſt the Barbarians, (for with regard to

* *Cranium.*] A kind of ſchool or gymnaſium, where the young men performed their exerciſes: the choice of ſuch a place by a philoſopher, to roll a tub in, heightens the ridicule.

† *Waves, &c.*] See Homer's Odyſſey, M. l. 219.

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ourſelves there is no danger, our enemies being all ſubdued) by applying theſe rules if they like them, they may know better how to write for the future: if they do not chuſe this, they may even go on by their old meaſure, the * phyſician will not break his heart if all the people of Abdera follow their own inclination, and continue to act the Andromeda.

Criticiſm is twofold; that which teaches us what we are to chuſe, and that which teaches us what to avoid: we will begin with the laſt, and conſider what thoſe faults are, which a writer of hiſtory ſhould be free from; next, what it is that will lead him into the right path, how he ſhould begin, what order and method he ſhould obſerve, what he ſhould paſs over in ſilence, and what he ſhould dwell upon, how things may be beſt illuſtrated and connected. Of theſe, and ſuch as theſe, we will ſpeak hereafter; in the mean time, let us point out the faults which bad writers are moſt generally guilty of, the blunders which they commit in language, compoſition, and ſentiment, with many other marks of ignorance, which it would be tedious to enumerate, and belong not to our preſent argument; the principal faults, as I obſerved to you, are in the language and compoſition.

You will find on examination, that hiſtory in general has a great many of this kind, which, if you liſten to them all, you will be ſufficiently convinced of; and, for this purpoſe, it may not be unſeaſonable to recollect ſome of them by way of example; and the firſt that I ſhall mention, is that intolerable cuſtom which moſt of them have of omitting facts, and dwelling forever on the praiſes of their generals and commanders, extolling to the ſkies their own leaders, and degrading beyond meaſure thoſe of their enemies, not knowing how much hiſtory differs from panegyric; that there is a great wall between them; or, that to uſe a muſical phraſe, they are a double † octave diſtant from each other: the ſole buſineſs of the panegyriſt, is, at all events, and by every means to extol, and delight the object of his praiſe, and it little concerns him whether it be true or not. But hiſtory will not admit the leaſt degree of falſehood, any more than, as phyſicians ſay, the ‡ wind-pipe can receive into it any kind of food.

* *The Phyſicians, &c.*] Alluding to the ſtory he ſet out with.

† *Double octave.*] Δισδιαπασων. Gr. the Latin tranſlation renders it octava duplici. See Burney's Diſſertation on Muſic, Sect. 1.

‡ *The wind-pipe.*] Gr. Την αρτηριαν τραχειαν, aſpera arteria, or the wind pipe. The compariſon is ſtrictly juſt, and remarkably true; as we may all recollect how dreadful the ſenſation is, when any part of our food ſlips down what is generally called the wrong way.

Theſe

Theſe men ſeem not to know, that poetry has its particular rules and precepts; and that hiſtory is governed by others directly oppoſite: that, with regard to the former, the licence is immoderate, and there is ſcarce any law, but what the poet preſcribes to himſelf. When he is full of the Deity, and poſſeſſed, as it were, by the Muſes, if he has a mind to put * winged horſes to his chariot, and drive ſome through the waters, and others over the tops of unbending corn, there is no offence taken: neither, if his † Jupiter hangs the earth and ſea at the end of a chain, are we afraid that it ſhould break, and deſtroy us all: if he wants to extol Agamemnon, who ſhall forbid his beſtowing on him the head and eyes of Jupiter, the breaſt of his brother Neptune, and the belt of Mars? The ſon of Atreus and Ærope, muſt be a compoſition of all the gods; nor are Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune, ſufficient, perhaps, of themſelves, to give us an idea of his perfection. But, if hiſtory admits any adulation of this kind, it becomes a ſort of proſaic poetry, without its numbers or magnificence; a heap of monſtrous ſtories, only more conſpicuous by their incredibility: he is unpardonable, therefore, who cannot diſtinguiſh one from the other; but lays on hiſtory the paint of poetry, its flattery, fable, and hyperbole: it is juſt as ridiculous as it would be to clothe one of our robuſt wreſtlers, who is as hard as an oak, in fine purple, or ſome ſuch meretricious garb, and put ‡ paint on his cheeks; how would ſuch ornaments debaſe and degrade him! I do not mean, by this, that in hiſtory we are not to praiſe ſometimes, but it muſt be done at proper ſeaſons, and in a proper degree, that it may not offend the readers of future ages; for future ages muſt be conſidered in this affair, as I ſhall endeavour to prove hereafter.

Thoſe, I muſt here obſerve, are greatly miſtaken, who divide hiſtory into two parts, the uſeful and the agreeable; and, in conſequence of it, would introduce panegyric, as always delectable, and entertaining to the reader: but the diviſion itſelf is falſe and deluſive; for the great end and deſign of

* *Winged horſes.*] See Homer's Iliad, Υ. l. 227. and Virgil's Camilla, in the 7th book of the Ænied.

† *Jupiter.*] See Homer's Il. Θ. l. 18. One of the blind bard's ſpecioſa miracula, which Lucian is perpetually laughing at.

‡ *Paint.*] ψιμμυθιον, or ceruſſa. Painting, we ſee, both amongſt men and women, was practiſed long ago, and has at leaſt the plea of antiquity in its favour. According to Lucian, the men laid on white; for the ψιμμυθιον, was probably ceruſe, or white lead: the ladies, we may ſuppoſe, as at preſent, preferred the rouge.

hiſtory, is, to be uſeful: a ſpecies of merit, which can only ariſe from its truth; if the agreeable follows, ſo much the better; as there may be beauty in a wreſtler: and yet Hercules would eſteem the brave though ugly Nicoſtratus as much as the beautiful Alcæus. And thus, Hiſtory, when ſhe adds pleaſure to utility, may attract more admirers; though, as long as ſhe is poſſeſſed of that greateſt of perfections, truth, ſhe need not be anxious concerning beauty.

In hiſtory, nothing fabulous can be agreeable; and flattery is diſguſting to all readers, except the very dregs of the people: good judges look with the eyes of Argos on every part, reject every thing that is falſe and adulterated, and will admit nothing but what is true, clear, and well expreſſed; theſe are the men you are to have a regard to when you write, rather than the vulgar, though your flattery ſhould delight them ever ſo much. If you ſtuff hiſtory with fulſome encomiums, and idle tales, you will make her like Hercules in Lydia; as you may have ſeen him painted, waiting upon Omphale, who is dreſſed in the lion's ſkin, with his club in her hand; whilſt he is repreſented, cloathed in yellow and purple, and ſpinning, and Omphale beating him with her ſlipper: a ridiculous ſpectacle, wherein every thing manly and godlike is ſunk and degraded to effeminacy.

The multitude perhaps, indeed, may admire ſuch things; but the judicious few, whoſe opinion you deſpiſe, will always laugh at what is abſurd, incongruous, and inconſiſtent: every thing has a beauty peculiar to itſelf: but if you put one inſtead of another, the moſt beautiful becomes ugly, becauſe it is not in its proper place. I need not add, that praiſe is agreeable only to the perſon praiſed, and diſguſtful to every body elſe, eſpecially when it is laviſhly beſtowed; as is the practice of moſt writers, who are ſo extremely deſirous of recommending themſelves by flattery, and dwell ſo much upon it, as to convince the reader it is mere adulation; which they have not art enough to conceal, but heap up together, naked, uncovered, and totally incredible: ſo that they ſeldom gain what they expected from it; for the perſon flattered, if he has any thing noble or manly in him, only abhors and deſpiſes them for it as mean paraſites. Ariſtobulus, after he had written an account of the ſingle combat between Alexander and Porus, ſhowed that monarch a particular part of it, wherein, the better to get into his good graces, he had inſerted a great deal more than was true: when Alexander ſeized the book and threw it (for they happened at that time to be ſailing on the Hydaſpes,) directly

directly into the river: "thus, ſaid he, ought you to have been ſerved yourſelf, for pretending to deſcribe my battles, and killing half a dozen elephants for me with a ſingle ſpear." This anger was worthy of Alexander, of him who could not bear the adulation of that * architect, who promiſed to transform mount Athos into a ſtatue of him: but he looked upon the man, from that time, as a baſe flatterer, and never employed him afterwards.

What is there in this cuſtom, therefore, that can be agreeable, unleſs to the proud and vain; to deformed men, or ugly women, who inſiſt on being painted handſome, and think they ſhall look better, if the artiſt gives them a little more red and white! Such, for the moſt part, are the hiſtorians of our times, who ſacrifice every thing to the preſent moment, and their own intereſt and advantage; who can only be deſpiſed as ignorant flatterers of the age they live in; and as men, who, at the ſame time, by their extravagant ſtories, make every thing which they relate liable to ſuſpicion. If, notwithſtanding, any are ſtill of opinion, that the agreeable ſhould be admitted in hiſtory, let them join that which is pleaſant with that which is true, by the beauties of ſtyle and diction, inſtead of foiſting in, as is commonly done, what is nothing to the purpoſe.

I will now acquaint you with ſome things I lately picked up in Ionia and Achaia, from ſeveral hiſtorians, who gave accounts of this war. By the Graces, I beſeech you, to give me credit for what I am going to tell you, as I could ſwear to the truth of it, if it were polite to ſwear in a diſſertation. One of theſe gentlemen begins by invoking the Muſes, and intreats the goddeſſes to aſſiſt him in the performance: what an excellent ſetting out! and how properly is this form of ſpeech adapted to hiſtory! a little farther on, he compares our emperor to Achilles, and the Perſian king to Therſites; not conſidering, that his Achilles would have been a much greater man, if he had killed Hector, rather than Therſites; if the brave ſhould fly, he who purſues muſt be braver. Then follows an encomium on himſelf, ſhewing how worthy he is to recite ſuch noble actions; and when he is got on a little, he extols his own country, Miletus, adding, that in this he had acted better than Homer, who never tells us where he was born. He informs us, moreover, at the end of his preface, in the moſt plain and poſitive terms, that he ſhall take care to make the beſt he can of our own affairs; and, as far as

* *Architect*] Dinocrates: the ſame ſtory is told of him, with ſome little alteration, by Vitruvius. Mention is made of it likewiſe by Pliny and Strabo.

lies in his power to get the upper hand of our enemies, the Barbarians: after inveſtigating the cauſe of the war, he begins thus: "That vileſt of all wretches, Vologeſus, entered upon the war for theſe reaſons." Such is this hiſtorian's manner. Another, a cloſe imitator of Thucydides, that he may ſet out as his maſter does, gives us an exordium, that ſmells of the true Attic honey, and begins thus: "Creperius Calpurnianus, a citizen of Pompeia, hath written the hiſtory of the war between the Parthians and the Romans, ſhewing how they fought with one another, commencing at the time when it firſt broke out." After this, need I inform you how he harangued in Armenia, by another Corcyræan orator? or how, to be revenged of the Niſibæans, for not taking part with the Romans, he ſent the plague amongſt them, taking the whole from Thucydides, excepting the long walls of Athens: he had begun from Æthiopia, deſcended into Ægypt, and paſſed over great part of the royal territory; well it was that he ſtoped there: when I left him, he was burying the miſerable Athenians at Niſibis; but as I knew what he was going to tell us, I took my leave of him.

Another thing very common with theſe hiſtorians, is, by way of imitating Thucydides, to make uſe of his phraſes, perhaps with a little alteration, to adopt his manner, in little modes and expreſſions, ſuch as, "you muſt yourſelf acknowlege," "for the ſame reaſon," "a little more, and I had forgot," and the like: this ſame writer, when he has occaſion to mention bridges, foſſes, or any of the machines uſed in war, gives them Roman names: but how does it ſuit the dignity of hiſtory, or reſemble Thucydides, to mix the Attic and Italian thus, as if it was ornamental and becoming?

Another of them gives us a plain ſimple journal of every thing that was done, ſuch as a common ſoldier might have written, or a ſuttler, who followed the camp: this, however, was tolerable, becauſe it pretended to nothing more; and might be uſeful, by ſupplying materials for ſome better hiſtorian. I only blame him for his pompous introduction, "Callimorphus, phyſician to the ſixth legion of ſpearmen, his hiſtory of the Parthian war:" then his books are all carefully numbered, and he entertains us with a moſt frigid preface, which he concludes with ſaying, that "a phyſician muſt be the fitteſt of all men to write hiſtory, becauſe Æſculapius was the ſon of Apollo, and Apollo is the leader of the Muſes, and the great prince of literature."

Beſides

Beſides this, after ſetting out in delicate Ionic, he drops, I know not how, into the moſt vulgar ſtyle, and expreſſions, uſed only by the very dregs of the people.

And here I muſt not paſs over a certain wiſe man, whoſe name, however, I ſhall not mention; his work is lately publiſhed at Corinth, and is beyond every thing one could have conceived. In the very firſt ſentence of his preface he takes his readers to taſk, and convinces them, by the moſt ſagacious method of reaſoning, that "none but a wiſe man ſhould ever attempt to write hiſtory:" then comes ſyllogiſm upon ſyllogiſm; every kind of argument is by turns made uſe of, to introduce the meaneſt and moſt fulſome adulation; and even this is brought in by ſyllogiſm and interrogation. What appeared to me the moſt intolerable, and unbecoming the long beard of a philoſopher, was, his ſaying in the preface, that our emperor was above all men moſt happy, whoſe actions even philoſophers did not diſdain to celebrate: ſurely this, if it ought to be ſaid at all, ſhould have been left for us to ſay rather than himſelf.

Neither muſt we here forget that hiſtorian, who begins thus; "I come to ſpeak of the Romans and Perſians;" and a little after he ſays, "for the Perſians ought to ſuffer;" and in another place, "there was one Oſroes, whom the Greeks call Oxyrrhoes," with many things of this kind. This man is juſt ſuch a one as him I mentioned before, only that one is like Thucydides, and the other, the exact reſemblance of Herodotus.

But there is yet another writer, renowned for eloquence, another Thucydides, or rather ſuperior to him, who moſt elaborately deſcribes every city, mountain, field, and river, and cries out with all his might, "may the great averter of evil turn it all on our enemies!" This is colder than Caſpian ſnow, or Celtic ice. The emperor's ſhield takes up a whole book to deſcribe: the * Gorgon's eyes are blue, and black, and white; the ſerpents twine about his hair, and his belt has all the colours of the rainbow: how many

* *The Gorgon's eyes, &c.*]

His buckler's mighty orb was next diſplay'd;
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expreſſive ſhield:
Within its concave hung a ſilver thong,
On which a mimic ſerpent creeps along,
His azure length in eaſy waves extends,
Till, in three heads, th' embroider'd monſter ends.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xi. l. 43.

Lucian here means to ridicule, not Homer, but the hiſtorian's abſurd imitation of him.

thouſand

thouſand lines does it coſt him to deſcribe Vologeſus's breeches, and his horſe's bridle, and how Oſroe's hair looked when he ſwam over the Tigris, what ſort of a cave he fled into, and how it was ſhaded all over with ivy, and myrtle, and laurel, twined together: you plainly ſee how neceſſary this was to the hiſtory, and that we could not poſſibly have underſtood what was going forward without it.

From inability, and ignorance of every thing uſeful, theſe men are driven to deſcriptions of countries and caverns, and when they come into a multiplicity of great and momentous affairs, are utterly at a loſs; like a ſervant enriched on a ſudden by coming into his maſter's eſtate, who does not know how to put on his cloaths, or to eat as he ſhould do; but when fine birds, fat ſows, and hares are placed before him, falls to and eats till he burſts, of ſalt meat, and pottage. The writer, I juſt now mentioned, deſcribes the ſtrangeſt wounds, and the moſt extraordinary deaths you ever heard of; tells us of a man's being wounded in the great toe, and expiring immediately; and how on Priſcus, the general, bawling out loud, ſeven and twenty of the enemy fell down dead upon the ſpot. He has told lies, moreover, about the number of the ſlain, in contradiction to the account given in by the leaders: he will have it that ſeventy thouſand two hundred and thirty-ſix of the enemy died at Europus, and of the Romans only two, and nine wounded. Surely nobody in their ſenſes can bear this.

Another thing ſhould be mentioned here alſo, which is no little fault: from the affectation of Atticiſm, and a more than ordinary attention to purity of diction, he has taken the liberty to turn the Roman names into Greek, to call Saturninus, Κρονιος, Chronius; Fronto, Φροντις, Frontis; Titianus, Τιτανιος, Titanius, and others ſtill more ridiculous. With regard to the death of Severian, he informs us, that every body elſe was miſtaken, when they imagined that he periſhed by the ſword, for that the man ſtarved himſelf to death, as he thought that the eaſieſt way of dying; not knowing (which was the caſe), that he could only have faſted three days, whereas many have lived without food for ſeven: unleſs we are to ſuppoſe that Oſroes ſtood waiting till Severian had ſtarved himſelf completely, and for that reaſon he would not live out the whole week.

But in what claſs, my dear Philo, ſhall we rank thoſe hiſtorians who are perpetually making uſe of poetical expreſſions, ſuch as "the engine cruſh'd, the wall thunder'd," and in another place, "Edeſſa reſounded with the ſhock

ſhock of arms, and all was noiſe and tumult around;" and again, "often the leader in his mind revolved how beſt he might approach the wall:" at the ſame time amongſt theſe were interſperſed ſome of the meaneſt and moſt beggarly phraſes, ſuch as "the leader of the army epiſtolized his maſter;" "the ſoldiers bought utenſils;" "they waſhed and waited on them;" with many other things of the ſame kind, like a tragedian with a high cothurnus on one foot, and a ſlipper on the other. You will meet with many of theſe writers, who will give you a fine heroic long preface, that makes you hope for ſomething extraordinary to follow, when, after all, the body of the hiſtory ſhall be idle, weak, and trifling, ſuch as puts you in mind of a ſporting Cupid, who covers his head with the maſk of a Hercules, or Titan. The reader immediately cries out, the * mountain has brought forth. Certainly it ought not to be ſo; every thing ſhould be alike, and of the ſame colour; the body fitted to the head, not a golden helmet, with a ridiculous breaſt-plate, made of ſtinking ſkins, ſhreds, and patches, a baſket ſhield, and hog-ſkin boots; and yet numbers of them put the head of a Rhodian Coloſſus on the body of a dwarf, whilſt others ſhew you a body without a head, and ſtep directly into the midſt of things, bringing in Xenophon for their authority, who begins with "Darius and Paryſatis had two ſons;" ſo likewiſe have other ancient writers; not conſidering that the narration itſelf may ſometimes ſupply the place of preface, or exordium, though it does not appear to the vulgar eye, as we ſhall ſhew hereafter.

All this, however, with regard to ſtyle and compoſition, may be borne with, but when they miſinform us about places, and make miſtakes, not of a few leagues, but whole days journies, what ſhall we ſay to ſuch hiſtorians? One of them, who never, we may ſuppoſe, ſo much as converſed with a Syrian, or picked up any thing concerning them in the † barber's ſhop, when he ſpeaks of Europus, tells us, "it is ſituated in Meſopotamia, two days journey from Euphrates, and was built by the Edeſſenes." Not content with this, the ſame noble writer has taken away my poor country, Samoſata, and carried it off, tower, bulwarks, and all, to Meſopotamia, where

* *The mountain.*] The Greek expreſſion was proverbial. Horace has adopted it, Parturiunt montes, naſcetur ridiculus mus.

† *Barber's ſhop.*] Lucian adds, το λεγομενον, ut eſt in proverbio, by which it appears that barbers and their ſhops were as remarkable for goſſipping and tittle-tattle in ancient, as they are in modern times. Ariſtophanes mentions them in his Plutus, they are recorded alſo by Plutarch, and Theophraſtus ſtyles them αοινα συμποσια.

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he ſays it is ſhut up between two rivers, which at leaſt run cloſe to, if they do not waſh the walls of it; after this, it would be to no purpoſe, my dear Philo, for me to aſſure you that I am not from Parthia, nor do I belong to Meſopotamia, of which this admirable hiſtorian has thought fit to make me an inhabitant.

What he tells us of Severian, and which he ſwears he heard from thoſe who were eye-witneſſes of it, is, no doubt extremely probable; that he did not chuſe to drink poiſon, or to hang himſelf, but was reſolved to find out ſome new and tragical way of dying; that, accordingly, having ſome large cups of very fine glaſs, as ſoon as he had taken the reſolution to finiſh himſelf, he broke one of them in pieces, and with a fragment of it cut his throat; he would not make uſe of ſword or ſpear, that his death might be more noble and heroic.

To complete all, becauſe * Thucydides made a funeral oration on the heroes who fell at the beginning of the Peloponneſian war, he alſo thought ſomething ſhould be ſaid of Severian: theſe hiſtorians, you muſt know, will always have a little ſtruggle with Thucydides, though he had nothing to do with the war in Armenia; our writer, therefore, after burying Severian moſt magnificently, places at his ſepulchre one Afranius Silo, a centurion, the rival of Pericles, who ſpoke ſo fine a declamation upon him as, by heaven, made me laugh till I cried again, particularly when the orator ſeemed deeply afflicted, and, with tears in his eyes, lamented the ſumptuous entertainments and drinking bouts, which he ſhould no more partake of: to crown all with an imitation of † Ajax, the orator draws his ſword, and, as it became the noble Afranius, before all the aſſembly, kills himſelf at the tomb: ſo, Mars defend me! but he deſerved to die much ſooner, for making ſuch a declamation: when thoſe, ſays he, who were preſent beheld this, they were filled with admiration, and beyond meaſure extolled Afranius: for my own part, I pitied him for the loſs of the cakes and diſhes which he ſo lamented, and only blamed him for not deſtroying the writer of the hiſtory, before he made an end of himſelf.

Others there are, who, from ignorance, and want of ſkill, not knowing what ſhould be mentioned, and what paſſed over in ſilence, entirely omit, or ſlightly run through things of the greateſt conſequence, and moſt wor-

* *Thucydides.*] See Thucydides, book ii. cap. 34.

† *Ajax.*] Who fell upon his ſword. See the Ajax of Sophocles.

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thy of attention, whilſt they moſt copiouſly deſcribe and dwell upon trifles; which is juſt as abſurd as it would be, not to take notice of, or admire the wonderful beauty of the * Olympian Jupiter, and at the ſame time to be laviſh in our praiſes of the fine poliſh, workmanſhip, and proportion of the baſe and pedeſtal.

I remember one of theſe, who diſpatches the battle at Europus in ſeven lines, and ſpends ſome hundreds in a long frigid narration, that is nothing to the purpoſe; ſhewing, how "a certain Mooriſh cavalier, wandering on the mountains in ſearch of water, lit on ſome Syrian ruſtics, who helped him to a dinner; how they were afraid of him at firſt, but afterwards became intimately acquainted with him, and received him with hoſpitality; for one of them, it ſeems, had been in Mauritania, where his brother bore arms." Then follows a long tale, "how he hunted in Mauritania, and ſaw ſeveral elephants feeding together; how he had like to have been devoured by a lion; and how many fiſh he bought at Cæſarea." This admirable hiſtorian takes no notice of the battle, the attacks or defences, the truces, the guards on each ſide, or any thing elſe; but ſtands from morning to night looking upon Malchion, the Syrian, who buys cheap fiſh at Cæſarea: if night had not come on, I ſuppoſe, he would have ſupped there, as the † chars were ready. If theſe things had not been carefully recorded in the hiſtory, we ſhould have been ſadly in the dark, and the Romans would have had an inſufferable loſs, if Mauſarcas, the thirſty Moor, could have found nothing to drink, or returned to the camp without his ſupper; not to mention here, what is ſtill more ridiculous, as how "a piper came up to them out of the neighbouring village, and how they made preſents to each other, Mauſacas giving Malchion a ſpear, and Malchion preſenting Mauſacas with a buckle." Such are the principal occurrences in the hiſtory of the battle of Europus. One may truly ſay of ſuch writers, that they never ſaw the roſes on the tree, but took care to gather the prickles that grew at the bottom of it.

Another of them, who had never ſet a foot out of Corinth, or ſeen Syria or Armenia, begins thus, "it is better to truſt our eyes than our ears; I

* *Olympian Jupiter.*] For a deſcription of this famous ſtatue, ſee Pauſanias.]

† *Chars.*] The σκαρος, or ſcarus, is mentioned by ſeveral ancient authors, as a fiſh of the moſt delicate flavour, and is ſuppoſed to be of the ſame nature with our chars in Cumberland, and ſome other parts of this kingdom. I have ventured, therefore, to call it by this name, till ſome modern Apicius can furniſh me with a better.

write, therefore, what I have ſeen, and not what I have heard;" he ſaw every thing ſo extremely well, that he tells us, "the Parthian dragons (which amongſt them * ſignifies no more than a great number, for one dragon brings a thouſand), are live ſerpents, of a prodigious ſize, that breed in Perſia, a little above Iberia; that theſe are lifted up on long poles, and ſpread terror to a great diſtance; and that when the battle begins, they let them looſe on the enemy." Many of our ſoldiers, he tells us, were devoured by them, and a vaſt number preſſed to death by being locked in their embraces: this he beheld himſelf from the top of a high tree, to which he had retired for ſafety. Well it was for us that he ſo prudently determined not to come nigh them, we might otherwiſe have loſt this excellent writer, who with his own brave hand performed ſuch feats in this battle: for he went through many dangers, and was wounded ſome where about Suſa, I ſuppoſe, in his journey from Cranium to Lerna. All this he recited to the Corinthians, who very well knew that he had never ſo much as ſeen a view of this battle painted on a wall; neither did he know any thing of arms, or military machines, the method of diſpoſing troops, or † even the proper names of them.

Another famous writer has given an account of every thing that paſſed, from beginning to end, in Armenia, Syria, Meſopotamia, upon the Tigris, and in Media, and all in leſs than five hundred lines, and when he had done this, tells us, he has written a hiſtory; the title, which is almoſt as long as the work, runs thus, "a narrative of every thing done by the Romans in Armenia, Media, and Meſopotamia, by Antiochianus, who gained the prize in the ſacred games of Apollo." I ſuppoſe, when he was a boy, he had conquered in a running match.

I have heard of another likewiſe, who wrote the hiſtory of what ‡ was to happen hereafter, and deſcribes the taking of Vologeſus priſoner, the murther of Oſroes, and how he was to be given to a lion; and above all, our

* *Signifies, &c.*] Dragons, or fiery ſerpents, were uſed by the Parthians, and Suidas tells us, by the Scythians alſo, as ſtandards, in the ſame manner as the Romans made uſe of the eagle, and under every one of theſe ſtandards were a thouſand men. See Lipſ. de Mil. Rom. cap. 4.

† See Arrian.

‡ *Was to happen.*] The idea here ſo deſervedly laughed at, of a hiſtory of what was to come, if treated, not ſeriouſly, as this abſurd writer treated it, but ludicrouſly, as Lucian would probably have treated it himſelf, might open a fine field for wit and humour. Something of this kind appeared in a news-paper a few years ago, which, I think, was called News for a hundred Years hence; and though but a rough ſketch, was well executed: a larger work, on the ſame ground, and by a good hand, might afford much entertainment.

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own much to be wiſhed for triumph, as things that muſt come to paſs. Thus propheſying away, he ſoon got to the end of the ſtory. He has built, moreover, a new city in Meſopotamia, moſt magnificently magnificent, and moſt beautifully beautiful, and is conſidering with himſelf whether he ſhall call it Victoria, from victory, or the City of Concord, or Peace, which of them, however, is not yet determined, and this fine city muſt remain without a name, filled as it is with nothing but this writer's folly and nonſenſe: he is now going about a long voyage, and to give us a deſcription of what is to be done in India; and this is more than a promiſe, for the preface is already made, and the third legion, the Gauls, and a ſmall part of the Mauritanian forces under Caſſius, have already paſſed the river; what they will do afterwards, or how they will ſucceed againſt the elephants, it will be ſome time before our wonderful writer can be able to learn, either from Mazuris, or the Oxydraci.

Thus do theſe fooliſh fellows trifle with us, neither knowing what is fit to be done, nor if they did, able to execute it, at the ſame time determined to ſay any thing that comes into their ridiculous heads; affecting to be grand and pompous, even in their titles: of "the Parthian victories ſo many books;" Parthis, ſays another, like Atthis; another more elegantly calls his book, the Parthonicica of Demetrius.

I could mention many more of equal merit with theſe, but ſhall now proceed to make my promiſe good, and give ſome inſtructions how to write better. I have not produced theſe examples merely to laugh at and ridicule theſe noble hiſtories; but with the view of real advantages, that he who avoids their errors, may himſelf learn to write well; * if it be true, as the logicians aſſert, that of two oppoſites, between which there is no medium, the one being taken away, the other muſt remain.

Somebody, perhaps, will tell me, that the field is now cleanſed and weeded, that the briars and brambles are cut up, the rubbiſh cleared off, and the rough path made ſmooth; that I ought therefore to build ſomething myſelf, to ſhew that I not only can pull down the ſtructures of others, but am able to raiſe up and invent a work truly great and excellent, which nobody could find fault with, nor Momus himſelf turn into ridicule.

* *If it be, &c.*] This kind of ſcholaſtic jargon was much in vogue in the time of Lucian, and it is no wonder he ſhould take every opportunity of laughing at it, as nothing can be more oppoſite to true genius, wit, and humour, than ſuch pedantry.

I ſay, therefore, that he who would write hiſtory well muſt be poſſeſſed of theſe two principal qualifications, a fine underſtanding, and a good ſtyle: one is the gift of nature, and cannot be taught; the other may be acquired by frequent exerciſe, perpetual labour, and an emulation of the ancients. To make men ſenſible and ſagacious, who were not born ſo, is more than I pretend to; to create and new-model things in this manner, would be a glorious thing indeed; but one might as eaſily make gold out of lead, ſilver out of tin, a * Titornus out of a Conon, or a Milo out of a Leotrophides.

What then is in the power of art or inſtruction to perform? not to create qualities and perfections already beſtowed, but to teach the proper uſe of them: for as † Iccus, Herodicus, Theon, or any other famous wreſtler, would not promiſe to make Antiochus a conqueror in the Olympic games, or equal to a Theagenes, or Polydamas; but only that where a man had natural abilities for this exerciſe, he could, by his inſtruction, render him a greater proficient in it: far be it from me alſo, to promiſe the invention of an art, ſo difficult as this, nor do I ſay that I can make any body an hiſtorian; but that I will point out to one of good underſtanding, and who has been in ſome meaſure uſed to writing, certain proper paths (if ſuch they appear to him), which if any man ſhall tread in, he may, with greater eaſe and diſpatch, do what he ought to do, and attain the end which he is in purſuit of.

Neither can it be here aſſerted, be he ever ſo ſenſible or ſagacious, that he doth not ſtand in need of aſſiſtance, with regard to thoſe things which he is ignorant of; otherwiſe he might play on the flute, or any other inſtrument, who had never learned, and perform juſt as well; but without teaching, the

* *A Titornus, &c.*] Milo, the Crotonian wreſtler, is reported to have been a man of moſt wonderful bodily ſtrength, concerning which a number of lies are told, for which the reader, if he pleaſes, may conſult his dictionary. He loſt his life, we are informed, by trying to rend with his hands an old oak, which wedged him in, and preſſed him to death. The poet ſays,

——— he met his end,
Wedg'd in that timber, which he ſtrove to rend.

Titornus was a rival of Milo's, and, according to Ælian, who is not always to be credited, rolled a large ſtone with eaſe, which Milo with all his force could not ſtir. Conon was ſome ſlim Macaroni of that age, remarkable only for his debility, as was Leotrophides alſo, of crazy memory, recorded by Ariſtophanes, in his comedy, called the Birds.

† *Iccus, &c.*] The Broughtons of antiquity; men, we may ſuppoſe, renowned in their time for teaching the young nobility of Greece to bruiſe one another *ſecundum artem.*

hands

hands will do nothing; whereas, if there be a maſter, we quickly learn, and are ſoon able to play by ourſelves.

Give me a ſcholar, therefore, who is able to think and to write, to look with an eye of diſcernment into things, and to do buſineſs himſelf, if called upon, who hath both civil and military knowlege; one, moreover, who has been in camps, and has ſeen armies in the field and out of it, knows the uſe of arms, and machines, and warlike engines of every kind; can tell what the front, and what the horn is, how the ranks are to be diſpoſed, how the horſe is to be directed, and from whence, to advance or to retreat; one, in ſhort, who does not ſtay at home, and truſt to the reports of others: but, above all, let him be of a noble and liberal mind; let him neither fear nor hope for any thing; otherwiſe he will only reſemble thoſe unjuſt judges, who determine from partiality or prejudice, and give ſentence for hire; but, whatever the man is, as ſuch let him be deſcribed; the hiſtorian muſt not care for Philip, when he loſes his eye by the arrow of * Aſter, at Olynthus, nor for Alexander, when he ſo cruelly killed Clytus at the banquet: Cleon muſt not terrify him, powerful as he was in the ſenate, and ſupreme at the tribunal, nor prevent his recording him as a furious and pernicious man; the whole city of Athens muſt not ſtop his relation of the Sicilian ſlaughter, the ſeizure of † Demoſthenes, the death of Nicias, their violent thirſt, the water which they drank, and the death of ſo many of them whilſt they were drinking it; he will imagine (which will certainly be the caſe), that no man in his ſenſes will blame him for recording things exactly as they fell out; however ſome may have miſcarried by imprudence, or others by ill fortune, he is only the relator, not the author of them; if they are beaten in a ſea-fight, it is not he who ſinks them; if they fly, it is not he who purſues them; all he can do is to wiſh well to, and offer up his vows for them; but by paſſing over, or contradicting facts, he cannot alter or amend them. It would have been very eaſy, indeed, for Thucydides, with a ſtroke of his pen, to have thrown down the walls of Epipolis, ſunk the veſſel of Hermocrates, or made an end of the execrable Gylippus, who ſtopped up all the avenues with his walls and ditches, to have thrown the Syracuſians on the Lautumiæ, and have let the Athenians go round Sicily and Italy, according

* *Aſter.*] See Diodorus Siculus, lib. vii. and Plutarch.

† *Demoſthenes.*] Concerning ſome of theſe facts, even recent as they were then with regard to us, hiſtorians are divided. Thucydides and Plutarch tell the ſtory one way, Diodorus and Juſtin another. Well might our author, therefore, find fault with their uncertainty.

to the early hopes of Alcibiades: but what is paſt and done Clotho cannot weave again, nor Atropos recall.

The only buſineſs of the hiſtorian is to relate things exactly as they are: this he can never do as long as he is afraid of Artaxerxes, whoſe * phyſician he is; as long as he looks for the purple robe, the golden chain, or the † Niſæan horſe, as the reward of his labours; but Xenophon, that juſt writer, will not do this, nor Thucydides. The good hiſtorian, though he may have private enmity againſt any man, will eſteem the public welfare of more conſequence to him, and will prefer truth to reſentment; and, on the other had, be he ever ſo fond of any man, will not ſpare him when he is in the wrong; for this, as I before obſerved, is the moſt eſſential thing in hiſtory, to ſacrifice to truth alone, and caſt away all care for every thing elſe. The great univerſal rule and ſtandard is, to have regard not to thoſe who read now, but to thoſe who are to peruſe our works hereafter.

To ſpeak impartially, the hiſtorians of former times were too often guilty of flattery, and their works were little better than games and ſports, the effects of art. Of Alexander, this memorable ſaying is recorded, "I ſhould be glad (ſaid he), Oneſicritus, after my death, to come to life again for a little time, only to hear what the people then living will ſay of me: for I am not ſurpriſed that they praiſe and careſs me now, as every one hopes by baiting well to catch my favour." Though Homer wrote a great many fabulous things concerning Achilles, the world was induced to believe him, for this only reaſon, becauſe they were written long after his death, and no cauſe could be aſſigned why he ſhould tell lies about him.

‡ The good hiſtorian then muſt be thus deſcribed: he muſt be fearleſs, uncorrupted, free, the friend of truth and of liberty, one who, to uſe the words of the comic poet, calls a § fig a fig, and a ſkiff a ſkiff, neither giving

* *Phyſician.*] Lucian alludes, it is ſuppoſed, to Cteſias, the phyſician to Artaxerxes, whoſe hiſtory is ſtuffed with encomiums on his royal patron. See Plutarch's Artaxerxes.

† *Niſæan horſe.*] The Campus Niſæus, a large plain in Media, near the Caſpian mountains, was famous for breeding the fineſt horſes, which were allotted to the uſe of kings only; or according to Xenophon, thoſe favourites on whom the ſovereign thought proper to beſtow them. See the Cyropæd. book viii.

‡ *The good hiſtorian, &c.*] This fine picture of a good hiſtorian has been copied by Tully, Strabo, Polybius, and other writers; it is a ſtandard of perfection, however, which few writers, ancient or modern, have been able to reach. Thuanus has prefixed to his hiſtory theſe lines of Lucian; but whether he, or any other hiſtorian, hath anſwered in every point to the deſcription here given, is, I believe, yet undetermined.

§ *A fig a fig, &c.*] The ſaying is attributed to Ariſtophanes, though I cannot find it there.

It

ingnor with-holding from any, from favour, or from enmity, not influenced by pity, by ſhame, or by remorſe; a juſt judge, ſo far benevolent to all, as never to give more than is due to any in his work: a ſtranger to all, of no country, bound only by his own laws, acknowleging no ſovereign, never conſidering what this or that man may ſay of him, but relating faithfully every thing as it happened.

This rule therefore Thucydides obſerved, diſtinguiſhing properly the faults and perfections of hiſtory; not unmindful of the great reputation which Herodotus had acquired, inſomuch that his * books were called by the names of the Muſes. Thucydides tells us, that he "wrote for poſterity, and not for preſent delight; that he by no means approved of the fabulous, but was deſirous of delivering down the truth alone to future ages." It is the uſeful, he adds, which muſt conſtitute the merit of hiſtory, that by the retroſpection of what is paſt, when ſimilar events occur, men may know how to act in preſent exigencies.

Such an hiſtorian would I wiſh to have under my care: with regard to language and expreſſion, I would not have it rough, and vehement, conſiſting of † long periods, or complex arguments; but ſoft, quiet, ſmooth, and peaceable. The reflections ſhort and frequent, the ſtyle clear and perſpicuous: for as freedom and truth ſhould be the principal perfections of the writer's mind; ſo, with regard to language, the great point is, to make every thing plain and intelligible, not to uſe remote and far-fetched phraſes, or expreſſions, at the ſame time avoiding ſuch as are mean and vulgar: let it be, in ſhort, what the loweſt may underſtand; and, at the ſame time, the moſt learned cannot but approve. The whole may be adorned with figure and metaphor, provided they are not turgid or bombaſt, nor ſeem ſtiff and laboured, which, like meat too highly ſeaſoned, always give diſguſt.

It is obſervable that this proverbial kind of expreſſion, for freedom of words and ſentiments, has been adopted into almoſt every language, though the image conveying it is different. Thus the Greeks call a fig a fig, &c. We ſay, an honeſt man calls—a ſpade a ſpade; and the French call un chat un chat.—Boileau ſays, j'appelle un chat un chat, and Rolet un fripon.

* *Books.*] Herodotus's hiſtory is comprehended in nine books, to each of which is prefixed the name of a Muſe; the firſt is called Clio, the ſecond Euterpe, and ſo on. A modern poet, I have been told, the ingenious Mr. Aaron Hill, improved upon this thought, and chriſtened (if we may properly ſo call it) not his books, but his daughters by the ſame poetical names of Miſs Cli. Miſs Melp-y, Miſs Terpſ-y, Miſs Urania, &c.

† *Long periods.*] Both Thucydides and Livy are reprehenſible in this particular; and the ſame objection may be made to Thuanus, Clarendon, Burnet, and many other modern hiſtorians.

Hiſtory

Hiſtory may ſometimes aſſume a poetical form, and riſe into a magnificence of expreſſion, when the ſubject demands it; and eſpecially when it is deſcribing armies, battles, and ſea-fights. The * Pierian ſpirit is wanting then to ſwell the ſails with a propitious breeze, and carry the lofty ſhip over the tops of the waves. In general, the diction ſhould creep humbly on the ground, and only be raiſed as the grand and beautiful occurring ſhall require it; keeping, in the mean time, within proper bounds, and never ſoaring into enthuſiaſm; for then it is in danger of ranging beyond its limits, into poetic fury: we muſt then pull in the rein, and act with caution, well knowing that it is the worſt vice of a writer, as well as of a horſe, to be wanton and unmanageable. The beſt way therefore is, whilſt the mind of the hiſtorian is on horſeback, for his ſtyle to walk on foot, and take hold of the rein, that it may not be left behind.

With regard to compoſition, the words ſhould not be ſo blended and tranſpoſed as to appear harſh and uncouth; nor ſhould you, as ſome do, ſubject them entirely to the † rhythmus; one is always faulty, and the other diſagreeable to the reader.

Facts muſt not be careleſsly put together, but with great labour and attention; if poſſible, let the hiſtorian be an eye-witneſs of every thing he means to record: or, if that cannot be, rely on thoſe only who are uncorrupt, and who have no biaſs from paſſion or prejudice, to add or to diminiſh any thing. And here much ſagacity will be requiſite to find out the real truth. When he has collected all, or moſt of his materials, he will firſt make a kind of diary, a body whoſe members are not yet diſtinct; he will then bring it into order and beautify it, add the colouring of ſtyle and language, adopt his expreſſion to the ſubject, and harmonize the ſeveral parts of it; then, like Homer's ‡ Jupiter, who caſts his eye ſometimes on the Thracian, and ſometimes on the Myſian forces; he beholds now the Roman, and now the Perſian armies, now both, if they are engaged, and relates what paſſes in them.

* *Pierian ſpirit.*] How juſt is this obſervation of Lucian's, and at the ſame time how truly poetical is the image which he makes uſe of to expreſs it! It puts us in mind of his rival critic Longinus, who, as Pope has obſerved,—is himſelf the great ſublime he draws.

† *The Rythmus.*] By this very juſt obſervation, Lucian means to cenſure all thoſe writers, and we have many ſuch now amongſt us, who take ſo much pains to ſmooth and round their periods, as to diſguſt their readers by the frequent repetition of it, as it naturally produces a tireſome ſameneſs in the ſound of them; and at the ſame time diſcovers too much that laborious art and care, which it is always the author's buſineſs, as much as poſſible, to conceal.

‡ *Jupiter.*] See Homer's Il. B. xiii. l. 4.

Whilſt

Whilſt they are embatteled, his eye is not fixed on any particular part, nor on any one leader, unleſs, perhaps, a * Braſidas ſteps forth to ſcale the walls, or a Demoſthenes to prevent him. To the generals he gives his firſt attention, liſtens to their commands, their counſels, and their determination: and, when they come to the engagement, he weighs in equal ſcale the actions of both, and cloſely attends the purſuer and the purſued, the conqueror and the conquered. All this muſt be done with temper and moderation, ſo as not to ſatiate or tire, not inartificially, not childiſhly, but with eaſe and grace. When theſe things are properly taken care of, he may turn aſide to others, ever ready and prepared for the preſent event, † keeping time, as it were, with every circumſtance and event: flying from Armenia to Media, and from thence with clattering wings to Italy, or to Iberia, that not a moment may eſcape him.

The mind of the hiſtorian ſhould reſemble a looking-glaſs, ſhining, clear, and exactly true, repreſenting every thing as it really is, and nothing diſtorted, or of a different form, or colour. He writes not to the maſters of eloquence, but ſimply relates what is done: it is not his to conſider what he ſhall ſay, but only how it is to be ſaid. He may be compared to Phidias, Praxiteles, Alcamenus, or other eminent artiſts; for neither did they make the gold, the ſilver, the ivory, or any of the materials which they worked upon: theſe were ſupplied by the Elians, the Athenians, and Argives; their only buſineſs was to cut and poliſh the ivory, to ſpread the gold into various forms, and join them together; their art was properly to diſpoſe what was put into their hands: and ſuch is the work of the hiſtorians, to diſpoſe and adorn the actions of men, and to make them known with clearneſs, and preciſion. To repreſent what he hath heard, as if he had been himſelf an eye-witneſs of it. To perform this well, and gain the praiſe reſulting from it, is the buſineſs of our hiſtorical Phidias.

When every thing is thus prepared, he may begin if he pleaſes without preface or exordium, unleſs the ſubject particularly demands it; he may ſupply the place of one, by informing us what he intends to write upon, in the beginning of the work itſelf: if, however, he makes uſe of any preface,

* *Braſidas.*] The famous Lacedæmonian general. The circumſtance alluded to, is in Thucydides. B. iv.

† *Keeping time.*] Gr. ομοχρονιτο, a technical term, borrowed from muſic, and ſignifying that tone of the voice which exactly correſponds with the inſtrument accompanying it.

he need not divide it as our orators do, into three parts, but confine it to two, leaving out his addreſs to the benevolence of his readers, and only ſoliciting their attention and complacency: their attention he may be aſſured of, if he can convince them that he is about to ſpeak of things great, or neceſſary, or intereſting, or uſeful; nor need he fear their want of complacency, if he clearly explains to them the cauſes of things, and gives them the heads of what he intends to treat of.

Such are the exordiums which our beſt hiſtorians have made uſe of. Herodotus tells us, "he wrote his hiſtory, leſt in proceſs of time the memory ſhould be loſt of thoſe things which in themſelves were great and wonderful, which ſhewed forth the victories of Greece, and the ſlaughter of the barbarians;" and Thucydides ſets out with ſaying, "he thought that war moſt worthy to be recorded, as greater than any which had before happened; and that, moreover, ſome of the greateſt misfortunes had accompanied it." The exordium, in ſhort, may he lengthened or contracted according to the ſubject matter, and the tranſition from thence to the narration, eaſy and natural. The body of the hiſtory is only a long narrative, aud as ſuch it muſt go on with a ſoft and even motion, alike in every part, ſo that nothing ſhould ſtand too forward, or retreat too far behind. Above all, the ſtyle ſhould be clear and perſpicuous, which can only ariſe, as I before obſerved, from a harmony in the compoſition: one thing perfected, the next which ſucceeds ſhould be coherent with it; knit together, as it were, by one common chain, which muſt never be broken: they muſt not be ſo many ſeparate and diſtinct narratives, but each ſo cloſely united to what follows, as to appear one continued ſeries.

Brevity is always neceſſary, eſpecially when you have a great deal to ſay, and this muſt be proportioned to the facts and circumſtances which you have to relate. In general, you muſt ſlightly run through little things, and dwell longer on great ones. When you treat your friends, you give them boars, hares, and other dainties; you would not offer them beans, * ſaperda, or any other common food.

When you deſcribe mountains, rivers, and bulwarks, avoid all pomp and oſtentation, as if you meant to ſhew your own eloquence; paſs over theſe things as ſlightly as you can, and rather aim at being uſeful and intelligible.

* *Saperda.*] A coarſe fiſh that came from Pontus, or the Black Sea.
——Saperdas advehe Ponto. See Perſ. Sat. v. l. 134.

Ob-

Obſerve how the great and ſublime Homer acts on theſe occaſions; as great a poet as he is, he ſays nothing about Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus, and the reſt of them. But, if Parthenius, Euphorion, or Callimachus, had treated this ſubject, what a nnmber of verſes they would have ſpent in rolling Ixion's wheel, and bringing the water up to the very lips of Tantalus! Mark alſo, how quickly Thucydides, who is very * ſparing of his deſcriptions, breaks off, when he gives an account of any military machine, explains the manner of a ſiege, even though it be ever ſo uſeful and neceſſary, or deſcribes cities, or the port of Syracuſe. Even in his narrative of the plague, which ſeems ſo long, if you conſider the multiplicity of events, you will find he makes as much haſte as poſſible, and omits many circumſtances, though he was obliged to retain ſo many more.

When it is neceſſary to make any one ſpeak, you muſt take care to let him ſay nothing but what is ſuitable to the perſon, and to what he ſpeaks about, and let every thing be clear and intelligible: here, indeed, you may be permitted to play the orator, and ſhew the power of eloquence. With regard to praiſe, or diſpraiſe, you cannot be too modeſt and circumſpect; they ſhould be ſtrictly juſt and impartial, ſhort and ſeaſonable: your evidence, otherwiſe, will not be conſidered as legal, and you will incur the ſame cenſure as † Theopompus did, who finds fault with every body from enmity and ill-nature; and dwells ſo perpetually on this, that he ſeems rather to be an accuſer, than an hiſtorian.

If any thing occurs that is very extraordinary or incredible, you may mention without vouching for the truth of it, leaving every body to judge for themſelves concerning it: by taking no part yourſelf, you will remain ſafe.

Remember, above all, and throughout your work, again and again, I muſt repeat it, that you write not with a view to the preſent times only: that the age you live in may applaud and eſteem you, but with an eye fixed on poſterity; from future ages expect your reward, that men may ſay of you, "that man was full of honeſt freedom, never flattering or ſervile, but in all

* *Sparing.*] Here doctors differ. Several of Thucydides's deſcriptions are certainly very long, many of them, perhaps, rather tedious.

† *Theopompus.*] Lucian is rather ſevere on this writer. Cicero only ſays, De omnibus omnia libere palam dixit; he ſpoke freely of every body. Other writers, however, are of the ſame opinion with our ſatiriſt with regard to him. See Dionſ. Plutarch. Cornelius Nepos, &c.

things the friend of truth." This commendation, the wiſe man will prefer to all the vain hopes of this life, which are but of ſhort duration.

Recollect the ſtory of the Cnidian architect, when he built the tower in Pharos, where the fire is kindled to prevent mariners from running on the dangerous rocks of Parætonia, that moſt noble and moſt beautiful of all works; he carved his own name on a part of the rock on the inſide, then covered it over with mortar, and inſcribed on it the name of the reigning ſovereign: well knowing that, as it afterwards happened, in a ſhort ſpace of time theſe letters would drop off with the mortar, and diſcover under it this inſcription, "Soſtratus the Cnidian, ſon of Dexiphanes, to thoſe gods who preſerve the mariner." Thus had he regard not to the times he lived in, not to his own ſhort exiſtence, but to the preſent period, and to all future ages, even as long as his tower ſhall ſtand, and his art remain upon earth.

Thus alſo ſhould hiſtory be written, rather anxious to gain the approbation of poſterity by truth and merit, than to acquire preſent applauſe, by adulation and falſehood.

Such are the rules which I would preſcribe to the hiſtorian, and which will contribute to the perfection of his work, if he thinks proper to obſerve them; if not, at leaſt, I have * rolled my tub.

* *Rolled my tub.*] Alluding to the ſtory of Diogenes, as related in the beginning.

THE

TRUE HISTORY,

BOOK I.

LUCIAN's True Hiſtory *is, as the Author himſelf acknowleges in the Preface to it, a Collection of ingenious Lies, calculated principally to amuſe the Reader, not without ſeveral Alluſions, as he informs us, to the Works of ancient Poets, Hiſtorians, and Philoſophers, as well as, moſt probably, the Performances of contemporary Writers, whoſe Abſurdities are either obliquely glanced at, or openly ridiculed and expoſed. We cannot but lament that the Humour of the greateſt Part of theſe Alluſions muſt be loſt to us, the works themſelves being long ſince buried in Oblivion.* LUCIAN's True Hiſtory, *therefore, like the Duke of* Buckingham's Rehearſal, *cannot be half ſo agreeable as when it was firſt written; there is, however, enough remaining to ſecure it from contempt. The Vein of rich Fancy, and Wildneſs of a luxuriant Imagination, which run through the whole, ſufficiently point out the Author as a Man of uncommon Genius and Invention. The Reader will eaſily perceive that* Bergerac, Swift, *and other Writers have read this Work of* LUCIAN's, *and are much indebted to him for it.*

PREFACE.

AS athletics of all kinds hold it neceſſary, not only to prepare the body by exerciſe and diſcipline, but ſometimes to give it proper relaxation, which they eſteem no leſs requiſite, ſo do I think it highly neceſſary alſo for men of letters, after their ſeverer ſtudies, to relax a little, that they may return to them with the greater pleaſure and alacrity; and for this purpoſe there is no better repoſe than that which ariſes from the reading of ſuch books as not only, by their humour and pleaſantry, may entertain them, but convey at the ſame time ſome uſeful inſtruction, both which, I flatter myſelf, the reader will meet with in the following hiſtory; for he will not only be pleaſed with the novelty of the plan, and the variety of lies, which I have told with an air of truth, but with the tacit alluſions ſo frequently made, not, I truſt, without ſome degree of humour, to our ancient poets, hiſtorians, and philoſophers, who have told us ſome moſt miraculous and incredible ſtories, and which I ſhould have pointed out to you, but that I thought they would be ſufficiently viſible on the peruſal.

Cteſias,

Cteſias, the Cnidian, ſon of Cteſiochus, wrote an account of India, and of things there, which he never ſaw himſelf, nor heard from any body elſe. Iambulus alſo has acquainted us with many wonders which he met with in the great ſea, and which every body knew to be abſolute falſehoods: the work, however, was not unentertaining. Beſides theſe, many others have likwiſe preſented us with their own travels and peregrinations, where they tell us of wondrous large beaſts, ſavage men, and unheard-of ways of living. The great leader and maſter of all this rhodomontade is Homer's Ulyſſes, who talks to Alcinous about the * winds pent up in bags, man-eaters, and one-eyed Cyclops, wild men, creatures with many heads, ſeveral of his companions turned into beaſts by enchantment, and a thouſand things of this kind, which he related to the ignorant and credulous Phæacians.

Theſe, notwithſtanding, I cannot think much to blame for their falſehoods, ſeeing that the cuſtom has been ſometimes authoriſed, even by the pretenders to philoſophy: I only wonder that they ſhould ever expect to be believed: being, however, myſelf incited, by a ridiculous vanity, with the deſire of tranſmitting ſomething to poſterity, that I may not be the only man who doth not indulge himſelf in the liberty of fiction, as I could not relate any thing true (for I know of nothing at preſent worthy to be recorded), I turned my thoughts towards falſehood, a ſpecies of it, however, much more excuſable than that of others, as I ſhall at leaſt ſay one thing true, when I tell you that I lye, and ſhall hope to eſcape the general cenſure, by acknowleging that I mean to ſpeak not a word of truth throughout. Know ye, therefore, that I am going to write about what I never ſaw myſelf, nor experienced, nor ſo much as heard from any body elſe, and, what is more, of ſuch things as neither are, nor ever can be. I give my readers warning, therefore, not to believe me.

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† ONCE upon a time (then), I ſet ſail from the Pillars of Hercules, and getting into the Weſtern Ocean, ſet off with a favourable wind; the cauſe of

* *Winds*, &c.] See Homer's Odyſſey —The ſtrange ſtories which Lucian here mentions, may certainly be numbered, with all due deference to ſo great a name, amongſt the nugæ canoræ of old Homer. Juvenal certainly conſiders them in this light, when he ſays,

Tam vacui capitis populum Phæaca putavit.

Some modern critics, however, have endeavoured to defend them.

† *Once upon*, &c.] Here the hiſtory begins, what goes before may be conſidered as the author's preface, and ſhould have been marked as ſuch in the original.

my

my peregrination was no more than a certain impatience of mind, and thirſt after novelty, with a deſire of knowing where the ſea ended, and what kind of men inhabited the ſeveral ſhores of it; for this purpoſe I laid in a large ſtock of proviſion, and as much water as I thought neceſſary, taking along with me fifty companions of the ſame mind as myſelf. I prepared withal, a number of arms, with a ſkilfull pilot, whom we hired at a conſiderable expence, and made our ſhip (for it was a pinnace), as tight as we could in caſe of a long and dangerous voyage.

We ſailed on with a proſperous gale for a day and a night, but being ſtill in ſight of land, did not make any great way; the next day, however, at ſun-riſing, the wind ſpringing up, the waves ran high, it grew dark, and we could not unfurl a ſail; we gave ourſelves up to the winds and waves, and were toſſed about in a ſtorm, which raged with great fury for threeſcore and nineteen days, but on the eightieth the ſun ſhone bright, and we ſaw not far from us an iſland, high and woody, with the ſea round it quite calm and placid, for the ſtorm was over: we landed, got out, and happy to eſcape from our troubles, laid ourſelves down on the ground for ſome time, after which we aroſe, and chuſing out thirty of our company to take care of the veſſel, I remained on ſhore with the other twenty, in order to take a view of the interior part of the iſland.

About three ſtadia from the ſea, as we paſſed through a wood, we found a pillar of braſs, with a Greek inſcription on it, the characters almoſt effaced; we could make out however theſe words, "thus far came Hercules and Bacchus:" near it were the marks of two footſteps on a rock, one of them meaſured about an acre, the other ſomething leſs; the ſmaller one appeared to me to be that of Bacchus, the larger that of Hercules; we paid our adorations to the deities, and proceeded. We had not got far before we met with a river, which ſeemed exactly to reſemble wine, particularly that of * Chios: it was of a vaſt extent, and in many places navigable; this circumſtance induced us to give more credit to the inſcription on the pillar, when we per-

* *Of Chios.*] Among the Greek wines, ſo much admired by ancient Epicures, thoſe of the iſlands of the Archipelago were the moſt celebrated, and of theſe the Chian wine, the product of Chios, bore away the palm from every other, and particularly that which was made from vines growing on the mountain called Areviſia, in teſtimony of which it were eaſy, if neceſſary, to produce an amphora full of claſſical quotations.

The preſent inhabitants of that iſland make a ſmall quantity of excellent wine for their own uſe, and are liberal of it to ſtrangers who travel that way, but dare not, being under Turkiſh government, cultivate the vines well, or export the product of them.

ceived

ceived ſuch viſible marks of Bacchus's preſence here. As I had a mind to know whence this river ſprung, I went back to the place from which it ſeemed to ariſe, but could not trace the ſpring; I found, however, ſeveral large vines full of grapes, at the root of every one the wine flowed in great abundance, and from them, I ſuppoſe the river was collected. We ſaw a great quantity of fiſh in it, which were extremely like wine, both in taſte and colour, and after we had taken and eat a good many of them we found ourſelves intoxicated; and when we cut them up, obſerved that they were full of grape ſtones; it occurred to us afterwards that we ſhould have mixed them with ſome water fiſh, as by themſelves they taſted rather too ſtrong of the wine.

We paſſed the river in a part of it which was fordable, and a little farther on met with a moſt wonderful ſpecies of vine, the bottoms of them that touched the earth were green and thick, and all the upper part moſt beautiful women, with the limbs perfect from the waiſt, only that from the tops of the fingers branches ſprung out full of grapes, juſt as Daphne is repreſented as turned into a tree when Apollo laid hold on her; on the head, likewiſe, inſtead of hair they had leaves and tendrils; when we came up to them they addreſſed us, ſome in the Lydian tongue, ſome in the Indian, but moſt of them in Greek; they ſaluted us alſo, and, which was remarkable, whoever they kiſſed reeled about as if he was drunk; they would not ſuffer us to taſte their grapes, but when any body attempted it, cried out as if they were * hurt. - - - - -

We left them and returned to our companions in the ſhip, to whom we related every thing that had happened to us, not forgetting our little intrigue with the vines. We then took our caſks, filled ſome of them with water, and ſome with wine from the river, ſlept one night on ſhore, and the next morning ſet ſail, the wind being very moderate. About noon, the iſland being now out of ſight, on a ſudden a moſt violent whirlwind aroſe, and carried the ſhip above three thouſand ſtadia, lifting it up above the water, from whence it did not let us down again into the ſeas but kept us † ſuſpended in mid air, in this manner we hung for ſeven days and nights, and on the

* *Hurt.*] Here two or three lines are purpoſely omitted in the tranſlation, the learned reader who looks into the original will ſee the reaſon of it.

† *Suſpended.*] In the ſame manner as Gulliver's iſland of Laputa.—From this paſſage it is not improbable but that Swift borrowed the idea.

eighth,

eighth, beheld a large tract of land, like an iſland, * round, ſhining, and remarkably full of light; we got on ſhore, and found on examination that it was cultivated, and full of inhabitants, though we could not then ſee any of them, as night came on. Other iſlands appeared, ſome large, others ſmall, and of a fiery colour; there was alſo below theſe another land with ſeas, woods, mountains, and cities in it, and this we took to be our native country: as we were advancing forwards, we were ſeized on a ſudden by the † Hippogypi, for ſo it ſeems they were called by the inhabitants; theſe Hippogypi are men carried upon vulturs, which they ride as we do horſes: theſe vulturs have each three heads, and are immenſely large: you may judge of their ſize, when I tell you that one of their feathers is bigger than the maſt of a ſhip. The Hippogypi have orders, it ſeems, to fly round the kingdom, and if they find any ſtranger, to bring him to the king: they took us, therefore, and carried us before him: as ſoon as he ſaw us, he gueſſed by our garb what we were; You are Grecians, ſaid he, are ye not? We told him we were: and how, added he, got ye hither through the air? we told him every thing that had happened to us; and he, in return, related to us his own hiſtory, and informed us, that he alſo was a man, that his name was ‡ Endymion, that he had been taken away from our earth in his ſleep, and brought to this place where he reigned as ſovereign. That ‖ ſpot, he told us, which now looked like a moon to us, was the earth. He deſired us withal, not to make ourſelves uneaſy, for that we ſhould ſoon have every thing we wanted. If I ſucceed, ſays he, in the war which I am now engaged in againſt the inhabitants of the Sun, you will be very happy here. We aſked him then, what enemies he had, and what the quarrel was about?

* *Round, ſhining, &c.*] The account which Lucian here gives us of his viſit to the moon, perhaps, ſuggeſted to Bergerac, the idea of his ingenious work, called, A Voyage to the Moon.

† *Hippogypi.*] Equi vultures, horſe vulturs; from ἱππος, a horſe; and γυψ, a vulture.

‡ *Endymion.*] Lucian, we ſee, has founded his hiſtory on matter of fact. Endymion, we all know, was a king of Elis, though ſome call him a ſhepherd. Shepherd or king, however, he was ſo handſome, that the moon, who ſaw him ſleeping on mount Latmos, fell in love with him. This no orthodox heathen ever doubted: Lucian, who was a free-thinker, laughs indeed, at the tale. But has made him ample amends in this hiſtory, by creating him emperor of the moon.

‖ *That ſpot.*] Modern aſtronomers are, I think, agreed, that we are to the moon juſt the ſame as the moon is to us. Though Lucian's hiſtory may be falſe, therefore his philoſophy, we ſee, was true.

Phaeton, he replied, who is king of the Sun, (for that * is inhabited as well as the moon,) has been at war with us for ſome time paſt: the foundation of it was this; I had formerly an intention of ſending ſome of the pooreſt of my ſubjects to eſtabliſh a colony in Lucifer, which was uninhabited: but Phaeton, out of envy, put a ſtop to it, by oppoſing me in the mid-way with his † Hippomyrmices; we were overcome and deſiſted, our forces at that time being unequal to theirs: I have now, however, reſolved to renew the war, and fix my colony; if you have a mind, you ſhall accompany us in the expedition; I will furniſh you every one with a royal vultur, and other accoutrements; we ſhall ſet out to-morrow. With all my heart, ſaid I, whenever you pleaſe. We ſtaid, however, and ſupped with him; and riſing early the next day, proceeded with the army, when the ſpies gave us notice that the enemy was approaching. The army conſiſted of a hundred thouſand, beſides the ſcouts, and engineers, together with the auxiliaries, amongſt whom, were eighty thouſand Hippogypi, and twenty thouſand who were mounted on the ‡ Lachanopteri; theſe are very large birds, whoſe feathers are of a kind of herb, and whoſe wings look like lettuces. Next to theſe ſtood the § Cinchroboli, and the || Schorodomachi. Our allies from the north, were three thouſand ¶ Pſyllotoxotœ, and five thouſand ** Anemodromi; the former take their names from the fleas which they ride upon, every flea being as big as twelve elephants; the latter are foot-ſoldiers, and are carried about in the air without wings, in this manner; they have large gowns hanging down to their feet, theſe they tuck up, and ſpread in the form of a ſail, and the wind drives them about like ſo many boats: in the battle they generally wear targets. It was reported, that ſeventy thouſand ⸸ Stratho-balani

* *That, &c.*] This, I am afraid, is not ſo agreeable to the modern ſyſtem; our philoſophers all aſſerting, that the ſun is not habitable. As it is a place, however, which we are very little acquainted with, they may be miſtaken, and Lucian may gueſs as well as ourſelves, for aught we can prove to the contrary.

† *Hippomyrmices.*] Horſe-ants, from ἵππος, a horſe; and μυρμηξ, an ant.

‡ *Lachanopteri.*] From λαχανος, olus, any kind of herb; and πτερος penna, a wing.

§ *Cinchroboli.*] Millii jaculatores, darters of millet; millet is a kind of ſmall grain.—A ſtrange ſpecies of warriors!

|| *Schorodomachi.*] Alliis pugnantes, garlic fighters: theſe, we are to ſuppoſe, threw garlic at the enemy, and ſerved as a kind of ſtink-pots.

¶ *Pſyllo toxotæ.*] Pulici ſagittarii, Flea-archers.

** *Anemodromi.*] Venti curſores, wind courſers.

⸸ *Stratho-balani.*] Paſſeres glandium, acorn ſparrows.

from

from the ſtars over Cappadocia, were to be there, together with five thouſand * Hippogerani; theſe I did not ſee, for they never came: I ſhall not attempt, therefore, to deſcribe them; of theſe, however, moſt wonderful things were related.

Such were the forces of Endymion; their arms were all alike; their helmets were made of beans, for they have beans there of a prodigious ſize and ſtrength; and their ſcaly breaſt-plates of lupines ſowed together, for the ſkins of their lupines are like a horn, and impenetrable; their ſhields, and ſwords, the ſame as our own.

The army ranged themſelves in this manner: the right wing was formed by the Hippogypi, with the king, and round him his choſen band to protect him, amongſt which, we were admitted; on the left, were the Lachanopteri; the auxiliaries in the middle; the foot were in all about ſixty thouſand myriads. They have ſpiders, you muſt know, in this country, in infinite numbers, and of pretty large dimenſions, each of them being as big as one of the iſlands of the Cyclades; theſe were ordered to cover the air from the Moon quite to the Morning-ſtar: this being immediately done, and the field of battle prepared, the infantry was drawn up under the command of Nycterion, the ſon of Eudianax.

The left wing of the enemy, which was commanded by Phaeton himſelf, conſiſted of the Hippomyrmices: theſe are large birds, and reſemble our ants, except, with regard to ſize, the largeſt of them covering two acres: theſe fight with their horns, and were in number about fifty thouſand. In the right wing were the † Acroconopes, about five thouſand, all archers, and riding upon large gnats. To theſe ſucceeded the ‡ Acrocoraces, light infantry, but remarkably brave, and uſeful warriors, for they threw out of ſlings exceeding large radiſhes, which whoever was ſtruck by, died immediately, a moſt horrid ſtench exhaling from the wound; they are ſaid, indeed, to dip their arrows in a poiſonous kind of mallow. Behind theſe, ſtood ten thouſand § Caulomycetes, heavy-armed ſoldiers, who fight hand to hand; ſo called, becauſe they uſe ſhields made of muſhrooms, and ſpears

* *Hippogerani.*] Equi grues, horſe-cranes.

† *Acroconopes.*] Air-flies.

‡ *Acrocoraces.*] Gr. Ακροκορακες, air-crows; but as all crows fly through the air, I would rather read Ακροκορδακες, which may be tranſlated, air-dancers, from κορδαξ, cordax, a laſcivious kind of dance, ſo called.

§ *Caulomycetes.*] Gr. Καυλομυκητες, Caulo fungi, ſtalk and muſhroom men.

of the ſtalks of aſparagus. Near them, were placed the * Cynobalani, about five thouſand, who were ſent by the inhabitants of Syrius; theſe were men with dogs heads, and mounted upon winged acorns: ſome of their forces did not arrive in time; amongſt whom, there were to have been ſome ſlingers from the Milky-way, together with the † Nephelocentauri: they indeed came, when the firſt battle was over, and I ‡ wiſh they had never come at all: the ſlingers did not appear, which, they ſay, ſo enraged Phaeton, that he ſet their city on fire.

Thus prepared, the enemy began the attack: the ſignal being given, and the aſſes braying on each ſide, for ſuch are the trumpeters they make uſe of on theſe occaſions, the left wing of the Heliots, unable to ſuſtain the onſet of our Hippogypi, ſoon gave way, and we purſued them with great ſlaughter: their right wing, however, overcame our left. The Acroconopes falling upon us with aſtoniſhing force, and advancing even to our infantry, by their aſſiſtance we recovered: and they now began to retreat, when they found the left wing had been beaten. The defeat then becoming general, many of them were taken priſoners, and many ſlain: the blood flowed in ſuch abundance, that the clouds were tinged with it, and looked red, juſt as they appear to us at ſun-ſet: from thence it diſtilled through upon the earth. Some ſuch thing, I ſuppoſe, happened formerly amongſt the gods, which made Homer believe that § Jove rained blood at the death of Sarpedon.

When we returned from our purſuit of the enemy, we ſet up two trophies; one, on account of the infantry engagement in the ſpider's web, and another in the clouds, for our battle in the air. Thus proſperouſly every thing went on, when our ſpies informed us, that the Nephelocentaurs, who ſhould have been with Phaeton before the battle, were juſt arrived: they made, indeed, as they approached towards us, a moſt formidable appearance, being half winged horſes, and half men; the men from the waiſt upwards, about as big as the Rhodian Coloſſus, and the horſes of the ſize of a common ſhip of burthen. I have not mentioned the number of them, which was really ſo great, that it would appear incredible: they were commanded by || Sagittarius from

* *Cynobalani.*] Gr. Κυνοβαλανοι, cani glandacii, acorn-dogs.

† *Nephelo centauri.*] Gr. Νεφελοκενταυροι, nubicentauri, cloud-centuars.

‡ *I wiſh, &c.*] The reaſon for this wiſh is given a little farther on in the Hiſtory.

§ *Jove, &c.*] See Hom. Il. π. l. 459.

|| *Sagittarius.*] Some authors tell us that Sagittauris was the ſame as Chiron the centaur; others, that he was Crocus, a famous hunter, the ſon of Euphemia, who nurſed the Muſes, at whoſe inter-

from the Zodiac: as ſoon as they learned that their friends had been defeated, they ſent a meſſage to Phaeton to call him back, whilſt they put their forces into order of battle, and immediately fell upon the * Selenites, who were unprepared to reſiſt them, being all employed in the diviſion of the ſpoil, they ſoon put them to flight, purſued the king quite to his own city, and ſlew the greateſt part of his birds: they then tore down the trophies, ran over all the field woven by the ſpiders, and ſeized me and two of my companions. Phaeton at length, coming up, they raiſed other trophies for themſelves: as for us, we were carried that very day to the palace of the ſun, our hands bound behind us by a cord of the ſpider's web.

The conquerors determined not to beſiege the city of the Moon, but when they returned home, reſolved to build a wall between them and the Sun, that his rays might not ſhine upon it; this wall was double, and made of thick clouds, ſo that the Moon was always eclipſed, and in perpetual darkneſs. Endymion, ſorely diſtreſſed at theſe calamities, ſent an embaſſy, humbly beſeeching them to pull down the wall, and not to leave him in utter darkneſs, promiſing to pay them tribute, to aſſiſt them with his forces, and never more to rebel: he ſent hoſtages withal. Phaeton called two councils on the affair; at the firſt of which they were all inexorable, but at the ſecond changed their opinion: a treaty at length was agreed to, on theſe conditions.

† The Heliots and their allies on one part, make the following agreement with the Selenites and their allies, on the other:—"That the Heliots ſhall demoliſh the wall now erected between them: that they ſhall make no irruptions into the territories of the Moon; and reſtore the priſoners according to certain articles of ranſom to be ſtipulated concerning them: that the Selenites ſhall permit all the other ſtars to enjoy their rights and privileges: that they ſhall never wage war with the Heliots, but aſſiſt them whenever they ſhall be invaded: that the king of the Selenites ſhall pay to the king of the Heliots, an annual tribute of ten thouſand caſks of dew, for the inſurance of which, he ſhall ſend ten thouſand hoſtages: that they ſhall mutually ſend out a colony to the Morning-ſtar, in which, whoever of either nation ſhall think proper, may become a member: that the treaty ſhall be inſcribed on a co-

interceſſion, he was, after his death, promoted to the ninth place in the zodiac, under the name of Sagittarius.

* *Selenites.*] The inhabitants of the moon.

† *The Heliots, &c.*] A good burleſque on the uſual form and ſtyle of treaties.

lumn.

lumn of amber, in the midſt of the air, and on the borders of the two kingdoms. This treaty was ſworn to, on the part of the Heliots, by * Pyronides, and Therites, and Phlogius; and on the part of the Selenites, by Nyctor, and Menius, and Polylampus."

Such was the peace made between them: the wall was immediately pulled down, and we were ſet at liberty. When we returned to the moon, our companions met and embraced us, ſhedding tears of joy, as did Endymion alſo. He intreated us to remain there, or to go along with the new colony, promiſing to give me his ſon in marriage, for they have no women there; this I could by no means be perſuaded to, but begged he would let us down into the ſea. As he found I could not be prevailed on to ſtay, after feaſting us moſt nobly for ſeven days, he diſmiſſed us.

I will now tell you every thing which I met with in the Moon, that was new and extraordinary. In the firſt place, they never breed there from women, but from men; they always marry males, and do not ſo much as know the name of woman; the men are wives till five and twenty, and then marry themſelves. The fœtus is borne not in the womb, but in the calf of the leg; and when the embryo is conceived, the calf ſwells; it appears dead when it firſt comes out, but they breathe upon it in the open air, and it viviſies: for this reaſon, I ſuppoſe, we call this part in Greek † Gaſtronymia, becauſe, amongſt theſe people it bears the fœtus inſtead of the belly. But what I am going to tell you, is ſtill more wonderful. There is a race of men amongſt them, whom they call Dendritæ, and which are produced in this manner: they plant the right teſticle of a man into the ground, from whence ſprings up a large tree, fleſhy, and like a phallus, with leaves, and branches; its fruit is an acorn about a cubit long; when this is ripe, they gather it, and out of it comes a man ‡ * * * * * * * * * * *

Amongſt them, when a man grows old, he does not die, but diſſolves into ſmoak, and turns to air. They all eat the ſame food, which is, frogs roaſted on the aſhes from a large fire; of theſe they have plenty which fly

* *Pyronides.*] Gr. Πυρωνιδης, ignens, fiery, φλογιος, flaming, Νυκτωρ, nocturnus, nightly, Μηνιος, menſtruus, monthly, Πολυλαμπης, multi lucius, many lights. Theſe all make good proper names in Greek, and ſound magnificently, but do not anſwer ſo well in Engliſh. I have therefore preſerved the original words in the tranſlation.

† *Gaſtronymia.*] The belly of the leg.

‡ Gentle reader,

Wherever you meet with theſe *Shandean* marks, or aſteriſms *, you may conclude, that Lucian ſays ſomething in the original, which a modeſt man would not wiſh to repeat after him.

about

about in the air, they get together over the coals, ſnuff up the ſcent of them, and this ſerves them for victuals. Their drink is air ſqueezed into a cup, which produces a kind of dew. They neither make water, nor go backwards, having no outlets of that kind as we have. * * * * * * *

He who is quite bald, is eſteemed a beauty amongſt them, for they abominate long hair; whereas, in the comets, it is looked upon as a perfection at leaſt; ſo we heard from ſome ſtrangers who were ſpeaking of them: they have, notwithſtanding, ſmall beards a little above the knee; no nails to their feet, and only one great toe. Every one has a large cabbage on his bum, growing out like a tail, which is always green, and even if they fall upon it, never breaks. They have honey here, which is extremely ſharp, and when they exerciſe themſelves, waſh their bodies with milk: this, mixed with a little of their honey, makes excellent * cheeſe. Their oil is extracted from onions, is very rich, and ſmells like ointment. Their wines, which are in great abundance, yield water, and the grape-ſtones are like hail: I imagine, indeed, that whenever the wind ſhakes their vines, and burſts the grape, then comes down amongſt us what we call hail. They make uſe of their belly which they can open and ſhut as they pleaſe, as a kind of bag, or pouch, to put any thing in they want: it has no liver or inteſtines, but is hairy and warm within, inſomuch, that new-born children, when they are cold, frequently creep into it. The garments of the rich amongſt them, are made of glaſs, but very ſoft: the poor have woven braſs; which they have here in great abundance, and by pouring a little water over it, ſo manage as to card it like wool. I am afraid to mention their eyes, leſt, from the incredibility of the thing, you ſhould not believe me. I muſt, however, inform you, that they have eyes which they take in and out whenever they pleaſe; ſo that they can preſerve them any where till occaſion ſerves, and then make uſe of them: many who have loſt their own, borrow from others; and there are ſeveral rich men who keep a ſtock of eyes by them. Their ears are made of the leaves of plane-trees, except of thoſe who ſpring, as I obſerved to you, from acorns: theſe alone have wooden ones. I ſaw likewiſe another very extraordinary thing in the king's palace, which was, a looking-glaſs that is placed in a well not very deep; whoever goes down into the well, hears every thing that is ſaid upon earth, and if he looks into the glaſs, beholds all the cities and nations of the world, as plain as if he was cloſe to

* *Cheeſe.*] Here Lucian, like other ſtory-tellers, is a little deficient in point of memory. If they eat, as he tells us, nothing but frogs, what uſe could they have for cheeſe?

them.

them. I myſelf ſaw ſeveral of my friends there, and my whole native country; whether they ſaw me alſo, I will not pretend to affirm. He who does not believe theſe things, whenever he goes there will know that I have ſaid nothing but what is true.

To return to our voyage. We took our leave of the king and his friends, got on board our ſhip, and ſet ſail. Endymion made me a preſent of two glaſs robes, two braſs ones, and a whole coat of armour made of lupines, all which I left in the * whale's belly. He likewiſe ſent with us a thouſand Hippogypi, who eſcorted us five hundred ſtadia.

We ſailed by ſeveral places, and at length reached the new colony of the Morning-ſtar, where we landed and took in water: from thence we ſteered into the Zodiac, leaving the Sun on our left, we paſſed cloſe by his territory, and would have gone aſhore, many of our companions being very deſirous of it; but the wind would not permit us: we had a view, however, of that region, and perceived that it was green, fertile, and well-watered, and abounding in every thing neceſſary and agreeable. The Nephelocentaurs, who are mercenaries in the ſervice of Phaeton, ſaw us and flew aboard our ſhip, but, recollecting that we were included into the treaty, ſoon departed; the Hyppogypi likewiſe took their leave of us.

All the next night and day, we continued our courſe downwards, and towards evening came upon † Lycnopolis: this city lies between the Pleiades and the Hyades; and a little below the Zodiac: we landed, but ſaw no men, only a number of lamps running to and fro, in the market-place, and round the port; ſome little ones, the poor, I ſuppoſe, of the place; others, the rich and great among them, very large, light, and ſplendid; every one had its habitation or candleſtick to itſelf, and its own proper name, as men have. We heard them ſpeak: they offered us no injury, but invited us in the moſt hoſpitable manner; we were afraid, notwithſtanding; neither would any of us venture to take any food or ſleep. The king's court is in the middle of the city: here he ſits all night, calls every one by name, and if they do not appear, condemns them to death for deſerting their poſt: their death is, to be put out: we ſtood by, and heard ſeveral of them plead their excuſes for non-attendance. Here I found my own lamp, talked to him, and aſked him how things went on at home: he told me every thing that had happened. We ſtaid there one night, and next day looſing our anchor,

* *Whale's belly.*] Of which we ſhall ſee an account in the next adventure.

† *Lycnopolis.*] The city of Lamps

ſailed

ſailed off very near the clouds; where we ſaw, and greatly admired the city of * Nephelo-coccygia, but the wind would not permit us to land. Coronus, the ſon of Cottiphion, is king there. I remember, † Ariſtophanes the poet, ſpeaks of him, a man of wiſdom and veracity, the truth of whoſe writings nobody can call in queſtion. About three days after this, we ſaw the ocean very plainly, but no land, except thoſe regions which hang in the air, and which appeared to us all bright and fiery. The fourth day, about noon, the wind ſubſiding, we got ſafe down into the ſea. No ſooner did we touch the water, but we were beyond meaſure rejoiced. We immediately gave every man his ſupper, as much as we could afford; and afterwards jumped into the ſea and ſwam, for it was quite calm and ſerene.

It often happens, that proſperity is the fore-runner of the greateſt misfortunes. We had ſailed but two days in the ſea, when early in the morning of the third, at ſun-riſe, we beheld on a ſudden, ſeveral whales, and one amongſt them, of a moſt enormous ſize, being not leſs than fifteen hundred ſtadia in length; he came up to us with his mouth wide open, diſturbing the ſea for a long way before him, the waves daſhing round on every ſide; he whetted his teeth, which looked like ſo many long ſpears, and were white as ivory: we embraced and took leave of one another, expecting him every moment; he came near, and ſwallowed us up at once, ſhip and all: he did not, however, cruſh us with his teeth, for the veſſel luckily ſlipped through one of the interſtices: when we were got in, for ſome time it was dark, and we could ſee nothing; but the whale happening to gape, we beheld a large ſpace, big enough to hold a city with ten thouſand men in it; in the middle were a great number of ſmall fiſh, ſeveral animals cut in pieces, ſails and anchors of ſhips, men's bones, and all kinds of merchandize: there was likewiſe, a good quantity of land, and hills, which ſeemed to have been formed of the mud which he had ſwallowed: there was alſo a wood, with all ſorts of trees in it, herbs of every kind; every thing, in ſhort, ſeemed to vegetate: the extent of this might be about two hundred and forty ſtadia. We ſaw, alſo, ſeveral ſea-birds, gulls, and king-fiſhers, making their neſts in the branches. At our firſt arrival in theſe regions, we could not help ſhedding tears; in a little time, however, I rouſed my companions, and we repaired our veſſel; after which, we ſat down to ſupper on what the

* *Nephelo-coccygia.*] The cloud-cuckow.

† *Ariſtophanes.*] See his comedy of the Birds.

place afforded. Fiſh of all kinds we had here in plenty, and the remainder of the water which we brought with us from the Morning-ſtar. When we got up the next day, as often as the whale gaped, we could ſee mountains and iſlands, ſometimes only the ſky; and plainly perceived by our motion, that he travelled through the ſea at a great rate, and ſeemed ro viſit every part of it. At length, when our abode became familiar to us, I took with me ſeven of my companions, and advanced into the wood, in order to ſee every thing I could poſſibly: we had not gone above five ſtadia, before we met with a temple dedicated to Neptune, as we learned by the inſcription on it, and, a little farther on, ſeveral ſepulchres, monumental ſtones, and a fountain of clear water; we heard the barking of a dog, and ſeeing a ſmoke at ſome diſtance from us, concluded there muſt be ſome habitation not far off: we got on as faſt as we could, and ſaw an old man and a boy very buſy in cultivating a little garden, and watering it from a fountain; we were both pleaſed and terrified at the ſight, and they, as you may ſuppoſe, on their part not leſs affected, ſtood fixed in aſtoniſhment, and could not ſpeak: after ſome time, however, "Who are you, ſaid the old man, and whence come ye? are you dæmons of the ſea, or unfortunate men, like ourſelves? for ſuch we are, born and bred on land, though now inhabitants of another element; ſwimming along with this great creature, who carries us about with him, not knowing what is to become of us, or whether we are alive or dead." To which I replied, "We, father, are men as you are, and but juſt arrived here, being ſwallowed up, together with our ſhip, but three days ago: we came this way to ſee what the wood produced, for it ſeemed large and full of trees; ſome good genius led us towards you, and we have the happineſs to find, we are not the only poor creatures ſhut up in this great monſter; but give us an account of your adventures, let us know who you are, and how you came here." He would not, however, tell us any thing himſelf, or aſk us any queſtions, till he had performed the rites of hoſpitality; he took us into his houſe, therefore, where he had got beds, and made every thing very commodious: here he preſented us with herbs, fruit, fiſh, and wine; and when we were ſatisfied, began to enquire into our hiſtory: when I acquainted him with every thing that had happened to us; the ſtorm we met with; our adventures in [illegible] iſland; our ſailing through the air; the war, &c. from our firſt ſetting out, even to our deſcent into the whale's belly.

He

He expreſſed his aſtoniſhment at what had befallen us, and then told us his own ſtory, which was as follows: "Strangers, ſaid he, I am a Cyprian by birth, and left my country to merchandiſe with this youth, who is my ſon, and ſeveral ſervants. We ſailed to Italy with goods of various kinds, ſome of which you may, perhaps, have ſeen in the mouth of the whale: we came as far as Sicily with a proſperous gale, when a violent tempeſt aroſe, and we were toſſed about in the ocean for three days, where we were ſwallowed up, men, ſhip and all, by the whale, only we two remaining alive; after burying our companions, we built a temple to Neptune, and here we have lived ever ſince, cultivating our little garden, raiſing herbs, and eating fiſh, or fruit: the wood, as you ſee, is very large, and produces many vines, from which we have excellent wine; there is likewiſe a fountain, which perhaps you have obſerved, of freſh and very cold water. We make our bed of leaves, have fuel ſufficient, and catch a great many birds, and live fiſh. Getting out upon the gills of the whale, there we waſh ourſelves when we pleaſe. There is a ſalt lake, about twenty ſtadia round, which produces fiſh of all kinds, and where we row about in a little boat, which we built on purpoſe. It is now ſeven and twenty years ſince we were ſwallowed up. Every thing here, indeed, is very tolerable, except our neighbours, who are diſagreeable, troubleſome, ſavage, and unſociable." "And are there more (replied I), beſides ourſelves in the whale?" "A great many, ſaid he, and thoſe very unhoſpitable, and of a moſt horrible appearance: towards the tail, on the weſtern parts of the wood, live the * Tarichanes, a people with eel's eyes, and faces like crabs, bold, warlike, and that live upon raw fleſh. On the other ſide, at the right hand wall, are the † Tritonomendetes, in their upper parts men, and in the lower reſembling weazels. On the left are the ‡ Carcinochires, and the ⸸ Thynnocephali, who have entered into a league offenſive and defenſive with each other. The middle part is occupied by the § Paguradæ, and the ‖ Pſittopodes, a warlike nation, and remarkably ſwift-footed. The eaſtern parts, near the whale's mouth, being waſhed by the ſea, are moſt of them uninhabited: I have ſome of

* *Tarichanes.*] Salſamentarii. Salt-fiſh-men.

† *Tritonomendites.*] Triton-weaſels.

‡ *Carcinochires.*] Greek, καρκινοχειρες, cancri-mani, crab's hands.

⸸ *Thynnocephali.*] Thynno-cipites, tunny-heads, i. e. men with heads like thoſe of the tunny-fiſh.

§ *Paguradæ.*] Greek, παγουραδαι, crab-men.

‖ *Pſittopodes.*] Ψιττοποδες, ſparrow-footed, from ψιττα, paſſer marinus.

theſe, however, on condition of paying an annual tribute to the Pſittipodes of five hundred oyſters. Such is the ſituation of this country; our difficulty is how to oppoſe ſo many people, and find ſuſtenance for ourſelves." "How many may there be, ſaid I?" "More than a thouſand, ſaid he." "And what are their arms?" "Nothing, replied he, but fiſh-bones." "Then, ſaid I, we had beſt go to war with them, for we have arms and they none; if we conquer them we ſhall live without fear for the future." This was immediately agreed upon, and, as ſoon as we returned to our ſhip, we began to prepare. The cauſe of the war was to be the non-payment of the tribute, which was juſt now becoming due: they ſent to demand it; he returned a contemptuous anſwer to the meſſengers: the Pſittopodes and Paguradæ were both highly enraged, and immediately fell upon Scintharus (for that was the old man's name), in a moſt violent manner.

We, expecting to be attacked, ſent out a detachment of five and twenty men, with orders to lie concealed till the enemy was paſt, and then to riſe upon them, which they did, and cut off their rear: we, in the mean time, being likewiſe five and twenty in number, with the old man and his ſon, waited their coming up, met, and engaged them with no little danger, till at length they fled, and we purſued them even into their trenches: of the enemy there fell an hundred and twenty; we loſt only one, our pilot, who was run through by the rib of a mullet. That day, and the night after it, we remained on the field of battle, and erected the dried back-bone of a dolphin as a trophy. Next day ſome other forces, who had heard of the engagement, arrived, and made head againſt us; the Tarichanes, under the command of Pelamus, in the right wing, the Thynnocephali on the left, and the Carcinochires in the middle; the Tritonomendetes remained neuter, not chuſing to aſſiſt either party: we came round upon all the reſt, by the temple of Neptune, and with a hideous cry ruſhed upon them; as they were unarmed, we ſoon put them to flight, purſued them into the wood, and took poſſeſſion of their territory. They ſent ambaſſadors a little while after, to take away their dead, and propoſe terms of peace; but we would hear of no treaty, and attacking them the next day, obtained a complete victory, and cut them all off, except the Tritonomendetes, who, informed of what had paſſed, ran away up to the whale's gills, and from thence threw themſelves into the ſea. The country being now cleared of all enemies, we rambled through it, and from that time remained without fear, uſed what exerciſe we

we pleaſed, went a-hunting, pruned our vines, gathered our fruit, and lived, in ſhort, in every reſpect like men put together in a large priſon, which there was no eſcaping from, but where they enjoy every thing they can wiſh for in eaſe and freedom; ſuch was our way of life for a year and eight months.

On the fifteenth day of the ninth month, about the ſecond opening of the whale's mouth (for this he did once every hour, and by that we calculated our time), we were ſurpriſed by a ſudden noiſe, like the claſh of oars; being greatly alarmed, we crept up into the whale's mouth, where ſtanding between his teeth, we beheld one of the moſt aſtoniſhing ſpectacles that was ever ſeen; men of an immenſe ſize, each of them not leſs than half a ſtadium in length, ſailing on iſlands like boats. I know what I am ſaying is incredible, I ſhall proceed, notwithſtanding: theſe iſlands were long, but not very high, and about a hundred ſtadia in circumference; there were about eight and twenty of theſe men in each of them, beſides the rowers on the ſides, who rowed with large cypreſſes, with their branches and leaves on; in the ſtern ſtood a pilot, raiſed on an eminence, and guiding a brazen helm: on the fore-caſtle were forty immenſe creatures, reſembling men, except in their hair, which was all a flame of fire, ſo that they had no occaſion for helmets, theſe were armed, and fought moſt furiouſly; the wind ruſhing in upon the wood, which was in every one of them, ſwelled it like a ſail, and drove them on, according to the pilot's direction; and thus, like ſo many long ſhips, the iſlands, by the aſſiſtance of the oars, alſo moved with great velocity. At firſt we ſaw only two or three, but afterwards there appeared above ſix hundred of them, which immediately engaged; many were knocked to pieces by running againſt each other, and many ſunk; others were wedged in cloſe together, and not able to get aſunder, fought deſperately; thoſe who were near the prows ſhewed the greateſt alacrity, boarding each other's ſhips, and making terrible havock; none, however, were taken priſoners. For grappling-irons, they made uſe of large ſharks chained together, who laid hold of the wood and kept the iſland from moving: they threw oyſters at one another, one of which would have filled a waggon, and ſpunges of an acre long. Æolocentaurus was admiral of one of the fleets, and * Thalaſſopotes of the other: they had quarrelled, it ſeems, about ſome booty; Thalaſſopotes, as it was reported, having driven

* *Thalaſſopotes.*] Maris potor, the drinker up of the ſea. Æolocentaurus and Thalaſſopotes were, I ſuppoſe, two Leviathans.

away

away a large tribe of dolphins belonging to Æolocentaurus: this we picked up from their own diſcourſe, when we heard them mention the names of their commanders. At length the forces of Æolocentaurus prevailed, and ſunk about a hundred and fifty of the iſlands of the enemy, and taking three more with the men in them: the reſt took to their oars and fled. The conquerors purſued them a little way, and in the evening returned to the wreck, ſeizing the remainder of the enemy's veſſels, and getting back ſome of their own, for they had themſelves loſt no leſs than fourſcore iſlands in the engagement. They erected a trophy for this victory, hanging one of the conquered iſlands on the head of the whale, which they faſtened their hauſers to, and caſting anchor cloſe to him, for they had anchors immenſely large and ſtrong, ſpent the night there: in the morning, after they had returned thanks, and ſacrificed on the back of the whale, they buried their dead, ſung their Io Pæans, and ſailed off. Such was the battle of the iſlands.

THE

TRUE HISTORY.

BOOK II.

FROM this time our abode in the whale growing rather tedious and diſagreeable, not able to bear it any longer, I began to think within myſelf how we might make our eſcape. My firſt ſcheme was to undermine the right-hand wall, and get out there; and accordingly we began to cut away, but after getting through about five ſtadia, and finding it was to no purpoſe, we left off digging, and determined to ſet fire to the wood, which we imagined would deſtroy the whale, and ſecure us a ſafe retreat; we began, therefore, by burning the parts near his tail: for ſeven days and nights he never felt the heat, but on the eighth we perceived he grew ſick, for he opened his mouth very ſeldom, and when he did, ſhut it again immediately; on the tenth and the eleventh he declined viſibly, and began to ſtink a little; on the twelfth it occurred to us, which we had never thought of before, that unleſs, whilſt he was gaping, ſomebody could prop up his jaws, to prevent his cloſing them, we were in danger of being ſhut up in the carcaſe, and periſhing there: we placed ſome large beams, therefore, in his mouth, got our ſhip ready, and took in water, and every thing neceſſary: Scintharus was to be our pilot; the next day the whale died; we drew our veſſel through the interſtices of his teeth, and let her down from thence into the ſea: then, getting on the whale's back, ſacrificed to Neptune, near the ſpot where the trophy was erected. Here we ſtaid three days, it being a dead calm, and on the fourth ſet ſail; we ſtruck upon ſeveral bodies of the giants that had been ſlain in the ſea-fight, and meaſured them with the greateſt aſtoniſhment: for ſome days we had very mild and temperate weather, but the north-wind ariſing, it grew ſo extremely cold, that the whole ſea was froze up, not on the ſurface only, but three or four hundred feet deep, ſo that we got out and walked on the ice. The froſt being ſo intenſe that we could not bear it, we put in practice the following ſcheme, which Scintharus put us in the head of: we dug a cave in the ice, where we remained for thirty days, lighting a fire,

and

and living upon the fiſh which we found in it; but, our proviſions failing, we were obliged to looſen our ſhip which was ſtuck faſt in, and hoiſting a ſail, ſlid along through the ice with an eaſy pleaſant motion; on the fifth day from that time, it grew warm, the ice broke, and it was all water again.

After ſailing about three hundred ſtadia, we fell in upon a little deſerted iſland: here we took in water, for ours was almoſt gone, killed with our arrows two wild oxen, and departed. Theſe oxen had horns not on their heads, but, as Momus ſeemed to wiſh, under their eyes. A little beyond this, we got into a ſea, not of water, but of milk; and upon it we ſaw an iſland full of vines; this whole iſland was one compact well-made cheeſe, as we afterwards experienced by many a good meal, which we made upon it; and is in length five and twenty ſtadia. The vines have grapes upon them, which yield not wine, but milk. In the middle of the iſland was a temple to the Nereid * Galatæa, as appeared by an inſcription on it: as long as we ſtaid there, the land afforded us victuals to eat, and the vines ſupplied us with milk to drink. † Tyro, the daughter of Salmoneus, we were told, was queen of it, Neptune having, after her death, conferred that dignity upon her.

We ſtopped five days on this iſland, and on the ſixth ſet ſail with a ſmall breeze, which gently agitated the waves, and on the eighth, changed our milky ſea for a green and briny one; where we ſaw a great number of men running backwards and forwards, reſembling ourſelves in every part, except the feet, which are all of cork, whence, I ſuppoſe, they are called ‡ Phellopodes. We were ſurpriſed to ſee them not ſinking, but riſing high above the waves, and making their way without the leaſt fear or apprehenſion: they came up to, and addreſſed us in the Greek tongue, telling us they were going to Phello, their native country; they accompanied us a good way, and then taking their leave, wiſhed us a good voyage. A little after we ſaw ſeveral iſlands, amongſt which, to the left of us ſtood Phello, to which theſe men were going, a city built in the middle of a large round cork; towards

* *Galatæa.*] One of the fifty Nereids, or Sea-Nymphs; ſo called, on account of the fairneſs of her ſkin: from γαλα gala, milk; of the milky iſland, therefore, ſhe was naturally the preſiding deity.

† *Tyro.*] Tyro, according to Homer, fell in love with the famous river Enipeus, and was always wandering on his banks, where Neptune found, covered her with his waves, and throwing her into a deep ſleep, ſupplied the place of Enipeus. Lucian has made her amends, by beſtowing one of his imaginary kingdoms upon her. His part of the ſtory, however, is full as probable as the reſt.

‡ *Phellopodes.*] Suberipedes, cork-footed.

the

the right hand, and at a conſiderable diſtance were many others, very large and high; on which, we ſaw a prodigious large fire: fronting the prow of our ſhip, we had a view of one very broad and flat, and which ſeemed to be about five hundred ſtadia off; as we approached near to it, a ſweet and odoriferous air came round us, ſuch as Herodotus tells us blows from Arabia Felix; from the roſe, the narciſſus, the hyacinth, the lily, the violet, the myrtle, the laurel, and the vine. Refreſhed with theſe delightful odours, and in hopes of being at laſt rewarded for our long ſufferings, we came cloſe up to the iſland: here, we beheld ſeveral ſafe and ſpacious harbours, with clear tranſparent rivers rolling placidly into the ſea; meadows, woods, and birds of all kinds, chanting melodiouſly on the ſhore; and, on the trees, the ſoft and ſweet air fanning the branches on every ſide, which ſent forth a ſoft harmonious ſound, like the playing on a flute; at the ſame time we heard a noiſe, not of riot or tumult, but a kind of joyful and convivial ſound, as of ſome playing on the lute or harp, with others joining in the chorus, and applauding them.

We caſt anchor and landed, leaving our ſhip in the harbour, with Scyntharus, and two more of our companions. As we were walking through a meadow full of flowers, we met the guardians of the iſle, who immediately chaining us with manacles of roſes, for theſe are their only fetters, conducted us to their king: from theſe we learned on our journey that this place was called * The Iſland of the Bleſſed, and was governed by Rhadamanthus. We were carried before him, and he was ſitting that day as judge to try ſome cauſes; our's was the fourth in order: the firſt was that of † Ajax Telamonius, to determine whether he was to rank with the heroes or not. The accuſation ran, that he was mad, and had made an end of himſelf; much was ſaid on both ſides; at length Rhadamanthus pronounced, that he ſhould be conſigned to the care of Hippocrates, and go through a courſe of hellebore, after which he might be admitted to the Sympoſium. The ſecond was a love affair, to decide whether Theſeus or Menelaus ſhould poſſeſs Helen in theſe regions; and the decree of Rhadamanthus was, that ſhe

* *The iſland.*] This deſcription of the Pagan Elyſium, or Iſland of the bleſſed, is well drawn, and abounds in fanciful and picturesque imagery, interſperſed with ſtrokes of humour and ſatire. The ſecond book is, indeed, throughout, more entertaining, and better written than the firſt.

† *Ajax.*] See the Ajax Flagellifer of Sophocles. Lucian humorouſly degrades him from the character of a hero, and gives him hellebore as a madman.

ſhould live with Menelaus, who had underwent ſo many difficulties and dangers for her: beſides, that Theſeus had other women, the Amazonian lady, and the daughters of Minos. The third cauſe was a point of precedency, between Alexander the ſon of Philip, and Hannibal the Carthaginian, which was given in favour of Alexander, who was placed on a throne next to the elder Cyrus, the Perſian. Our cauſe came on the laſt; the king aſked us, how we dared to enter, alone as we were, into that ſacred abode; we told him every thing that had happened; he commanded us to retire, and conſulted with the aſſeſſors concerning us: there were many in council with him, and amongſt them Ariſtides, the juſt Athenian, and purſuant to his opinion, it was determined that we ſhould ſuffer the puniſhment of our bold curioſity after our deaths, but at preſent might remain in the iſland for a certain limited time; aſſociate with the heroes, and then depart: this indulgence was not to exceed ſeven months.

At this inſtant, our chains, if ſo they might be called, dropped off, and we were left at liberty to range over the city, and to partake of the feaſt of the bleſſed. The whole city was of * gold, and the walls of emerald: the ſeven gates were all made out of one trunk of the cinnamon-tree: the pavement, within the walls, of ivory, the temples of the gods were of beryl, and the great altars, on which they offered the hecatombs, all of one large amethiſt: round the city flowed a river of the moſt precious ointment, a hundred cubits in breadth, and deep enough to ſwim in; the baths are large houſes of glaſs, perfumed with cinnamon, and inſtead of water filled with warm dew: for cloaths they wear ſpider's webs, very fine, and of a purple colour: they have no bodies, but only the appearance of them, inſenſible to the touch, and without fleſh, yet they ſtand, taſte, move, and ſpeak; their ſouls ſeem to be naked, and ſeparated from them, with only the external ſimilitude of a body; and unleſs you attempt to touch, you can ſcarce believe but they have one: they are a kind of upright † ſhadows, only not black: in this place no body ever grows old, at whatever age they enter here, at that they always remain: they have no night, nor bright

* *Of gold.*] It is not improbable but that Voltaire's El Dorado, in his Candide, might have been ſuggeſted to him by this paſſage.

† *Upright ſhadows.*] i. e. their appearance is exactly like that of ſhadows made by the ſun at noon day, with this only difference, that one lies flat on the ground, the other is erect, and one is dark, the other light, or diaphanous. Our vulgar idea of ghoſts, eſpecially with regard to their not being tangible, correſponds with this of Lucian's.

day,

day, but a perpetual twilight; one equal ſeaſon reigns throughout the year; it is always ſpring with them, and no wind blows but Zephyrus; the whole region abounds in ſweet flowers, and ſhrubs of every kind; their vines bear twelve times in the year, yielding fruit every month, their apples, pomegranates, and the reſt of our autumnal produce, thirteen times, bearing twice in the month of Minos: inſtead of corn, the fields bring forth loaves of ready-made bread, like muſhrooms: there are three hundred and ſixty-five fountains of water round the city, as many of honey, and five hundred, rather ſmaller, of ſweet-ſcented oil, beſides ſeven rivers of milk, and eight of wine.

Their Sympoſia are held in a place without the city, which they call the Elyſian Field; this is a moſt beautiful meadow, ſkirted by a large and thick wood, affording an agreeable ſhade to the gueſts, who repoſe on couches of flowers; the winds attend upon, and bring them every thing neceſſary, except wine, which is otherwiſe provided, for there are large trees on every ſide, made of the fineſt glaſs, the fruit of which are cups of various ſhapes and ſizes; whoever comes to the entertainment gathers one or more of theſe cups, which immediately becomes full of wine, and ſo they drink of it, whilſt the nightingales, and other birds of ſong, with their bills peck the flowers out of the neighbouring fields, and drop them on their heads; thus are they crowned with perpetual garlands: their manner of perfuming them is this; the clouds ſuck up the ſcented oils from the fountains and rivers, and the winds gently fanning them, diſtil it like ſoft dew on thoſe who are aſſembled there; at ſupper they have muſic alſo, and ſinging, particularly the verſes of Homer, who is himſelf generally at the feaſt, and ſits next above Ulyſſes, with a chorus of youths and virgins: he is led in, accompanied by * Eunomus the Locrian, Arion of Leſbos, Anacreon, and † Steſichorus, whom I ſaw there along with them, and who at length is reconciled to Helen: when they have finiſhed their ſongs, another chorus begins

* *Eunomus.*] A famous muſician. Clemens Alexandrinus gives us a full account of him, to whom I refer the curious reader.

† *Steſichorus.*] This poet, we are told, wrote ſome ſevere verſes on Helen, for which he was puniſhed by Caſtor and Pollux with loſs of ſight; but on making his recantation in a palinodia, his eyes were graciouſly reſtored to him. Lucian has affronted her ſtill more groſly, by making her run away with Cinyrus; but he, we are to ſuppoſe, being not over ſuperſtitious, defied the power of Caſtor and Pollux.

of * ſwans, ſwallows, and nightingales; and to theſe ſucceeds the ſweet ruſtling of the Zephyrs, that whiſtle through the woods, and cloſe the concert. What moſt contributes to their happineſs is, that near the ſympoſium are two fountains, the one of milk, the other of pleaſure; from the firſt they drink at the beginning of the feaſt, there is nothing afterwards but joy and feſtivity.

I will now tell you what men of renown I met with there; and firſt, there were all the demi-gods, and all the heroes that fought at Troy, except † Ajax the Locrian, who alone it ſeems was condemned to ſuffer for his crimes in the habitations of the wicked; then there were of the Barbarians, both the Cyrus's, Anacharſis the Scythian, ‡ Zamolxis of Thrace, and ⸸ Numa the Italian; beſides theſe I met with Lycurgus the Spartan, Phocion and Tellus of Athens, and all the wiſe men, except § Periander. I ſaw alſo Socrates, the ſon of Sophroniſcus, prating with Neſtor and Palamedes; near him were Hyacinthus of Sparta, Narciſſus the Theſpian, Hylas, and ſeveral other || beauties; he ſeemed very fond of Hyacinthus; ſome things were laid to his charge; it was even reported that Rhadamanthus was very angry with him, and threatened to turn him out of the iſland, if he continued to play the fool, and would not leave off his irony and ſarcaſm: of all the philoſophers, ¶ Plato alone was not to be found there, but it ſeems he lived in a republic of his own building, and which was governed by laws framed by himſelf. Ariſtippus and Epicurus were

* *Swans.*] Nothing appears more ridiculous to a modern reader than the perpetual encomiums on the muſical merit of ſwans and ſwallows, which we meet with in all the writers of antiquity. A proper account and explanation of this is, I think, amongſt the deſiderata of literature. There is an entertaining tract on this ſubject in the Hiſt. de l'Acad. tom. v. by M. Morin.

† *Ajax the Locrian.*] Who raviſhed Caſſandra, the daughter of Priam, and prieſteſs of Minerva, who ſent a tempeſt, diſperſed the Grecian navy in their return home, and ſunk Ajax with a thunder-bolt.

‡ *Zamolxis.*] A ſcholar of Pythagoras.

⸸ *Numa.*] The ſecond king of Rome.

§ *Periander.*] One of the ſeven ſages, but excepted againſt by Lucian, becauſe he was king of Corinth, and a tyrant.

|| *Beauties.*] A malevolent ſneer at Socrates, who, if we credit our ſevere ſatiriſt, had other pleaſures in the company of beautiful young men, beſides that of inſtructing them: though this is, moſt probably, an aſperſion on the character of that noble philoſopher, which he never deſerved.

¶ *Plato.*] See his Treatiſe de Republica. His quitting Elyſium, to live in his own republic, is a ſtroke of true humour.

in

in the higheſt eſteem here, as the moſt polite, benevolent, and convivial of men. Even Æſop, the Phrygian, was here, whom they made uſe of by way of buffoon. Diogenes of Sinope had ſo wonderfully changed his manners in this place, that he married Lais, the harlot, danced and ſung, got drunk, and played a thouſand freaks. Not one Stoic did I ſee amongſt them, they, it ſeems, were not yet got up to the top of the high * hill of Virtue; and as to Chryſippus, we were told that he was not to enter the iſland till he had taken a fourth doſe of hellebore. The Academicians, we heard, were very deſirous of coming here, but they ſtood doubting and deliberating about it, neither were they quite certain whether there was ſuch a place as Elyſium or not; perhaps they were afraid of Rhadamanthus's † judgment on them, as deciſive judgments are what they would never allow; many of them, it is reported, followed thoſe who were coming to the iſland, but being too lazy to proceed, turned back when they were got half way.

Such were the principal perſons whom I met with here. Achilles is had in the greateſt honour among them, and next to him Theſeus. With regard to love-affairs, they think there is nothing ‡ indecent in doing what they pleaſe before every body. As to the boys, Socrates ſwore he meant no harm; and yet, if we credit Narciſſus and Hyacinthus, he forſwore himſelf. The women are common to all; their love is only Platonic. * * *

Two or three days after my arrival I met with the poet Homer, and both of us being quite at leiſure, aſked him ſeveral queſtions, and amongſt the reſt, where he was born, that, as I informed him, having been long a matter of diſpute amongſt us: we were very ignorant, indeed, he ſaid, for ſome had made him a Chian, others a native of Smyrna, others of Colophon; but that, after all, he was a Babylonian, and amongſt them was called Tigranes, though, after being a hoſtage in Greece, they had changed his name to Homer. I then aſked him about thoſe of his verſes which are rejected as ſpurious, and whether they were his or not. He ſaid, they were all his own; which made me laugh at the nonſenſe of Zenodotus, and

* *High hill.*] Alluding to a paſſage in Heſiod, already quoted.

† *Judgment.*] Lucian laughs at the Sceptics, though he was himſelf one of them.

‡ *Indecent.*] Entertaining, probably, the ſame notions, with regard to this point, as the inhabitants of Otaheite. See Hawkſworth's Voyage. Lucian, indeed, ſpeaks broadly out, and quite in the Otaheite ſtyle.—Miſcent corpora publice & in conſpectu omnium, cum mutieribus pariter & cum maribus, & nequaquam malum hoc illis videtur. The learned reader will ſee I have ſoftened it a little in the tranſlation.

Ariſtarchus,

Ariſtarchus, the grammarians. I then aſked him how he came to begin his Iliad with the wrath of Achilles; he ſaid, it was all by chance. I deſired likewiſe to know whether, as it was generally reported, he wrote the Odyſſey before the Iliad? He ſaid no. It is commonly ſaid he was blind, but I ſoon found he was not ſo: for he made uſe of his eyes, and looked at me, ſo that I had no reaſon to aſk him that queſtion: whenever I found him diſengaged, I took the opportunity of converſing with him, and he very readily entered into diſcourſe with me, eſpecially after the victory which he obtained over Therſites, who had accuſed him of turning him into ridicule in ſome of his verſes; the cauſe was heard before Rhadamanthus, and Homer came off victorious. Ulyſſes pleaded for him.

I met alſo Pythagoras the Samian, who arrived in theſe regions after his ſoul had gone a long round in the bodies of ſeveral animals; having been changed ſeven times. All his right ſide was of gold, and there was ſome diſpute whether he ſhould be called Pythagoras or Euphorbus. Empedocles came likewiſe, who looked ſodden and roaſted all over: he deſired admittance; but though he begged hard for it, was rejected.

A little time after, the games came on, which they call here † Thanatuſia. Achilles preſided for the fifth time, and Theſeus for the ſeventh. A narrative of the whole would be tedious, I ſhall only, therefore, recount a few of the principal circumſtances in the wreſtling match; Carus, a deſcendant of Hercules, conquered Ulyſſes at the boxing match. Areus the Ægyptian, who was buried at Corinth, and Epeus contended, but neither got the victory. The Pancratia was not propoſed amongſt them. In the race I do not remember who had the ſuperiority. In poetry Homer was far beyond them all; Heſiod, however, got a prize. The reward to all was a garland of peacock's feathers.

When the games were over, word was brought that the priſoners in Tartarus had broke looſe, overcome the guard, and were proceeding to take poſſeſſion of the iſland under the command of ‡ Phalaris the Agrigentine,

† *Thanatuſia.*] Death-games, or, games after death, in imitation of wedding-games, funeral-games, &c.

‡ *Phalaris.*] The famous tyrant of Agrigentum, renowned for his ingenious contrivance of roaſting his enemies in a brazen bull, and not leſs memorable for ſome excellent Epiſtles, which ſet a wit and ſcholar together by the ears concerning the genuineneſs of them. See the famous conteſt between Bentley and Boyle.

Buſiris

* Buſiris of Ægypt, † Diomede the Thracian, ‡ Scyron, and Pityocamptes. As ſoon as Rhadamanthus heard of it, he diſpatched the heroes to the ſhore, conducted by Theſeus, Achilles, and Ajax Telamonius, who was now returned to his ſenſes. A battle enſued, wherein the heroes were victorious, owing principally to the valour of Achilles. Socrates, who was placed in the right wing, behaved much better than he had done at § Delius in his life-time, for when the enemy approached he never fled, nor ſo much as turned his face about; he had a very extraordinary preſent made him, as the reward of his courage, no leſs than a fine ſpacious garden near the city; here he ſummoned his friends and diſputed, calling the place by the name of the Academy of the Dead. They then bound the priſoners, and ſent them back to Tartarus, to ſuffer double puniſhment. Homer wrote an account of this battle, and gave it me to ſhew it to our people when I went back; but I loſt it afterwards, together with a great many other things: it began thus,

Sing, Muſe, the battles of the heroes dead ——

The campaign thus happily finiſhed, they made an entertainment to celebrate the victory, which, as is uſual amongſt them, was a bean-feaſt; Pythagoras alone abſented himſelf on that day, and faſted, holding in abomination the wicked cuſtom of eating beans.

Six months had now elapſed, when a new and extraordinary affair happened. Cinyrus, the ſon of Scyntharus, a tall, well-made, handſome youth, fell in love with Helen, and ſhe no leſs deſperately with him. They were often nodding and drinking to one another at the public feaſts, and would frequently riſe up and walk out together alone into the wood. The violence of his paſſion, joined to the impoſſibility of poſſeſſing her any other way, put Cinyrus on the reſolution of running away with her. She imagined that they might eaſily get off to ſome of the adjacent iſlands, either to Phellus, or Ty-

* *Buſiris.*] Who ſacrificed to Jupiter all the ſtrangers that came into his kingdom—hoſpites violabat, ſays Seneca, ut eorum ſanguine pluviam eliceret, cujus penuria Ægyptus novem annis laboraverat.—A moſt ingenious contrivance.

† *Diomede.*] A king of Thrace, who fed his horſes with human fleſh.

‡ *Scyron.*] Scyron and Pityocamptes were two famous robbers, who uſed to ſeize on travellers, and commit the moſt horrid cruelties upon them. They were ſlain by Theſeus. See Plutarch's life of Theſeus.

§ *Delius.*] Where he ran away, but, as we are told, in very good company. See Diog. Laert. Strabo, &c.

roeſſa.

roeſſa. He ſelected three of the braveſt of our crew to accompany them; never mentioning the deſign to his father, who he knew would never conſent to it; but, the firſt favourable opportunity, put it in execution, and one night, when I was not with them (for it happened that I ſtaid late at the feaſt, and ſlept there), carried her off. Menelaus, riſing in the middle of the night, and perceiving that his wife was not in bed with him, made a dreadful noiſe about it, and, taking his brother along with him, proceeded immediately to the king's palace. At break of day the guards informed him that they had ſeen a veſſel, a good diſtance from land: he immediately put fifty heroes on board a ſhip, made out of one large piece of the aſphodelus, with orders to purſue them. They made all the ſail they poſſibly could, and about noon came up with, and ſeized on them, juſt as they were entering into the milky ſea, cloſe to Tyroeſſa; ſo near were they to making their eſcape: the purſuers threw a roſy chain over the veſſel, and brought her home again. Helen began to weep, bluſhed, and hid her face. Rhadamanthus aſked Cinyrus, and the reſt of them, if they had any more accomplices: they told him, they had none; he then ordered them to be chained, whipped with mallows, and ſent to Tartarus.

It was now determined that we ſhould ſtay no longer on the iſland than the time limited; and the very next day was fixed for our departure: this gave me no little concern, and I wept to think I muſt leave ſo many good things, and be once more a wanderer. They endeavoured to adminiſter conſolation to me, by aſſuring me that in a few years I ſhould return to them again; they even pointed out the ſeat that ſhould be allotted to me, and which was near the beſt and worthieſt inhabitants of theſe delightful manſions. I addreſſed myſelf to Rhadamanthus, and humbly intreated him to inform me of my future fate, and let me know, beforehand, whether I ſhould travel: he told me, that after many toils and dangers, I ſhould at laſt return in ſafety to my native country, but would not point out the time when: he then ſhewed me the neighbouring iſlands, five of which appeared near to me, and a ſixth at a diſtance; thoſe next to you, ſaid he, where you ſee a great fire burning, are the habitations of the wicked; the ſixth is the city of dreams; behind that lies the iſland of Calypſo, which you cannot ſee yet. When you get beyond theſe you will come to a large tract of land, inhabited by * thoſe who live on the ſide of the earth directly oppoſite

* *Thoſe, &c.*] The antipodes. We never heard whether Lucian performed this voyage. D'Ablancourt,

poſite to you, there you will ſuffer many things, wander through ſeveral nations, and meet with ſome very ſavage and unſociable people, and at length get into another region.

Having ſaid thus, he took a root of mallow out of the earth, and putting it into my hand, bade me remember, when I was in any danger, to call upon that; and added, moreover, that if, when I came to the Antipodes, I took care "never to ſtir the fire with a ſword, never to eat lupines, or have any thing to do with a woman above two and twenty," I might have hopes of returning to the Iſland of the Bleſſed.

I then got every thing ready for the voyage, ſupped with, and took my leave of them. Next day, meeting Homer, I begged him to make me a couple of verſes for an inſcription, which he did, and I fixed them on a little column of beryl, at the mouth of the harbour: the inſcription was as follows,

Dear to the gods, and favourite of heav'n,
Here Lucian liv'd: to him alone 'twas giv'n,
Well-pleas'd theſe happy regions to explore,
And back returning, ſeek his native ſhore.

I ſtaid that day, and the next ſet ſail; the heroes attending to take their leaves of us; when Ulyſſes, unknown to Penelope, ſlipped a letter into my hand, for Calypſo, at the iſland of Ogygia. Rhadamanthus was ſo obliging as to ſend with us Nauplius the pilot, that, if we ſtopped at the neighbouring iſlands, and they ſhould lay hold on us, he might acquaint them, that we were only on our paſſage to another place.

As ſoon as we got out of the ſweet-ſcented air, we came into another that ſmelt of aſphaltus, pitch, and ſulphur burning together, with a moſt intolerable ſtench, as of burned carcaſes; the whole element above us was dark and diſmal, diſtilling a kind of pitchy dew upon our heads: we heard the ſound of ſtripes, and the yellings of men in torment. We ſaw but one of theſe iſlands; that which we landed on I will give you ſome deſcription of: every part of it was ſteep and filthy, abounding in rocks and rough mountains; we crept along, over precipices full of thorns and briars, and, paſſing through a moſt horrid country, came to the dungeon, and place of puniſhment, which we beheld with an admiration full of horror: the ground

D'Ablancourt, however, his French tranſlator, in his continuation of the true hiſtory, has done it for him; not without ſome humour, though it is by no means equal to the original.

was ſtrewed with ſwords and prongs, and cloſe to us were three rivers, one of mire, another of blood, and another of fire, immenſe and unpaſſable, that flowed in torrents, and rolled like waves in the ſea: it had many fiſh in it, ſome like torches, others reſembling live coals; which they called lychniſci. There is but one entrance into the three rivers, and at the mouth of them ſtood, as porter, Timon of Athens. By the aſſiſtance, however, of our guide, Nauplius, we proceeded, and ſaw ſeveral * puniſhed, as well kings as private perſons, and amongſt theſe ſome of our old acquaintance: we ſaw † Cinyrus, hung up by a certain part, and roaſting there. Our guides gave us the hiſtory of ſeveral of them, and told us what they were puniſhed for: thoſe, we obſerved, ſuffered moſt ſeverely, who in their life-times had told lies, or written what was not true, amongſt whom were Cteſias the Cnidian, Herodotus, and many others. When I ſaw theſe I began to conceive good hopes of hereafter, as I am not conſcious of ever having told a ſtory.

Not able to bear any longer ſuch melancholy ſpectacles, we took our leave of Nauplius, and returned to our ſhip. In a ſhort time after we had a view, but confuſed and indiſtinct, of the Iſland of Dreams, which itſelf was not unlike a dream, for as we approached towards it, it ſeemed as it were to retire and fly from us. At laſt, however, we got up to it, and entered the harbour, which is called ‡ Hypnus, near the ivory gates, where there is a harbour dedicated to the § cock. We landed late in the evening, and ſaw ſeveral dreams of various kind. I propoſe, however, at preſent, to give you an account of the place itſelf, which no body has ever written about, except Homer, whoſe deſcription is very imperfect.

Round the iſland is a very thick wood; the trees are all tall poppies, or ‖ mandragoræ, in which are a great number of bats; for theſe are the only

* *Puniſhed.*] Voltaire has improved on this paſſage, and given us a very humorous account of les Habitans de l'Enfer, in his wicked Pucelle.

† *Cinyrus.*] Who, the reader will remember, had juſt before ran off with Helen, and was unfortunately caught in the fact.

‡ *Hypnus.*] Greek, ὕπνος, ſleep.

§ *The cock.*] As herald of the morn.

‖ *Mandragoræ.*] A root which infuſed is ſuppoſed to promote ſleep, conſequently very proper for the Iſland of dreams.

— Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the Eaſt,
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep
Which thou owd'ſt yeſterday. See Shakſpeare's Othello.

birds

birds they have here: there is likewiſe a river which they call * Nyctiporus, and round the gates two fountains; the name of one is † Negretos, and of the other ‡ Pannychia. The city has a high wall, of all the colours of the rainbow. It has not two gates, as § Homer tells us, but four, two of which look upon the plain of Indolence, one made of iron, the other of brick: through theſe are ſaid to paſs all the dreams that are frightful, bloody, and melancholy; the other two, fronting the ſea and harbour, one of horn, the other, which we came through, of ivory: on the right hand, as you enter the city, is the temple of Night, who, together with the cock, is the principal object of worſhip amongſt them. This is near the harbour; on the left is the palace of Somnus, for he is their ſovereign, and under him are two viceroys, || Taraxion, the ſon of Matæogenes, and ¶ Plutocles, the ſon of Phantaſion. In the middle of the market-place ſtands a fountain, which they call ⸸ Careotis, and two temples of Truth and Falſehood: there is an oracle here, at which Antiphon preſides as high-prieſt; he is inventor of the dreams, an honourable employment, which Somnus beſtowed upon him.

The dreams themſelves are of different kinds, ſome long, beautiful, and pleaſant, others little and ugly; there are likewiſe ſome golden ones, others poor and mean; ſome winged and of an immenſe ſize, others tricked out as it were for pomps and ceremonies, for gods and kings; ſome we met with that we had ſeen at home; theſe came up to and ſaluted us as their old acquaintance, whilſt others putting us firſt to ſleep, treated us moſt magni-

* *Nyctiporus.*] Night-wanderers.

† *Negretus.*] Gr. νεγρητος, inexperrectus; unwaked, or wakeful.

‡ *Pannychia.*] Gr. παννυκια, pernox, all night.

§ *Homer.*] Two portals firm the various phantoms keep;
Of ev'ry one; whence flit to mock the brain
Of winged lies, a light phantaſtic train;
The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns fair, incas'd with polliſh'd horn;
Where images of truth for paſſage wait.
See Pope's Homer's Odſſey, B. xix. l. 637.
See alſo Virgil who has pretty cloſely imitated his maſter.

|| *Taraxion.*] Gr. ταραξιωνα τον ματαογενες, terriculum vanipori; Fright, the ſon of vain-hope, or Diſappointment.

¶ *Plutocles.*] Gr. πλουτοκλεα τον φαντασιωνις, divitiglorium, the pride of riches; i. e. ariſing from riches, ſon of phantaſy, or deceit.

⸸ *Carcotis.*] Gr. καρεωτιν. gravi-ſomnem, heavy-ſleep.

ficently, and promiſed that they would make us kings and noblemen; ſome carried us into our own country, ſhewed us our friends and relations, and brought us back again the ſame day.

Thirty days and nights we remained in this place, being moſt luxuriouſly feaſted, and faſt aſleep all the time, when we were ſuddenly awaked by a violent clap of thunder, and immediately ran to our ſhip, put in our ſtores, and ſet ſail. In three days we reached the iſland of Ogygia. Before we landed, I broke open the letter, and read the contents, which were as follows:

ULYSSES TO CALYPSO.

"This comes to inform you, that after my departure from your coaſts in the veſſel which you were ſo kind as to provide me with, I was ſhip-wrecked, and ſaved with the greateſt difficulty by Leucothea, who conveyed me to the country of the Phæacians, and from thence I got home; where I found a number of ſuitors about my wife, revelling there at my expence. I deſtroyed every one of them, and was afterwards ſlain myſelf by Telegonus, a ſon whom I had by Circe. I ſtill lament the pleaſures which I left behind at Ogygia, and the immortality which you promiſed me: if I can ever find an opportunity, I will certainly make my eſcape from hence, and come to you."

This was the whole of the epiſtle, except, that at the end of it, he recommended us to her protection.

On our landing, at a little diſtance from the ſea I found the cave, as deſcribed by Homer, and in it Calypſo, ſpinning: ſhe took the letter, put it in her boſom, and wept; then invited us to ſit down, and treated us magnificently. She then aſked us ſeveral queſtions about Ulyſſes, and enquired whether Penelope was handſome and as chaſte as Ulyſſes had reported her to be? we anſwered her in ſuch a manner as we thought would pleaſe her beſt; and then returning to our ſhip, ſlept on board cloſe to the ſhore.

In the morning, a briſk gale ſpringing up, we ſet ſail. For two days we were toſſed about in a ſtorm; the third drove us on the pirates of Colocynthos. Theſe are a kind of ſavages from the neighbouring iſlands, who commit depredations on all that ſail that way. They have large ſhips made out of gourds, ſix cubits long; when the fruit is dry, they hollow and work it into this ſhape, uſing reeds for maſts, and making their ſails out of the leaves of the plant. They joined the crews of two ſhips and attacked us, wounding many of us with cucumber ſeeds, which they threw inſtead of ſtones. After fighting

fighting ſome time without any material advantage on either ſide, about noon we ſaw juſt behind them ſome of the * Caryonautæ, whom we found to be avowed enemies to the † Colocynthites, who, on their coming up, immediately quitted us, and fell upon them. We hoiſted our ſail, and got off, leaving them to fight it out by themſelves: the Caryonautæ were moſt probably the conquerors, as they were more in number, for they had five ſhips, which beſides were ſtronger and better built than thoſe of the enemy, being made of the ſhells of nuts cut in two, and hollowed, every half nut being fifty paces long. As ſoon as we got out of their ſight, we took care of our wounded men, and from that time were obliged to be always armed and prepared in caſe of ſudden attack. We had too much reaſon to fear; for ſcarce was the ſun ſet, when we ſaw about twenty men from a deſert iſland advancing towards us, each on the back of a large dolphin. Theſe were pirates alſo: the dolphins carried them very ſafely, and ſeemed pleaſed with their burthen, neighing like horſes. When they came up, they ſtood at a little diſtance, and threw dried cuttle-fiſh, and crabs-eyes at us; but we, in return, attacking them with our darts and arrows, many of them were wounded, and unable to ſtand it any longer, they retreated to the iſland.

In the middle of the night, the ſea being quite calm, we unfortunately ſtruck upon a halcyon's neſt, of an immenſe ſize, being about ſixty ſtadia in circumference: the halcyon was ſitting upon it, and was herſelf not much leſs: as ſhe flew off, ſhe was very near over-ſetting our ſhip with the wind of her wings, and as ſhe went, made a moſt hideous groaning. As ſoon as it was day, we took a view of the neſt, which was like a great ſhip, and built of trees; in it were five hundred eggs, each of them longer than a hogſhead of Chios. We could hear the young ones croaking within: ſo, with a hatchet we broke one of the eggs, and took the chicken out unfledged; it was bigger than twenty vultures put together.

When we were got about two hundred ſtadia from the neſt, we met with ſome ſurpriſing prodigies. A cheniſcus came, and ſitting on the prow of our ſhip, clapped his wings and made a noiſe. Our pilot Scintharus had been bald for many years, when on a ſudden, his hair came again. But what was ſtill more wonderful, the maſt of our ſhip ſprouted out, ſent forth ſeveral branches, and bore fruit at the top of it, large figs, and grapes not

* *Caryonautæ.*] Nut-ſailers; or, ſailers in a nut-ſhell.

† *Colocynthites.*] Thoſe who ſailed in the gourds.

quite

quite ripe. We were greatly aſtoniſhed, as you may ſuppoſe, and prayed moſt devoutly to the gods, to avert the evil which was portended.

We had not gone above five hundred ſtadia farther, before we ſaw an immenſely large and thick wood of pines and cypruſes; we took it for a tract of land, but it was all a deep ſea, planted with trees that had no root, which ſtood, however, unmoved, upright, and, as it were, ſwimming in it: approaching near to it, we began to conſider what we could do beſt; there was no ſailing between the trees, which were cloſe together, nor did we know how to get back. I got upon one of the higheſt of them, to ſee how far they reached, and perceived that they continued for about fifty ſtadia or more, and beyond that it was all ſea again: we reſolved, therefore, to drag the ſhip up to the top-boughs, which were very thick, and ſo convey it along, which, by fixing a great rope to it, with no little toil and difficulty, we performed; got it up, ſpread our ſails, and were driven on by the wind. It put me in mind of that verſe of Antimachus the poet, where he ſays,

The ſhip ſail'd ſmoothly through the ſylvan ſea.

We at length got over the wood, and, letting our ſhip down in the ſame manner, fell into ſmooth clear water, till we came to a horrid precipice hollow and deep, reſembling the cavity made by an earthquake, we furled our ſails, or ſhould ſoon have been ſwallowed up in it. Stooping forward, and looking down, we beheld a gulph of at leaſt a thouſand ſtadia deep, a moſt dreadful and amazing ſight, for the ſea as it were was ſplit in two. Looking towards our right hand, however, we ſaw a ſmall bridge of water that joined the two ſeas, and flowed from one into the other; we got the ſhip in here, and with great labour rowed her over, which we never expected.

From thence we paſſed into a ſmooth and calm ſea, wherein was a ſmall iſland with a good landing-place, and which was inhabited by the Bucephali; a ſavage race of men, with bulls heads and horns, as they paint the minotaur. As ſoon as we got on ſhore we went in ſearch of water and proviſion, for we had none left; water we found ſoon, but nothing elſe: we heard, indeed, a kind of lowing at a diſtance, and expected to find a herd of oxen, but, advancing a little farther, perceived that it came from the men. As ſoon as they ſaw us, they ran after and took two of our companions, the reſt of us got back to the ſhip as faſt as we could. We then got our arms, and, determined to revenge our friends, attacked them as they were dividing the fleſh of our poor companions: they were ſoon thrown into confuſion and

and totally routed; we ſlew about fifty of them, and took two priſoners, whom we returned with. All this time we could get no proviſion: ſome were for putting the captives to death: but not approving of this, I kept them bound, till the enemy ſhould ſend ambaſſadors to redeem them, which they did; for we ſoon heard them lowing in a melancholy tone, and moſt humbly beſeeching us to releaſe their friends. The ranſom agreed on, was a quantity of cheeſes, dried fiſh, and onions, together with four ſtags, each having three feet, two behind and one before. In conſideration of this, we releaſed the priſoners, ſtaid one day there, and ſet ſail.

We ſoon obſerved the fiſh ſwimming and the birds flying round about us, with other ſigns of our being near the land; and in a very little time after, ſaw ſome men in the ſea, who made uſe of a very uncommon method of ſailing, being themſelves both ſhips and paſſengers. I will tell you how they did it; they laid themſelves all along in the water, they faſtened to their * middle a ſail, and holding the lower part of the rope in their hands, were carried along by the wind. Others, we ſaw, ſitting on large caſks, driving two dolphins who were yoked together, and drew the carriage after them: theſe did not run away from, nor attempt to do us any injury; but rode round about us without fear, obſerving our veſſel with great attention, and ſeeming greatly aſtoniſhed at it.

It was now almoſt dark when we came in ſight of a ſmall iſland inhabited by women, as we imagined, for ſuch they appeared to us, being all young and handſome, with long garments reaching to their feet; they were gayly dreſſed, like ſo many harlots, and with great freedom came up to and embraced us: every one took her man home with her, to entertain him. The iſland was called † Cabaluſa, and the city Hydamardia. I ſtopped a little, for my mind miſgave me, and looking round, ſaw ſeveral bones and ſkulls of men on the ground; to make a noiſe, call my companions together, and take up arms, I thought would be imprudent. I pulled out my ‡ mallow,

* *Their middle.*] Lucian ſays, ορθωσαντες τα αιδοια, μεγαλα δε φερουσιν, εξ αυτων οθονην πετασαντες, &c. which the learned reader, if he thinks proper, may interpret for himſelf.

† *Cabaluſa.*] and Hydamardia, are hard words which the commentators confeſs they can make nothing of. Various, however, are the derivations, and numerous the gueſſes made about them. The Engliſh reader may, if he pleaſes, call them not improperly, eſpecially the firſt, Cabaliſtic.

‡ *My Mallow.*] Which the reader will remember was given him by way of charm, on his departure from the happy iſland.

there-

therefore, and prayed moſt devoutly that I might eſcape the preſent evil; and a little time afterwards, as one of the ſtrangers was helping us to ſomething, I perceived, inſtead of a woman's foot, the hoof of an aſs: upon this, I drew my ſword, ſeized on and bound her, and inſiſted on her telling me the truth with regard to every thing about them. She informed me, much againſt her will, "that ſhe and the reſt of the inhabitants were women belonging to the ſea, that they were called * Onoſcileas, and that they lived upon travellers who came that way. We make them drunk, ſaid ſhe, get them to bed, and when they are aſleep, make an end of them." As ſoon as ſhe had told me this, I left her bound there, and getting upon the houſe, called out to my companions, brought them together, ſhewed them the bones, and led them in to her; when on a ſudden ſhe diſſolved away into water, and diſappeared. I dipped my ſword into it by way of experiment, and the water turned into blood.

We proceeded immediately to our veſſel and departed. At break of day we had a view of that continent, which we ſuppoſe lies directly oppoſite to our own. Here, after performing our religious rites, and putting up our prayers, we conſulted together about what was to be done next. Some were of opinion, that after making a little deſcent on the coaſt, we ſhould turn back again; others were for leaving the ſhip there, and marching up into the heart of the country, to explore the inhabitants. Whilſt we were thus diſputing, a violent ſtorm aroſe, and driving our ſhip towards the land, ſplit it in pieces. We picked up our arms, and what little things we could lay hold on, and with difficulty ſwam aſhore.

Such were the adventures which befel us during our voyage, at ſea, in the iſlands, in the air, in the whale, amongſt the heroes, in the land of dreams; and laſtly, amongſt the Bucephali, and the Onoſcileæ; what we met with on the other ſide of the world, ſhall be related † in the enſuing books.

* *Onoſcileas.*] Gr. ονοσκελεας, aſini-cruras, aſs-legged.

† *In the enſuing books.*] The enſuing books never appeared. The true hiſtory like

The bear and fiddle,
Begins, but breaks off in the middle.

D'Ablancourt, as I obſerved above, has carried it on a little farther. There is ſtill room for any ingenious modern to take the plan from Lucian, and improve upon it.

THE

THE

TYRANT-KILLER.

This Piece is aſcribed to LUCIAN, *and to be met with, I believe, in every Edition of his Works, though the Reader will not find a Grain of the* Sal Atticum, *or* Lucianicum, *in any Part of it. It ſeems, indeed, to be nothing but a juvenile Exerciſe, like the Declamations now written and ſpoke by our Young Men at both Univerſities. In which Caſe, it may poſſibly have been penned by* LUCIAN *for one of his Pupils. As conſidered in this Light, and in this only, we may receive it as his, without Injury to his Character. An affected Subtilty of Argument, and Tinſel Eloquence, runs through the whole, which ſmells ſtrongly of the Schools, and points out the Falſe Taſte which began to prevail in the Age when* LUCIAN *lived, and which, ſoon after, overſpread the World of Science and Literature.* ERASMUS *has taken the Trouble to write an Anſwer to the Tyrant-Killer, longer than* LUCIAN'S, *and to ſay the Truth, almoſt as dull and unintereſting.*

IN one day, O reverend judges, I have ſlain two tyrants, one advanced in years, the other in the flower of youth, and prepared to commit more injuries; and for this I now appear before you, ſoliciting but one reward. The only tyrant-killer who ever deſtroyed two wicked men at one blow. The ſon fell by my ſword, the father by his paternal affection for him. The tyrant ſuffered the puniſhment he deſerved, by ſeeing his ſon ſlain before him, and was afterwards, wonderful to relate, forced to be his own tyrant-killer. The ſon periſhed by my hand, and, when dead himſelf, was the inſtrument of another murther: in his life, the partner of his father's crimes, and after death, his father's murtherer. I alone have put an end to the tyranny, it is my ſword alone which has done all. I have reverſed the common method of ſlaying the baſe and wicked, I have ſlain the ſtrongeſt and moſt powerful with my own hand, and left the weak old man to the ſword alone. For deeds like theſe, I expect from you a double reward, and that I ſhould have been paid for as many as I have ſlain. As I not only ſaved you from the preſent, but delivered you from the fear of future evils; made your liberty ſecure, and left no heir to perpetuate the ſame crimes hereafter. In the mean time, I find myſelf in danger of loſing the reward of all my ſervices; and I alone ſhall ſuffer by thoſe laws, which I myſelf was the preſerver of. My

adverſary oppoſes me, not from his love of public juſtice, but becauſe it ſhould ſeem, he is concerned for thoſe who are ſlain, and would revenge their death on him who deſtroyed them.

Permit me, reverend judges, to lay before you what you have yourſelves experienced, the miſeries of tyranny; thus ſhall ye be more ſenſible of the benefits which I have procured for you, and of the weight of thoſe evils from which you are delivered. We have not, like others, groaned beneath one tyranny alone, nor borne the inſolence of one maſter only, but felt the laſh of two cruel tyrants. The old man was, indeed, much the more tolerable, more eaſily appeaſed, more ſlow to puniſhment, and with more prudence reſtrained thoſe appetites and paſſions which his age did not permit him to indulge: he was not himſelf of ſo arbitrary a diſpoſition, but from the firſt was urged on by his ſon, to acts of cruelty and oppreſſion: to him he yielded in all things, being remarkable for his paternal affection, as his death ſufficiently evinced. His ſon was every thing to him, and him he obeyed. Whatever act of injuſtice the ſon commanded, the father performed; when the ſon bade him, the father puniſhed: the ſon, in ſhort, tyrannized over the father, and the father was no more than an officer under the ſon, to do his will and miniſter to his deſires. The young man, indeed, out of reſpect to his age, did not take the title of king, though he was, in effect, at the head of every thing. He took care to preſerve the power in his hands, at the ſame time he was the ſource of every injury. He iſſued out orders to the guards, he repaired the bulwarks, he terrified the conſpirators, cut off the oppreſſed and rebellious ſubjects, deflowered virgins, and abuſed the marriage-bed; murthers, baniſhments, ſeizing of goods, tortures, injuries of every kind were his conſtant practice. The old man connived at all he did, and approved of it: it became at length too horrible to be ſuffered by us. When the evil affections of men have the power of empire to ſupport them, they know no bounds. What moſt afflicted us was, that we knew our ſlavery muſt be of long duration, or rather without end; and that we ſhould be delivered down from one wicked tyrant to another: others might comfort themſelves, and ſay, This muſt end ſoon, he will die, and we ſhall be free. But we had no ſuch hopes, for the ſucceſſor was ready and prepared to take the empire: yet none of all thoſe, who thought as I did, would dare to ſtrike a ſtroke; all hopes of liberty were loſt, and that tyranny was thought invincible, which had ſo many to ſupport it.

Theſe

Theſe things, however, did not terrify me, the difficulty of the taſk did not prevail on me to lay it aſide, nor did the ſight of danger alarm me with fear: I alone attacked this complex tyranny, I alone with my good ſword, ſlew the tyrant; with death before my eyes, I determined with my own life to redeem the public freedom. When I came to the firſt ſtrong tower, after ſlaying all the guards I met, and puſhing through every obſtacle, I made my way to the ſource of all our calamities, beheld the tyrant reſiſting with all his might, but, with many wounds, I at length overcame, and ſlew him.

My undertaking ſucceeded, and the tyranny was now at an end; from that moment we all were free: the old man alone remained, unguarded, and unarmed; his great defender now cut off, he was totally deſerted, and was no longer worthy of a brave and powerful adverſary. Thus, therefore, O judges, I ſaid to myſelf, "Every thing is now well, every thing is done, all is happily finiſhed; how is he to be puniſhed who ſtill ſurvives? he is unworthy of me, and of this hand; it ſhall not, after ſo great and noble a deed, be diſgraced: ſome more vulgar one ſhall be employed: nor ſhall he profit by this calamity: no, let him behold, and let him ſuffer; let the ſword lie by him; to that I commit the reſt." I determined on this, and left him: he acted as I thought he would, the tyrant ſlew himſelf, and thus crowned the deed.

I come, therefore, to you, with good tidings of joy and freedom, bidding you all to be of good cheer with me, who have eſtabliſhed for you a democracy. Ye ſee the fruit of my labours, the city is freed from its wicked rulers; none tyranniſes now amongſt you; you may now beſtow honours on whom you pleaſe, renew the courſe of juſtice, and diſpute openly according to the laws. All this is the work of my hands, the effect of my bravery, all owing to that death which the father could not ſurvive; for this I now ſolicit the reward that is due to me: not, that from mean and ſordid avarice, not, that from the hopes of gain, I meant to ſerve my country; but that by your bounties, you may confirm the merit of my actions, nor detract from the honour of it, by with-holding that reward which it hath ſo amply deſerved.

My adverſary ſtill denies that I have any right to aſk this of you, that I am not the tyrant-killer. That I have not acted according to the law, and that ſomething is ſtill wanting to intitle me to the reward: but thus would I interrogate him: What more do you require of me? was I not willing? did I not go up? did I not ſlay him? did I not ſet you free? who now reigns?

who now commands? what maſter now threatens us? hath any of the wicked doers eſcaped me? none, you muſt ſay, none. Every thing is in peace, and the laws prevail. Freedom is uninterrupted, the democracy is eſtabliſhed, marriage is unreproached, our children are fearleſs, our virgins are ſecure, and the whole city hath inſtituted public feſtivals to celebrate its common happineſs. Who is the author of all this? who put an end to our calamities, and produced this happineſs? if there be any more worthy of this honour than myſelf, to him I yield the reward: but I alone have done all this, I went through the danger; I went up, I ſlew, I puniſhed, I revenged myſelf on one, by the aſſiſtance of another. Wherefore doſt thou thus abuſe my noble deeds? wherefore wouldeſt thou perſuade the people to be ungrateful ſo me?

But you did not (ſays one,) ſlay the tyrant himſelf, and the law decrees the reward to the tyrant-killer. And where, tell me, is the difference between killing him one's ſelf, or being the cauſe of his death? ſurely none. All that the legiſlator looked to, was the liberty and power of the people, and to free them from every injury; this claimed the honour, and this merited the reward: this which you cannot deny but I performed: for if I deſtroyed him, after whoſe death the other could not ſurvive, I was doubtleſs the deſtroyer of the other alſo; the ſlaughter was mine, though by his own hand. Diſpute no longer, therefore, on the manner of his death, nor how he fell; but aſk whether he yet lives, or is no more? whether I gave him that which cauſed him to be no more? otherwiſe, you might as well diſpute his title to the reward, who ſhould kill the tyrant not with a ſword, but with a ſtone, a club, or any thing elſe. What if I had ſtarved him to death, would you then have objected that I did not kill him with my own hand; or ſay, that ſomething ſtill was wanting according to the law, though the criminal would then have died a more cruel death. Adhere, therefore, to this only, aſk this queſtion alone, be inquiſitive about nothing but this, Which of the evil doers is ſtill alive? what are we now afraid of? where is even the remembrance of our woes? if every thing is now pure, if every thing is peaceable; it is only the part of a calumniator, to make uſe of the mere manner of the action, only to prevent its deſerved reward.

If, from the length of a continued ſlavery, I have not forgot the laws, it is there ſaid, I think, that there are two cauſes of death: if a man kills a perſon with his own hand, or if he forces another to do it, and is the cauſe of his

his death, he is equally to be punished: and surely with the greatest justice, for the law considered the power given, equal to the fact itself. It is unnecessary, therefore, to enquire into the mode of doing it: The man who thus kills another, you acknowlege, should be punished, and would, by no means have him excused for it. Why, therefore, should not he for the same reason be rewarded, who has done, be the manner what it would, a public service? neither can you say that I did it by chance, and that this event happened beyond my expectation. What had I to fear, when the stronger of the two, and he who alone could resist me, was already slain? why did I leave the sword in his throat, if I had not foreseen what would happen? unless you will say, perhaps, that he who thus perished was not really the tyrant, nor was so called, neither if he died, would you have given any more rewards. Would you therefore, when the tyrant is slain, with-hold the reward from him who slew him? what a ridiculous solicitude about nothing! why need you care how he died, if you enjoy your liberty? or, would you require any thing else of him, who has fixed the democracy for you? the law, as you acknowlege yourself, takes notice of the principal circumstance, and enquires concerning nothing else: why then should not he who has expelled the tyrant, receive the reward of a tyrant-killer? certainly he ought in justice to have it, for he substituted freedom in the room of slavery. There is no banishment here, no fear of future invasion. This action of mine has made a final destruction, cut off at once the whole race, and totally extirpated the evil.

And now enquire, I beseech you, whether I have omitted any one thing which the law prescribes, or if any thing be still wanting to fulfil it. First, and above all, it is necessary to have a brave and a daring soul, ready to go through every danger for the public good, and sacrifice its own safety to the honour of the state; have I in this been wanting, have I ever been softened or effeminate, did I lay aside the enterprize at the thoughts of difficulty or danger? Ye cannot say it; consider me, therefore, as only making the resolution, even if my attempt had not succeeded, and say whether I ought not to demand the reward: would it have been unreasonable even if I could not have done it, and another had slain him afterwards; if I had said, I, O fellow citizens, planned this enterprize, I pursued, and I attempted, I therefore merit the reward; what answer would you make me? But this I do not say; I say that I ascended into the fort, that I incurred many dangers,

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and performed many brave actions before I killed this youth. It was no eaſy thing for any man to get through the watch, to overcome the guards, and put ſo many to flight: theſe were great and noble deeds, the killing the tyrant himſelf was not ſo difficult a taſk, as to get the better of all thoſe who defend and ſupport him; when that is done the reſt is eaſy; but there was no getting at him without firſt conquering thoſe who were about him. I will ſay no more, but reſt my cauſe on this; I gained the fort, I overcame the guards, I took away from the tyrant his ſupport and defence, and left him naked and unarmed; am not I for this worthy of the reward, or will you ſtill demand of me his life? Nor even if you ſhould demand this, ſhall it be wanting; I returned not bloodleſs, but made a great and noble ſlaughter, even a youth in the prime of life, one who was formidable to all, one to whom he truſted every thing, and who alone was a better defence than all his guards; and after ſuch and ſo many deeds as theſe, ſhall I remain diſgraced and unrewarded? What if I had ſlain but one guard, what if I had deſtroyed but one of the tyrant's ſlaves who was dear to him; would it not have appeared a great thing to you, if any man had got up into the tower, and in the midſt of all his guards, had ſlain one of his friends? But behold he is ſlain himſelf, even the ſon of our great enemy, the moſt cruel tyrant, the moſt implacable maſter, the moſt inhuman puniſher, the moſt violent oppreſſor of the two, and, what to us was moſt dreadful, his heir and ſucceſſor; who alone could multiply and extend our calamities hereafter: ſuppoſing that this alone were done, and that the tyrant himſelf had eſcaped, and was ſtill alive; even for this only I demand the reward. What ſay ye? will ye allow it me? were ye not in dread of him? was he not your lord and maſter? was he not hateful? was he not intolerable?

Conſider, therefore, and determine the affair: what my adverſary requires of me I have performed: I have ſlain the tyrant by another ſlaughter, not indeed at one blow, which would have been to him far more deſireable, but after I had tortured him with grief, after I had placed before him all that he held dear, a beloved ſon in the flower of his age, killed, and weltring in his blood; this was the worſt of wounds a father could feel, this was a death worthy of the moſt cruel tyrant, this was a puniſhment ſuitable to ſuch iniquity: to have died immediately, to have been deprived at once of ſenſe and motion, without beholding ſuch a ſpectacle, would have been a mercy which he did not deſerve. Think not that I was ignorant, no man could be

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ſo, of his fond attachment to his ſon; I well knew he could not long ſurvive him: all parents have this affection for their children, and he above all, who conſidered him as the beſt prop and ſupport of his power, as going through every danger for his father, and being, in ſhort, his beſt ſecurity for the poſſeſſion of his empire. I knew, if not from love and tenderneſs, from ſorrow and deſpair he muſt ſoon periſh, as well knowing that life could no longer be precious, when that power which his ſon alone could ſecure was taken from him. Every thing, therefore, preſſed upon him, nature, grief, terror, deſpair, and the fear of that which was to come: theſe forces did I employ againſt him, and drove him to his laſt determination: he died miſerably, deprived of his ſon, weeping, and afflicted, lamenting, indeed, but a ſhort time, yet long enough to deſtroy a father, and, which was moſt dreadful, died by his own hand, the worſt of all deaths, and infinitely more painful than if he had fallen by any other.

Where is my ſword? who layeth claim to it? who carried it up into the tower? who laid it before the tyrant? O thou, my friend and partner in the noble deed, after all our dangers, how are we ſpurned and neglected! If for this ſword, O citizens, I ſhould aſk the reward; if I ſhould ſay, the tyrant left unarmed wiſhed to die, and this my ſword ſupplied him with the means, if this ſword thus kindly aſſiſted you in the reſtoration of your liberty, will you not think it worthy of honour and reward? Would you not recompence the maſter of ſo profitable an inſtrument, and inſcribe his name in the liſt of thoſe who had beſt deſerved of the commonweal: would ye not hang up this ſword in your temple, would you not worſhip it amongſt your deities?

And now liſten to me, whilſt I tell you what moſt * probably the tyrant did, and what he ſaid before his death: when he beheld the wounds on every part of his ſon's body (for I wiſhed to ſhock him as much as poſſible with the ſight) he would cry out with agonies on the unhappy parent, who could only be a helpleſs ſpectator of his ruined family. For I, the principal actor in this tragedy, had left behind the ſcene the ſword, and all that was neceſſary to fill up the melancholy cataſtrophe, when, beholding his expiring ſon, drenched in gore, with innumerable wounds, he cried out, "We die, my ſon, we periſh, we are ſlain as tyrants: where is the murtherer?

* *What moſt probably.*] It is plain from this ſingle paſſage that the whole is nothing but a feigned tranſaction, ſomething only that might have happened: the orator tells you not what the tyrant did ſay, but what he might have ſaid, which confirms me in the opinion that this piece is merely a ſchool-boy declamation.

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for what hath he reſerved? to whom hath he delivered me, ſlain as I am, my ſon, through thee? Doth he deſpiſe thus an old man, and to puniſh me by ſlow degrees, thus extend my death, and prolong my torments? Thus ſaying, he graſped the ſword (for he was unarmed, relying on his ſon's protection), this I had left ready for him on purpoſe; and, drawing it out of the wound, "before this (he cried), thou didſt deſtroy, but now thou ſhalt aſſiſt me, now comfort a weeping father, and help this aged hand, ſlay a tyrant, and put an end to his miſeries: O would to heaven I had lit ſooner on thee, would I had fallen the firſt! Only as a tyrant I then had died with the conſolation that I had left behind me an avenger: but now I periſh childleſs, and have not even left a murtherer to deſtroy me. How many wounds are here! How many deaths! What a variety of puniſhments, how many ſlaughters of tyrants!"

Ye have all ſeen the youth lying dead before you; no little work, nor eaſily accompliſhed. Ye have ſeen the old man by him, their blood mingled together, a libation to Jove the Deliverer; this is the work of my hand; ye have ſeen the ſword itſelf, the inſtrument of vengeance, boaſting, as it were, that it was not unworthy of its maſter, but had faithfully performed the office to which I had aſſigned it. This deed done by me is hitherto unparalleled. I aboliſhed the whole tyranny, though, as in a tragedy, the parts were divided; I acted the firſt part, the ſon performed the ſecond, the tyrant himſelf the third; and laſtly, the ſword miniſtered unto all.

THE

DISINHERITED SON.

A young Man is renounced and caſt off (for ſuch is the literal Interpretation of the Word αποκηρυττομευος*), by his Father (we are not told why or wherefore); he goes abroad and ſtudies Phyſic; on his Return home, he finds his Father raving mad, viſits, and cures him; in conſequence of which he is taken in again, and they are reconciled. The Mother-in-law, being ſeized with Madneſs, the young Phyſician, though intreated by the Father, refuſes to preſcribe any Thing for her; he is again caſt off and baniſhed: he then appeals to the Laws for Redreſs. This, according to* Lucian's *Commentators, and Title-Mongers, is the Subject of the Piece before us, which has as little Wit or Humour to recommend it as the* Tyrant-Killer. Lucian, *the ſuppoſed Author, was, we know, originally a Lawyer, though, for Reaſons frequently hinted in his Works, he declined the Profeſſion. He might, however, have been applied to by the young Man to draw up this Defence, which may thus, with ſome Degree of Probability be aſcribed to him. After all, it is nothing more than a dry unintereſting Pleading before a Court of Judicature: we are not, therefore, to wonder at the Dullneſs of it.*

IN this proſecution of my father's, O reverend judges, there is nothing new or uncommon, nor is this the firſt time that he has been unreaſonably incenſed againſt me; he is always ready to appeal to the laws, and flies, as uſual, to this tribunal: my misfortune is, indeed, ſingular and extraordinary, becauſe, guiltleſs as I am myſelf, I muſt ſuffer for the imperfection of the art which I profeſs, if it doth not implicitly obey his commands. Can any thing be more abſurd and ridiculous than to expect I can cure, not as far as my art will permit me, but as certainly, and as often as he deſires me? Would to heaven I could boaſt of a medicine that could cure men, not only when they were mad, but when they were angry without a cauſe! then might I eaſily remove my father's diſorder. His madneſs is undoubtedly gone off, but his paſſion is more furious, and, which is worſt of all, he ſeems in his ſenſes to every body elſe, and only rages againſt me, who had relieved him. You ſee how I am rewarded for it, by a ſecond baniſhment from his houſe and family, as if I was only called back for a ſhort time, to be doubly diſgraced by another cruel rejection.

When I think I can be of ſervice, I never wait to be ſent for, I came therefore uncalled to his aſſiſtance: but where there are no hopes of ſucceſs I never chuſe to act at all. With regard to this woman, I dare not interfere: if I had not ſucceeded, what muſt I have expected from him, when I am thus treated, only for not attempting it! I am ſincerely concerned at the diſorder of my mother-in-law, becauſe ſhe is a good woman. I am concerned on account of my father, who is truly unhappy about her; and, above all, I am concerned on my own account, becauſe it appears as if I refuſed on purpoſe, though my reaſon of preſcribing nothing to her is, in reality, becauſe her diſtemper is ſo violent that it is not in the power of art to remove it.

For what reaſons I was firſt baniſhed is but too apparent from his preſent treatment of me. To his former accuſations the life which I afterwards led is a ſufficient anſwer, and what he now urges againſt me will be eaſily refuted by what I am going to mention. I, who was ſo intractable and refractory; I, who brought ſhame and diſgrace on my father and family, made no anſwer to all his violent exclamations againſt me; when I left his houſe, I thought the beſt teſtimony in my favour would be my future life, and that it would appear how much I abhorred thoſe crimes which he imputed to me, when I employed myſelf in the moſt uſeful ſtudies, and kept company with the beſt and wiſeſt men. I even then foreſaw what would happen, and that his mind would not long continue ſound, who could be thus unjuſtly angry with his ſon, and accuſe him of crimes which he never committed. Many others were likewiſe of opinion that the furious threats which he uttered, his unreaſonable hatred, his bitter reproaches, his unjuſt condemnation of me, were preludes to the enſuing diſorder, and marks of future inſanity; and I then thought I ſhould one day ſtand in need of the medical art to aſſiſt me in the cure of it.

I went abroad, therefore, and by conſulting the ableſt phyſicians in foreign countries, and purſuing my ſtudies with indefatigable toil and aſſiduity, at length made myſelf maſter of the art: on my return home I found my father raving mad, and given over by all our own phyſicians, who had not gone to the bottom of things, nor entered into the nature of diſeaſes with ſufficient accuracy and attention. I performed the part of a good ſon, thought no more of the baniſhment I had ſuffered, nor did I wait till I was ſent for by him. I did not even condemn his behaviour to me; I thought it could

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not properly be imputed to him, but conſidered all to have been, as I before obſerved, the conſequence of his diſorder; I went, therefore, to him uncalled: I did not, indeed, undertake to cure him immediately, for that is not our cuſtom, nor is it warranted by our art, which teaches us firſt to conſider whether the diſeaſe is curable, or beyond the reach of medicine, and then if it is fit to be taken in hand, with all diligence we enter upon it, and endeavour to ſave the patient: but if, on the other hand, we perceive that the diſtemper has plainly got the better, and is inſuperable, we never attempt any thing, obſerving the laws of the ancient maſters in the ſcience, who ſay, that we ſhould never touch the fallen. Seeing, however, that there were ſtill hopes of my father, and that his diſtemper was not yet beyond the limits of a poſſible cure, after the moſt diligent attention, I boldly poured in my medicines on him, though many who were preſent were very doubtful of their efficacy, found fault with my method of cure, and ſeemed ready enough to abuſe me for it: my mother-in-law was preſent at the time, in great fears and deſpondency, not that ſhe had any averſion to me, but that ſhe was terrified, as well knowing how very ill he had been: ſhe had been perpetually with him, and the diſeaſe was as it were familiar to her. I was not, however, deterred; well aſſured that the ſymptoms I relied on could not fail, and that my art would not deceive me, I depended, therefore, on the cure from the firſt moment I undertook it: though many of my friends endeavoured to diſſuade me from attempting it, ſuggeſting that if I ſhould not ſucceed, it would confirm the ſurmiſe, that I did it on purpoſe to be revenged on my father, and that I bore in mind the treatment which I had received from him. In fine, he recovered, came to his ſenſes, and knew every thing as well as before; every body there was aſtoniſhed; my mother-in-law was laviſh in my praiſe, and ſeemed extremely rejoiced, both at my ſucceſs, and his recovery. With regard to himſelf, I muſt do him the juſtice to acknowlege, that as ſoon as he had heard what paſſed from thoſe about him, he immediately, of his own accord, recalled the baniſhment he had inflicted on me, and took me back again as his ſon, and called me his worthy deliverer, confeſſing that he had now experienced my goodneſs, and excuſing every thing that was paſt. Many good men, who were preſent at this ſcene, rejoiced at it, though it gave no little uneaſineſs to others, who would rather ſee a ſon baniſhed than reſtored: ſome of theſe changed colour, ſeemed angry and diſturbed, as is frequently the caſe where envy and hatred pre-

vail. We, as you may ſuppoſe, embraced each other with mutual pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

In a little time after, my mother-in-law fell ill of a moſt dreadful and unaccountable diſorder, for ſuch I obſerved it to be from the very beginning of it; it was not a common temporary madneſs, but an old, inveterate and fixed diſtemper of the mind, which broke out on a ſudden: there were many ſymptoms attending it, which plainly ſhewed that it was incurable; one thing, indeed, very remarkable in this woman's madneſs was, that, whilſt others were preſent, it was ſometimes tolerably mild and calm, but if at any time ſhe ſaw a phyſician, or even heard the name of one, the diſorder was prodigiouſly increaſed, a certain ſign, amongſt many others, that it could never be conquered. I ſaw it with the greateſt concern, and pitied the woman, as being, which ſhe did not merit, peculiarly unfortunate. My father, notwithſtanding, who, unſkilful as he was, neither knew the foundation nor the danger of her diſeaſe, commanded me immediately to undertake the cure of her, and to adminiſter the ſame remedy, concluding that it muſt be the ſame ſpecies of madneſs, and, conſequently, required the ſame medicine to remove it. When I informed him, which was the truth, that it was impoſſible to ſave her, and that ſhe muſt be overcome by the diſorder, he was angry, flew into a violent paſſion, and ſaid that I withdrew my aſſiſtance on purpoſe, and ſacrificed the woman; thus accuſing me for the inſufficiency of my art: but it is uſual with the unhappy and diſtreſſed to be angry with thoſe who tell them the truth. I will plead the cauſe, however, as well as I can, both for my own ſake, and for that of the art which I profeſs.

To begin, therefore, with the law of baniſhment, and convince him that he hath not the ſame power over me as he had before: the legiſlature hath not permitted fathers to baniſh or diſinherit all their children, nor as often as they pleaſe, nor for every cauſe; but as it hath given parents leave to be angry with their children, ſo hath it likewiſe provided that children ſhall not ſuffer without a ſufficient reaſon aſſigned for it: it has not allowed the puniſhment to be inflicted without judgement being firſt given: it hath therefore eſtabliſhed a tribunal, and appointed judges, who are to determine without favour or affection; for often, it knew, frivolous cauſes of anger were produced, credit often given to calumny and falſehood, to a common ſervant, or a malicious woman: it hath therefore decreed, that every thing

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ſhould be enquired into, that ſons ſhould not be condemned unheard; but that all ſhould be ſubmitted to an equitable and candid examination.

Since, therefore, the accuſation alone is in the power of the father, and it is in your's alone, O judges, to determine whether it be juſt and well-founded; the ſubject of his preſent reſentment you need not at preſent take into conſideration, but firſt enquire whether he, who has already exerciſed the paternal authority, availed himſelf of the law, and condemned his ſon to baniſhment, can again exerciſe the ſame right, after he had taken off the baniſhment, and reſtored him to favour. I affirm that it would be the higheſt injuſtice thus to multiply children's puniſhments, perpetuate their fears, and repeat their condemnation, that the law ſhould thus firſt coincide with the father's reſentment, a little afterwards be totally relaxed, and then again take place, turning every thing backwards and forwards at different times, juſt as the parents ſhould think proper. It is certainly right and equitable that a power of puniſhing ſhould be lodged in the father; but when he has exerciſed that power according to the law, when he has ſatisfied his reſentment, when, after that, he has changed his opinion of the offender, and received him back as good and worthy, in this opinion he ſhould remain, not revoking his ſentence, nor retracting his judgment. It is impoſſible to ſay whether a child will turn out good or bad; it is proper, therefore, that thoſe who bring them up ſhould have the power of expelling ſuch as act in a manner unbecoming their birth and family, but when not compelled by neceſſity, but of his own accord, a father ſhall receive a ſon, whoſe conduct he approves, how can he afterwards reverſe his opinions, or what more power can the law allow him? for thus would the legiſlator argue with you, "if he behaved ill, and deſerved baniſhment, why did you recall, why did you take him into your houſe again? why did you abrogate the law? You were free, and at liberty to do it or not as you thought proper. You are not to mould the laws according to your pleaſure, or to make equity and juſtice change with your opinion; to expect that the laws ſhall take place one moment, and be abrogated the next, or that the judges ſhall ſit only as witneſſes, or rather miniſters of your will, now puniſhing, and now forgiving, juſt as you pleaſe to direct them; at one time alone you brought your children into the world, once you educated them, once, and once only, you have the power of repudiating them, provided it be done juſtly; but

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to do it often, to do it inconſiderately, and to do it perpetually, is going beyond the paternal authority."

Do not, therefore, I beſeech you, reverend judges, permit him, after he hath of his own accord received me back, cancelled his reſentment, and annulled the former judgment, again to inflict the ſame puniſhment on me, to recur once more to that paternal authority which is now ſpent and conſumed. You very well know, that in courts of judicature, where the judges are appointed by lot, if any man thinks himſelf injured by the ſentence paſſed, the law permits him to appeal to another tribunal; but when men appoint their own judges, and refer the cauſe to them, there can be no farther appeal, and if of your own accord you chuſe thoſe very perſons whoſe judgment you did not before conſent to abide by, with their determination you muſt remain contented. In like manner you alſo, my father, whom you ſhould not have received back, if he ſeemed unworthy of being admitted into your family, him, whom, notwithſtanding you ſo well approved as to take home again, you cannot now ſend into baniſhment: you have yourſelf borne witneſs that he hath not deſerved this of you, you have acknowleged his merit and virtue. It is therefore indiſpenſibly neceſſary that you confirm the reconciliation, and own that the reception you have giveu him can no more be repented of, after the repeated determination of two tribunals; one when you caſt me out from you, and the other, when having changed your opinion, you reverſed the ſentence, reſcinded your former decree, and adhered to your laſt reſolution. Remain therefore in that opinion, defend and preſerve your own judgment; be indeed a father: this determination was agreeable to you, this you have approved of, this you have ratified.

Nor do I think, that if I had not been your real, but only your adopted ſon, you were at liberty to baniſh and diſinherit me. What is once done, can never be undone. Him, therefore, who was by nature intitled to your houſe and inheritance, and whoſe right you, moreover, confirmed by your own will, and your own act; how can you expel, how can you deprive him again and again of the ſame privileges? Suppoſe I had been a ſlave, and thinking me guilty of ſome crime, you had bound and impriſoned me; that afterwards changing your opinion, and convinced of my innocence, you had unbound and made me free; could you ever, if again angry with, have made a ſlave of me? by no means: the law, you know, in theſe caſes, makes the freedom perpetual. I could add much more to prove, that when the baniſhed

ſiſhed perſon is once reſtored, he cannot be baniſhed again. But I have done with this point.

You will now conſider who and what I am, the man who is to be thus baniſhed; I will not ſay that I was then ignorant and unſkilful, but am now a phyſician, nor was my art then of any ſervice to me: that I was then a youth, and am now of riper years, and would not raſhly do an injury, for this alſo is of little conſequence. At the time when he turned me out of his houſe, though I did him no injury, yet had I done him no great ſervice; but now, after I had ſo lately preſerved, and merited every thing from him, after this could any thing be more ungrateful, after ſuch a danger got over by him, and ſuch a ſervice performed by me, thus to reward me for it, to take no notice of his cure, but utterly to forget, and drive into ſolitude and obſcurity, the man, who, inſtead of calling to mind the injuries received, not only buried them in oblivion, but beſtowed health and happineſs on his oppreſſor?

Nor was it a ſmall or inconſiderable favour which I conferred on him, on him who would thus repay me for it; but though he ſeems ignorant of it, ye are not: ye well know what he did and what he ſuffered, in what a miſerable condition he was, when I took him under my care, when all the other phyſicians had given him over, when his friends ſhunned, and were afraid to come near him; then did I reſtore him, then did I enable him to appear thus here againſt me, and diſpute the power and ſenſe of the legiſlature. To you rather, O father, let me ſhew this picture; ſuch you then were, as my mother now is, and I reſtored you to your perfect mind. It is moſt unjuſt, therefore, thus to reward me for it, to ſhew that perfect mind againſt me alone, when even your accuſation manifeſts how great a benefit I have beſtowed on you: inſtead of this, hating me becauſe I cannot cure her who is incurable; ſhould you not rather, beyond meaſure, love and eſteem him who freed you from the like calamity, and ſincerely thank me for it? whilſt you, which is to the laſt degree ungrateful, are no ſooner cured, than you drag your preſerver to the tribunal; call back the remembrance of paſt offences, and appeal to the ſame law. A noble acknowlegement indeed, to the art that ſaved you, a fit reward for the remedy, thus to employ your ſenſes againſt the phyſician who reſtored them!

Will ye then ſuffer him to perſecute his benefactor, to baniſh his preſerver, to abhor the man who reſtored him, to depreſs the friend who raiſed him? ye cannot do it, if ye have any regard to juſtice. Even if I had now been

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guilty of the greateſt crimes againſt him, he ſhould have called to mind the benefit I had formerly conferred upon him, and looking back on paſt favours, have forgiven the preſent injury, eſpecially when one is ſo much greater than the other. This is doubtleſs the caſe with regard to him who muſt acknowlege it is owing to me that he lives, thinks, and underſtands; and all this, moreover, performed at a time when every body elſe had entirely given him over, and owned that they were unequal to the cure of ſuch a diſorder.

At this time it may be added, I could not be conſidered as his ſon, nor under any obligation to take the cure upon me; I was an alien, a ſtranger, and entirely free: yet did I not neglect him, but of my own accord, and uncalled for, flew to his aſſiſtance; I raiſed, cured, and preſerved him, by my diligence and attention, I appeaſed his anger, by my filial piety, I cancelled the law againſt me, purchaſed my return, redeemed my honour, ſhewed my attachment to him at the moſt dangerous criſis, by means of my art adopted myſelf, as it were, into his family, and proved myſelf his true and legitimate ſon. What did I not go through for him, what pains did I take in adminiſtering the medicines to him, in watching the proper times and ſeaſons, ſometimes giving way to the diſtemper, and at others, when it remitted a little, throwing in the aſſiſtance of phyſic to oppoſe it! The care of ſuch men is the moſt dangerous part of our practice: even the attendance on them is extremely hazardous; for in the height of their phrenzy, they frequently vent their rage on thoſe who are near them. Under all this, notwithſtanding, I never loſt my patience, never was terrified or diſmayed; but ſtruggled by every poſſible method againſt the diſeaſe, and at length, by the power of medicine, overcame it.

It is very eaſy, perhaps, you will ſay, to give phyſic; but much, let me tell you, muſt be done before this; the way muſt be prepared for it, the body muſt be rendered fit to receive it, its habit altered, by purging, by ſweating, ſometimes, where it is neceſſary, by nouriſhment, by exerciſe, by procuring reſt and ſleep. Theſe things may be, perhaps, eaſily done in other diſorders, but madmen, from the wild ſtate of their mind, are more difficult to be led or governed; they are more dangerous, therefore, to the phyſician, and ſcarce ever to be cured: for it often happens, when we flatter ourſelves we are got to the end of this diſtemper, ſome little ſymptom occurs, that overturns every thing we have done, gives it new ſtrength, ſtops the cure, and mocks the power of art.

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Will you then ſuffer him who has gone through all this, who has ſtruggled thus with the moſt obſtinate of diſorders, who has conquered the moſt unconquerable of them, to be thus treated; will you permit the reſtored patient to interpret the laws at his own will and pleaſure, and to fight againſt nature? I, O judges, obeyed her dictates, and preſerved my father, even though he had injured me. But if he, in obedience to the laws, as he calls it, deſtroys the ſon who ſaved him, and deprives him of his birth-right; he ſurely may be called the children-hater, I the father-lover: I embrace nature, he deſpiſes her, and tramples on her commands. Unhappy father, ſo unjuſty to hate; more unhappy ſon, ſo undeſervedly to love! thus perſecuted, I accuſe myſelf for loving him more than duty bids me, and more than I ought; for nature commands parents to love their children, more than it requires children to love their parents: but he contemns the laws which always preſerves the birth-right for thoſe ſons who are innocent, and nature alſo, which plants ſtrong affection in parents towards their children. But, as he has yet ſtronger reaſons to be kindly affectionate to me from the ſervices I have done him, he ought certainly to be ſtill more fond of me, at leaſt to imitate my conduct, and emulate my attachment to him: but alas! inſtead of this, he cenſures him who hath ſo loved, injures him who hath ſo obliged, baniſheth him who hath embraced him; and hath ſo diſtorted the laws, as to make thoſe which are favourable to children, to the laſt degree prejudicial to them. How, alas! my father, doſt thou contend both with the laws, and with nature; alas! it is not, my father, as you would have it to be; you miſinterpret the beſt conſtituted laws, which always co-operate with nature, in ſupport of benevolence; they never contradict but follow each other, and unite to repel every injury. You treat reproachfully one who hath deſerved well of you, and therefore are injurious to nature. Why abuſe the laws alſo? good and juſt as they are towards us, you will not permit them to be ſo, but ſtir them up againſt one ſon, as againſt many, to inflict puniſhment on thoſe who never deſerved it. The laws condemn him, for ingratitude, who doth not return thanks for benefits received. But what can exceed the injury committed by him, who not only doth not return the benefit, but puniſheth his benefactor for it! If theſe things are ſo, I think I have ſufficiently demonſtrated, that he hath no right to baniſh and diſinherit a ſecond time, who hath already exerciſed the paternal authority, and appealed to the

laws; and that neither could it ever be juſt and right, to expel and drive from his father and family, one who had deſerved ſo much better of them.

And now let us proceed to examine what the crime is which I ſtand accuſed of: and here we muſt again recur to the intention of the legiſlature. Suppoſing therefore, for a while, that you have a right to baniſh as often as you pleaſe, even one who has conferred benefits on you; yet you have not a right to do this for any cauſe you ſhall think proper to aſſign. The legiſlator doth not ſay, whenever a father accuſes, let the ſon be baniſhed; it ſufficeth that he wills it, and that he can prove the fact alleged: where then would be the neceſſity of a trial? But, on the other hand, he commands you, judges, to try and determine whether the father is juſtly incenſed or not; this muſt be the ſubject of our inquiry.

I ſhall begin, therefore, with what happened immediately after the madneſs. The firſt thing which my father did when he came to himſelf, was to reſcind the ſentence againſt me; then I was his benefactor, his preſerver, every thing in ſhort, to him: in this certainly there could be no crime. With regard to what followed, what does he accuſe me of? what duty, what action required of a ſon, did I omit? when did I ſtay out all night? what unſeaſonable revels or debauches was I ever guilty of? what pimp did I ever abuſe or quarrel with? who hath ever appeared againſt me? not one. Theſe are the things which the laws allow, as fit and ſufficient cauſes of baniſhment.

But my mother-in-law was taken ill; and what of that? Was I therefore to blame, was I anſwerable for her diſorder? no, you ſay; what then? why, becauſe, you ſay, you were commanded to cure her and would not; you refuſed to obey your father, and therefore you ought to be diſinherited. I ſhall not at preſent dwell on the reaſons why I did not comply with commands which it was not in my power to obey; but, firſt, beg leave ſimply to obſerve, that neither doth the law permit him to enjoin every thing, nor deems it neceſſary that I ſhould obey in every thing. There are ſome commands which I am not obliged to comply with; and others, which, if not complied with, ſubject the offender to puniſhment. Theſe, doubtleſs, may be reaſonable cauſes of reſentment; but there are others in our own power to comply with or not, ſuch, for inſtance, as depend on the arts, and our employment of them. If the ſon be a painter, and the father ſays, ſon, paint this, and not that; if he is a muſician, ſtrike that ſtring, and not the other;

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if he is a ſmith, work me this thing, and not that: muſt the ſon be baniſhed for not doing as his father bade him? by no means, I ſhould imagine. But the art of medicine is ſtill nobler and more uſeful, and ſhould doubtleſs be more free alſo, with regard to the profeſſors of it. This, above all, ſhould have its own juſt prerogative; a thing ſo ſacred, the gift of heaven, beſtowed by the gods; the ſtudy of the wiſeſt of men is not to be forced, is not to be commanded; not ſubjected to the ſlavery of the laws, to fear or puniſhment, to the ſuffrage of judges, to the threats of a father, or to the anger and reſentment of the unſkilful and illiterate: inſomuch, that I would openly and boldly ſay to you, "I will not act; I do not like it; I will keep my art for myſelf and my father alone; for others I chuſe to know nothing." What tyrant is there ſo arbitrary as to force any man to exerciſe his art whether he will or not? Such things are to be obtained, not by laws, not by reſentment, not by courts of judicature, but by prayers and ſupplications: the phyſician muſt be overcome, not by command, but by perſuaſion: he may be prevailed on, but he will not be terrified, he will not be compelled to give his aſſiſtance, but will come with pleaſure of his own accord. This art ſhould be free from paternal authority, ſeeing that every city beſtows on phyſicians many public honours, immunities, prerogatives, and precedency.

This I might have urged in defence of my art, even if you had taken care to teach it me, and had paid for my learning it, and I had refuſed to undertake this cure alone, when it was in my power. But only reflect within yourſelf, how unreaſonable it is to forbid my making uſe of that which is my own. I learned this art when I was no longer your ſon, nor ſubject to your commands, yet for your ſake I learned it: you received the firſt fruits of it, though I had no ſupport or aſſiſtance from you: what maſter did you hire for me? what medicines did you pay for? none at all. I was poor and deſtitute, and the maſters inſtructed me out of charity. All that my father provided me with, was poverty, ſolitude, and wretchedneſs; the hatred of all my family, the diſguſt and contempt of all my relations: in return for this, you expect that I ſhould practiſe my art; you would be lord of all thoſe things which I was ſupplied with; you, who have no right to be maſter of them, reſt ſatisfied, that I did you a favour when I had no obligations to you, and which you could have no right or title to: nor would it be juſt, that my former kindneſs ſhould lay me under the neceſſity of conferring future benefits on you, or becauſe I was willing to aſſiſt you then, I ſhould be forced to

do it now. I know of no law which ſays, that when you have once cured any man, you ſhall be obliged to cure all thoſe whom he ſhall recommend to you; that would be to make our patients maſters over us, which ſurely were of all things the moſt unjuſt: becauſe I raiſed you from a moſt dangerous and dreadful malady, do you therefore think you have a right to all the benefits and good effects of my art? This I might have alleged in my own defence, even if he had commanded me to do what it was in my power to perform; even then I ſhould have been under no neceſſity of obeying him in every thing. But let us now proceed to conſider what his commands were: "You cured me, ſays he, when I was mad; my wife is now mad alſo, ſhe labours under the ſame diſeaſe, (for ſo he thinks it,) and in the ſame manner is given over by other phyſicians; you can do every thing as you have plainly ſhewn, cure her, therefore, and free her from her diſorder." All this may ſeem very rational to the unlearned, and ſuch as know nothing of phyſic; but, if you will permit me to plead for the art, I will convince you, that every thing is not in our power; that the natures of the diſorders are different, and the cure alſo, nor will the ſame medicines be ſucceſsful in every caſe: it will then appear, that not to be willing, and not to be able, are things very diſtant from each other. Permit me to philoſophize a little on this head, and do not condemn what I have to ſay upon it as ridiculous, unſeaſonable, and not belonging to the matter in hand.

In the firſt place, then, the natures and temperaments of all bodies are not the ſame, though conſiſting of ſimilar principles, of which ſome have more and ſome leſs. I ſpeak at preſent only of the bodies of men, which all differ in their texture and diſpoſition, and conſequently the diſtempers which they are liable to muſt alſo differ. With regard to the nature and virulency of them, ſome are eaſily cured or removed, whilſt others are quickly caught, but deſperate and incurable: to imagine, therefore, that all fevers, conſumptions, inflammations of the lungs, or madneſſes, are alike and of the ſame kind in every body, is not to judge like rational men, who have ſearched into the cauſes, and explored the nature of theſe things; for the ſame diſorder is often eaſily cured in one and not in another. In like manner, as corn ſown in different fields will appear different, what comes up in a deep, well-watered, and ſunny ſoil, which is well tilled, and open to the wind, will be full, fine, and yield many-fold; whilſt that which is ſcattered in the mountainous, ſtoney earth, at the foot of hills, ſhall be juſt the contrary.

trary. All in ſhort, will be different, according to the difference of place. And thus it is with diſtempers, according to the bodies they are lodged in, they thrive and increaſe, or diminiſh and go away. But all this, my father, having never inquired into it, paſſes over, and expects that madneſs in every body ſhould be the ſame; and conſequently, that the ſame methods muſt be made uſe of in the cure of it.

It is eaſy, moreover, to prove, that the bodies of women are very different from thoſe of men, both with regard to the diſtemper itſelf, and to the eaſe or difficulty of removing it. The bodies of males are robuſt, ſinewy, inured to labour, and exerciſed in all weathers: thoſe of females ſoft and lax, uſed to ſhade and retirement, pale from the want of blood, deficient in natural heat, and abounding in humours, more obnoxious to diſeaſes than men, and remarkably ſubject to inſanity; for, as women have much levity, and warmth of diſpoſition, and are, moreover, more inclined to anger and reſentment, with bodies weak and infirm, they frequently fall into this diſorder. It would be unreaſonable, therefore, to expect from phyſicians, the ſame method of cure which they practiſe with men, when they are convinced how different they are in all their employments, and ſtudies, and their whole way of life, in which they are ſeparated from us, even at the earlieſt period of it. When you ſay, therefore, ſhe is mad, you ſhould add alſo, that a woman is mad, and not confound two different things under one name, but ſeparate them, as nature hath, and conſider what is proper to be done in both. Firſt, therefore, as I obſerved in the beginning of my diſcourſe, we muſt inquire into the nature and temperament of the body, whether it be cold or hot, of ripe age or advancing into years, large or ſmall, fat or lean, and ſo forth: whoever enquires carefully into theſe things may be truſted, and will then be able to ſay, whether the caſe be deſperate, or there are any hopes of ſucceſs.

Of madneſs itſelf, there are various kinds, from various cauſes, and with different appellations; nor is it the ſame thing to be fooliſh, to rave, to be furious, to be melancholy; theſe are all different names of the diſeaſe in its different ſtates: the cauſes, likewiſe, are different in men from what they are in women, in old men and in young; in the latter, for inſtance, the diſorder proceeds from a great quantity of bile and acrid humours, in the latter from an overflow of intemperate anger, and unreaſonable reſentment, which generally breaks out on thoſe of their own family; this firſt agitates

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and diſturbs, and by degrees, drives them to madneſs. Many things throw women into this diſtemper, particularly a violent hatred againſt any one, the envy of a happy rival, or any grief or paſſion. Theſe lying hid under the aſhes, as it were, for a long time, at length break forth into open inſanity.

Thus, my father, it happened to your wife: ſome misfortune was, perhaps, the cauſe of her diſorder; ſhe hated no body: ſhe was ſeized, however, with it, nor can ſhe be cured by any medical art or ſkill. If any body elſe will ever pretend to this, or ever free her from it, then hate and abhor me as the author of all. Nor even, if her caſe was not ſo deſperate, and there were ſome hopes of her recovery, would I venture to preſcribe any thing for her, for fear of being reflected on if I did not ſucceed. It is univerſally received, that ſtep-mothers have an invincible hatred of their ſons-in-law, how good ſoever they may be; they all rage, as it were, with one common female fury. If it turns out ill, therefore, and the medicine is not powerful enough, people may ſuſpect that there was ſomething unfair and malevolent in the application of it. Such is the condition of your wife, that were ſhe to take a thouſand potions, ſhe would be never the better for them; it is to no purpoſe, therefore, to adminiſter any thing to her, nor would you adviſe me to it, unleſs with a view, if I fail, of drawing infamy upon me. Let me, I beſeech you, ſtill be the object of envy amongſt my brethren: if, in ſhort, after all, you ſhould again baniſh me, and I ſhould be deſerted by all, I will not curſe you. If your diſtemper ſhould return, which heaven forbid! but theſe diſorders, when irritated, are too apt to return, how ſhould I then act? I will then, you may depend on it, again moſt certainly cure you: for never will I forget that duty which nature has enjoined, nor be unmindful of my family; and if I ſhould again reſtore you, doubtleſs you would again receive me. Whilſt, therefore, you are doing theſe things, and thus proſecuting me, you invite the diſeaſe, and, as it were, anticipate the evil. Recovered but three days ſince from that dreadful calamity, you again cry out, are again enraged againſt me, and again appeal to the laws. Alas! my father, ſuch were the fore-runners of your former inſanity.

THE

THE ORATION OF THE AMBASSSADDORS OF PHALARIS TO THE PRIESTS OF DELPHOS.

This Oration, *as well as that which ſucceeds it, ſeems to be merely declamatory, written by* Lucian, *like ſome other of his Pieces, as I have before obſerved, in his Character of a Rhetorician, or public Orator, containing rather what might have been, than any Thing that actually was ſaid in favour of the famous Tyrant of Agrigentum. Conſidered as a laboured and argumentative Oration, it is not without Merit.* Lucian *pleads the Cauſe with Warmth and Energy, and ſupports the Character of his Hero as well as ſuch a Character can be ſupported.*

PHALARIS, our ſovereign, hath ſent us to you, O Delphians, to preſent this * bull to Apollo, and at the ſame time to acquaint you with ſome neceſſary truths, both in regard to himſelf, and the gift he offers. This is the buſineſs which brought us hither, and this the meſſage which we here deliver to you, in obedience to his commands. That all Greece, ſaith Phalaris, ſhould know me to be what I am, and not ſuch a one as the lying report of the envious hath repreſented me to the ignorant world, is an honour I would gladly purchaſe, at the expence of every thing I am poſſeſſed of; and, above all, that I might thus appear to the ſacred counſellors of Apollo; thoſe, who are, as it were, the friends and companions of the

* *Bull.*] Phalaris is here ſuppoſed to have dedicated his famous brazen bull to Apollo, after having taken out Perilaus alive, a circumſtance rather improbable, and for the truth of which we have no good authority. The whole ſtory of this embaſſy is, indeed, moſt probably a fiction of Lucian's, and contrary to the generally received account of Phalaris, as related in the epiſtles generally attributed to him. See the Preface to my tranſlation of the Epiſtles of Phalaris, printd in 1749.

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deity; for I am convinced, if I can clear myſelf in your opinion from the imputation of cruelty, ſo falſely laid to my charge, I ſhall ſtand acquitted before all mankind. To the truth of what I aſſert I call god to witneſs, whom no falſhood can impoſe on, or man deceive. Mortals may be deluded; but from god, and above all, from our god, no ſecret can lie hid.

Sprung from one of the nobleſt families in Agrigentum, liberally educated, and verſed in all the politer arts of Greece, I ſoon became popular in the city, and in the adminiſtration of public affairs behaved with the utmoſt equity and moderation towards my partners in the government; nor in the early part of my life was I ever accuſed of cruelty or oppreſſion, of a reproachful, or obſtinate diſpoſition. But when I perceived that thoſe, who differed from me in their ſentiments of public affairs, were plotting againſt, and endeavouring by all the means in their power to deſtroy me, and, in conſequence of this, a diſſenſion aroſe amongſt the citizens, I found that the only method of providing for the ſecurity, both of myſelf and the commonwealth, was to put a ſtop to the conſpiracy by force, and reduce the whole body to ſubmiſſion: a deſign which many of the moſt eminent citizens, who had the good of the republic at heart, approved, when they were convinced of the neceſſity of ſuch a reſolution. With theſe to aſſiſt me, I could not fail of ſucceſs. They raiſed no more diſturbance, and I poſſeſſed myſelf of the ſupreme power. All complaints were immediately ſilenced; but no baniſhments, ſlaughters, or proſcriptions were ever exerciſed, even on the conſpirators, though ſuch neceſſary exertions of authority are generally made uſe of in the firſt eſtabliſhment of a tyranny. But I had reaſon to hope that by acts of mercy and generoſity, and an equal diſtribution of rewards, I ſhould, with more than ordinary facility, bring them to obedience; and therefore, mutual pledges being given on each ſide, I laid by all animoſities with my enemies, and even made uſe of moſt of them as my friends and counſellors.

By the negligence of the magiſtrates the city was almoſt ruined; the public treaſury openly plundered. I adorned it with magnificent buildings, ſecured it with walls, repaired the aqueducts, and encreaſed thoſe revenues which ſtill remained to the ſtate. The young men I took under my inſpection, ſupplied the neceſſities of the old, and attached the people to my intereſts by public ſhews, feaſts, and largeſſes. The corruption of our youth, the deflowering of virgins, the carrying away other men's wives, the ſending

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ing ſoldiers into private houſes, the inſolence of imperious maſters, and the like, I ever looked upon with the utmoſt abhorrence. At length I reſolved with myſelf to lay down the tyranny, and employed my thoughts wholly on the propereſt method of procuring eaſe and retirement during the reſt of my life; for to hold the ſupreme power, and take the whole burthen of affairs on myſelf was, I found by experience, a cruel taſk, which could only ſubject me to envy, labour, and anxiety. I even endeavoured to eſtabliſh a commonwealth, and to free the city, for the future, from that arbitrary power, which I had myſelf poſſeſſed. Whilſt I was deliberating on this, thoſe very men, whom I had before pardoned, entered into a new conſpiracy againſt me; conſulted privately about the execution of it, raiſed arms and money; begged the aſſiſtance of the neighbouring ſtates; and even ſent embaſſies into Greece to the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, proclaiming openly, at the ſame time, thoſe tortures which they had reſerved for me, in caſe I fell into their hands, and that they would compel me to be my own executioner; but I eſcaped their rage, and defeated their deſigns; thanks to the gracious god, and above all to Apollo, who forewarned me by dreams, and informed me ſecretly of all that paſſed. Had you yourſelves, O Delphians, been in the ſame ſituation, and under the ſame dreadful apprehenſions, I doubt not but you would have acted in the ſame manner. Tranſport yourſelves in thought, I beſeech you, with me to Agrigentum; view their preparations, hear their menaces, and tell me what I ought to have done: ſhould I again pardon, and tamely bear every thing they would inflict on me, yield myſelf up to ſlavery, and ſee all I held dear in the world periſhing before my face? or, on the other hand, eſteeming this the part of a fool, and that it better became a manly mind to reſent the injury, ſhould I not ſecure my future ſafety, by revenging myſelf on my enemies? This, doubtleſs, is the advice you would have given me; and how did I behave? I ſummoned the criminals before me, produced the articles laid to their charge, and on the fulleſt examination, when they were not able to deny their guilt, I puniſhed them deſervedly; not ſo much on account of their conſpiracy againſt my life, as becauſe they had, by that means, put it out of my power ever to execute the deſign I had propoſed. From that time I have been always obliged to ſurround myſelf with guards, and to puniſh with the utmoſt vigour every attempt againſt me; and therefore am I ſtyled

cruel by ſuch as do not conſider the neceſſity of this behaviour; ſuch as exclaim againſt the puniſhment of the offenders, without reflecting on their crimes; which is juſt as equitable, as if a perſon, who ſhould ſee a ſacrilegious wretch thrown from the rock, by your orders, ſhould accuſe you of cruelty for thus puniſhing a Grecian, in a place ſo near the temple; never, at the ſame time, remembering his guilt, or calling to mind that he had, perhaps, entered the temple by night, ſtolen your offerings, or even laid impious hands on the ſtatue of your god. Were a man, I ſay, thus ridiculouſly to aſperſe you, you would yourſelves ſmile at the accuſation, and all men applaud your juſtice. In reality, the populace, who never weigh the merit of him who governs, hate the name of a tyrant; and, juſt or unjuſt, they are at all events reſolved to deſtroy him, even though he were an Æacus, a Minos, or a Rhadamanthus. The evil actions of the bad are ever before their eyes, nor are the good (as the appellation of Tyrant is common to them both), leſs ſubject to their hatred and ill treatment. I have heard of many wiſe and virtuous men, who, though they bore the name of tyrants, even in the worſt ſenſe in which it is moſt generally received, have behaved with the greateſt mildneſs and humanity; ſome of whoſe moral and ſententious maxims are now repoſited in your temple. Lawgivers have ever looked on puniſhments as abſolutely neceſſary in a ſtate; being perſuaded, that without the fear of them, affairs could not poſſibly be carried on; and, I am ſatisfied, to tyrants they are ſtill more uſeful, as we rule by force alone, and are perpetually obnoxious to ſuch as hate and conſpire againſt us; ſo that terrors of a lighter kind are of no effect. It is the fable of the Hydra; the more we puniſh, the more occaſions of puniſhment preſent themſelves; one head is no ſooner cut off, but another ſprings up to ſupply its place; and we are forced, like Iolaus, to burn, if we expect to conquer. He, whoſe hard fate it is to be engaged in ſuch an undertaking, muſt be equal to it, or, by ſparing others, deſtroy himſelf. After all, what man can you ſuppoſe of ſo cruel and inhuman diſpoſition, as to hear the groans, and ſee the ſtripes of another, unleſs he had the greateſt cauſe to inflict them on him? How often have I wept, when others were beaten? How often have I lamented my own ill fortune, who bare thus myſelf the heavier affliction? For ſurely, to a man by nature good, and only cruel through neceſſity, it was much harder to inflict, than to ſuffer puniſhment; and I declare, were it my choice,

choice, either unjuſtly to torment others, or to die myſelf, I would (which you, I truſt, believe alſo), prefer the latter; and ſhould any one even ſay, wouldſt thou, O Phalaris, rather die thyſelf unjuſtly, or unjuſtly preſerve a traitor? None, I believe, is ſo mad as not rather to live, than, by ſaving his enemy, to fall himſelf a ſacrifice to him; and yet how many have I pardoned, even of thoſe who ſought my life! amongſt whom were Acanthus, Timocrates, and his brother Leogoras, the laſt of whom I ſpared, from a tender regard to that friendſhip in which we had formerly lived. But if you would know the true character of Phalaris, aſk them, whether I have not behaved as I ought to all, who ever touched here on their travels; whether I have not always appointed proper perſons to attend on the coaſts, and enquire of ſtrangers who they were, and whence they came, that I might treat them all according to their reſpective merit. Many great and eminent men have even come on purpoſe to ſee and converſe with me; who, on their return, have done juſtice to my character, which had been ſo baſely miſrepreſented to them. And can you believe, a man, whoſe behaviour to ſtrangers was ſo humane and generous, would ever injure his fellow-citizens, unleſs, provoked to it by their moſt flagrant and repeated inſults? This is the ſum of what I have to urge in my own defence; which is but truth and juſtice, and will therefore, I perſuade myſelf, rather merit your approbation, than incur your diſpleaſure. In regard to the preſent (which it is now time I ſhould ſay ſomething of); it may be proper to inform you whence it came, and by what means I was poſſeſſed of it: and firſt, I never myſelf employed any artiſt to make it by my directions, as I could never be fooliſh enough to wiſh for any thing of this kind. But one Perilaus, the moſt ingenious artificer, as well as the worſt of men, and a ſtranger to the diſpoſition of Phalaris, thought he could not confer a more acceptable favour on me, than by the invention of ſome new method of puniſhment; being thoroughly ſatisfied of my deſire of revenge on my enemies, by all the means I could deviſe. Full of this opinion, he framed and brought me this bull; a piece of art moſt beautiful to behold, and formed ſo exactly in the reſemblance of a real one, that nothing but ſound and motion were wanting to make it thought ſo. The moment I ſaw it I cried out, behold a gift truly worthy of Apollo. I will inſtantly ſend it to him. And how much, ſaid Perilaus, would your amazement increaſe, did you ſee the wonderful art by which it is contrived,

and for what uſe; and immediately opening the back, if, ſays he, you would puniſh any one in an extraordinary manner, caſt him into this bull, and when he is ſhut up cloſe within it, order ſome pipes to be faſtened to the noſtrils, and fire to be kindled beneath; the wretch within will then roar out through inceſſant pain, ſending forth a mournful dirge of lamentable bellowings through the pipes; and, during his tortures, you will be entertained by the muſic of them. Shocked at the invention of ſuch a machine, I could not but deteſt the contriver of it; and reſolved to puniſh him as he deſerved. Perilaus, ſaid I, to verify the truth of what you have aſſerted, enter firſt yourſelf, and ſatisfy us whether there be, in reality, that harmony in the inſtrument, which you have ſo much boaſted of; receive the juſt reward of thy ingenuity, and let the maſter of the muſic give us the firſt ſong. He obeyed; and being ſhut up, the fire was kindled, and thus was his induſtry repaid. But, leſt by dying there he ſhould pollute ſo noble a work, I ordered him to be taken out yet alive, thrown down from the rock, and his body left unburied.

The bull, after expiation, I ſent hither, as an offering to your god; commanding the whole hiſtory to be wrought upon it; viz. my own name, that of the artiſt, his advice, my juſtice, and the proper puniſhment inflicted on him; with an account of the horrid cries of the cruel inventor, and the experiment he made of his own muſic. You will act therefore, O Delphians, as becomes the prieſts of Apollo, if you will dedicate the bull to him in your temple, and ſacrifice for me; that all men may know how I act towards the wicked, and in what manner I avenge myſelf of their cruelty. By this have I ſufficiently ſhewn my natural temper. Perilaus was put to death, and the bull offered to Apollo; not reſerved to torture others; nor did it ever bellow forth the cries of any but the deteſtable inventor of it, on whom alone I tried it, and put an end at once to ſuch barbarous and inhuman muſic. This is all which I can now preſent to you. Hereafter, when by the aſſiſtance of that god, to whom this is dedicated, I ſhall have no more enemies to puniſh, I will bring other, and much larger gifts. This, O Delphians, we were authoriſed to deliver to you, from our maſter Phalaris; which we have done, with the ſtricteſt regard to truth and juſtice. We are worthy to be believed, as you can yourſelves bear witneſs of our veracity; and we have, on our parts, no reaſon to delude,

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or impoſe on you; but if, notwithſtanding, we muſt petition you in behalf of a man, falſely accuſed, and driven, againſt his will, to acts of ſeeming cruelty, we Grecians, men of Agrigentum, and deſcended from the Dorians, do, in the moſt ſolemn manner, here ſupplicate and beſeech you, that you would kindly embrace one, who earneſtly ſeeks your favour, and hath ſtudied, both in public and private, to deſerve it. Receive, therefore, this bull; dedicate it; pray for the proſperity of Phalaris, and Agrigentum; and do not permit us to return unſucceſsful in our embaſſy, leſt you at the ſame time affront our ſovereign, and deprive your god of the nobleſt offering.

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ORATION OF ONE OF THE PRIESTS OF DELPHOS IN FAVOUR OF PHALARIS.

This seems to be meant by LUCIAN *as a kind of satirical Invective against the Avarice and Selfishness of those who presided over the Business of the Oracle.*

AS I never, in a public capacity, received any obligations from the people of Agrigentum, or, in a private one, from Phalaris himself; it cannot be supposed that my interest biassed me in their behalf, or the hopes of his future friendship prejudiced me in his favour. But having heard the ambassadors, who, in the name of their sovereign, ask that of you, which I cannot but think entirely just and reasonable; from a sincere regard, therefore, to piety and the public good, and, above all, as becomes a priest of Delphos, I rose up with a design to exhort you, in the strongest manner I am able, by no means to contemn the piety of the prince, or to alienate a gift designed as an offering to Apollo; and especially as it will be an everlasting testimony of these three things, the wickedness of the inventor, the incomparable excelleney of his art, and the justice of his punishment. Your doubts concerning the manner in which you should proceed, and the proposal, made by the magistrates, to deliberate whether the offering should be received or sent back, I look upon as impious; or rather, in truth, as the height of impiety; little less, in effect, than sacrilege itself, the most heinous of all crimes: for to deny those, who are willing to offer up gifts, the power of doing it, is the same thing as to rob the temple of such as are already offered. Let me, therefore, who, as I am myself a Delphian, have an equal share with you in the public honour, if preserved; and equal loss and infamy, if it be forfeited; beseech you not thus to drive the good and pious from our doors, and lay open our city to the calumnies of ill men, who will not fail to report, that whatever gifts are brought must be subjected to our judgment and inspection; and who will offer presents, when they are assured that nothing will be accepted by Apollo, unless it be first examined into, and approved of by the Delphians? But, in regard to the gift before us, our god hath, I think, himself sufficiently testified his approbation of it; for had he detested the tyrant, and abhorred his present, how easy had it been

been for him to have ſunk it in the Ionian ſea! But he, on the other hand (as they do themſelves bear witneſs), granted them a ſerene ſky, and conducted them ſafe to Cyrra; whence it evidently appears, that the piety of Phalaris was acceptable to him, in obedience to whom you ſhould now receive, and add this to the ornaments of the temple; and ſurely it were moſt abſurd that he, who had ſent ſo noble a gift, ſhould be driven away with contempt, and have no other reward of his piety, than to be judged unworthy to offer any thing to Apollo. But my adverſary hath, it ſeems, talked to you, in a tragical and melancholy ſtrain, of certain cruel rapines, and inhuman ſlaughters, the tyrant hath been guilty of, which he affirms with as much confidence as if he had been an eye-witneſs of them, and were this inſtant arrived from Agrigentum, though, we all know, he was never yet beyond our own harbour: but even thoſe, who pretend to have ſuffered, would not be ſufficient evidence, as it would ſtill be doubtful whether they told truth; and we are not to condemn any man for crimes, of which we cannot prove him guilty. But ſuppoſing that theſe things were done in ſociety, it is by no means neceſſary for the Delphians to be ſo ſolicitous about them; unleſs we intend, for the future, to act in the character not of prieſts, but of judges; and whilſt our duty conſiſts only in worſhip and ſacrifice to our god, and offering up to him thoſe gifts, which are ſent to us, rather chuſe to ſit deliberating among ourſelves, whether thoſe, who live beyond the Ionian ſea, are well or ill governed. Let the affairs of others, I beſeech you, go on as they will, it is, in my opinion, our buſineſs to mind our own; to know our former and our preſent condition, and in what manner to act moſt agreeable to our intereſt. We need not a Homer to tell us that we live amongſt rocks and precipices; and, as much plenty as there is in the world, we ſhould be perhaps left of all people the moſt deſtitute, were it not that our temple, our god, and thoſe pious men, who ſacrifice to him, ſupply our neceſſities. Theſe are our fields; this is our revenue; to this we are indebted for all our proviſion and all our abundance; as the * poet ſays, every thing comes to us without ploughing, and without culture, by the labour of god, who is our huſbandman; who not only bleſſes us as much as any other nation, but even beſtows on us every thing which Phrygia, Lydia, Aſſyria,

* *The Poet*] Homer. See Odyſſey, b. ix. in his deſcription of the fortunate iſlands. The following paſſage in ſcripture, has ſomething ſimilar to this. "I have given you a land for which you did not labour, and cities which ye built not, and ye dwell in them: of the vineyards and olives which ye planted not, do ye eat." Joſh. v. 13.

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or Phœnicia, the people of Italy, or the inhabitants of the northern climates enjoy. We abound in riches and in happineſs, and are revered by all, next to our God; this has been our glorious lot even to this day, and may it ever remain ſo. No one, I believe, can call to mind a time when any man was by us prohibited the offering up ſacrifices or gifts; to which it is doubtleſs owing that the wealth of our temple hath ſo wonderfully increaſed. Neither at preſent, therefore, ſhould any innovation be made, or any law enacted, contrary to the wiſdom of our anceſtors; nor are the gifts offered to be ſo nicely examined, or inquiry made whence and from whom they come, but immediately received and conſecrated; that ſo we may pay our duty to our god, and his pious worſhippers. In theſe circumſtances therefore, O Delphians, you will, I think, act moſt prudently, by giving a ſerious attention to the great importance of this buſineſs. No leſs than our god himſelf, his temple, and his ſacrifices, our ancient rites and cuſtoms, the glory of the oracle, our future praiſe or infamy, and laſtly, the intereſt of the whole city, and of every individual in it, are now under conſideration; which you cannot but own, on reflection, to be of the utmoſt conſequence. Our debate is not upon the tyrant Phalaris only, or this bull; but upon all thoſe kings and great men, who reverence this ſacred temple; all the gold, ſilver, and other precious things, which ſhall at any time hereafter be dedicated. If we are to determine according to the will of Apollo, why ſhould we not act in the ſame manner we have always done; without ſetting aſide our ancient conſtitution, through a fondneſs for novelty; and a deſire of introducing a ridiculous practice of ſubjecting thoſe, who offer up gifts, to our ſcrutiny and inſpection; a practice utterly unknown to this city ſince the foundation of it, ſince the Pythian firſt gave oracles, the Tripos ſpoke, or the prieſts were inſpired? You perceive how our temple is enriched; that every one gives ſomething, and many even beyond what they can afford; whereas, if you ſet up yourſelves as cenſurers and enquirers into the merit of every gift, I much fear our poſterity will not have many offerings to boaſt of; and no one would make himſelf appear guilty, or put himſelf to a conſiderable expence, with the hazard of being condemned, and brought into the greateſt danger; for who indeed could bear even life itſelf under the ignominy of being publicly adjudged unworthy to offer up a preſent to Apollo?

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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